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"The Old Man of the Mountain."
(See Page 229)

A WONDERLAND OF THE EAST

COMPRISING

The Lake and Mountain Region of New England and Eastern New York

A book for those who love to wander among beautiful lakes and rivers, valleys and mountains, or in places made famous by historic men and events; to which is added an Afterword on the Worth-While in this Wonderland of the East, with some Suggestions to Motor-Tourists on How Best to Find It

BY

WILLIAM COPEMAN KITCHIN, Ph.D.

Late Professor of the French Language and Literature in the University of Vermont

With three maps and fifty-four plates of which six are in color

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TO

MY WIFE

THE OTHER ONE OF THE "WE" OF THIS BOOK
THE COMRADE OF ALL MOTOR-JOURNEYS

FOREWORD

This is a book of travelogues of sundry motor-car journeys, during four successive seasons, through the woods and the valleys, alongside the rivers and the lakes, and among the hills and the mountains of Eastern New York, Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine, Massachusetts and Connecticut, with a side tour through the Finger Lake district of Central New York. It has much to say about the scenery and a little about the history of this fascinating region, and an effort has been made to describe the former as it really is and, in the latter, to be accurate in the brief outlines given.

Let it be noted that I speak of a region and not regions. This region, then, though it politically embraces all of the state of Vermont and parts of five other states, is, in the unity of its lake and mountain character, one country; hence the sub-title of the book is — not "The Lakes and Mountains of Eastern New York and New England," which would emphasize its political divisions; but "The Lake and Mountain Country of Eastern New York and New England," which stresses its unity. In physical geography, it should be marked off as a distinct region, — one country, as, I think, the Creator intended it to be considered when he fashioned it.

In the first chapter, I submit the reasons why this lake and mountain country may justly be looked upon as a Wonderland, A Wonderland of the East.

Since 1914, and the closing of Europe to American tourist travel, we have heard much of the "See America First" slogan. The spirit prompting the slogan, when inspired, not to swell the revenues of resorts and transportation companies, but by a genuinely patriotic pride in the beauty of American scenery and an intelligent interest in our historic sites and shrines, is the spirit of true Americanism. That we should all see as much as possible of our country goes without saying. Yet one of the most patriotic, as well as the most scholarly of American travelers, Bayard Taylor, was of the opinion that, to appreciate most fully our own country, it was well first to see something of the Old World. From my own experience, I am inclined to think that the great traveler was right.

It was, however, no fault of my own planning that I did not see America first. As in the case of many another loyal citizen, it just did not so happen. What I believed to be a call to service took me, immediately upon graduation from college, to Asia, and after my return to America and the appointment to a professorship in a New England university, the lure of further study in my special field drew me to France. Later, I was offered the position of conductor of European tours, and the outbreak of the Great War found me in Berlin with a party of tourists on my hands.

Up to the autumn of 1914, therefore, my travel record ran: a little of America, considerable of Japan and much of Europe. I cannot say that I regret the circumstances that came into my life and made this order unavoidable. Despite the fact that it has been, in my case, "See Europe first, and afterwards my own country," I can yet

say with Thomas Cole, the great American landscape painter, "I look upon American scenery with increased pleasure," and I can, likewise, subscribe to his declaration of love: "It is so connected with my affection that it will never lose its power."

With me, it is a genuine case of:

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
. . . . . .
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,"

and of the sentiment expressed by Whittier:

"Land of the forest and the rock,
Of dark blue lake and mighty river,
Of mountains reared aloft to mock
The storm's career, the light'ning's shock,
My own green land forever."

Seeing Europe first has, also, given me the advantage of looking on American scenery from the comparative view-point in a better way, I think, than had the order been reversed. I am constantly making comparisons. The mental process involved keeps me alert to what I am now seeing, and the historical associations connected therewith, and calls up from memory things similar seen elsewhere and the historic significance these things possess. These comparisons are thus in themselves a source of esthetic and intellectual pleasure. Only in one instance have I obtruded upon my readers any of these many comparisons; nevertheless, when, here and there,

they run across passages particularly eulogistic of some bit of American scenery or, perhaps, find a trifle of extra emphasis placed upon the historic interest of some particular site or shrine, let it be understood between us that unexpressed comparisons have had an influence in restraining the language of praise. This thought may strengthen their confidence that I have sincerely endeavored to avoid exaggeration, or to be anything except strictly just in estimating scenic and historic values.

The motor-journeys, herein described, were taken from two points, the author's home-town, Schenectady, New York, and a certain summer home, familiarly known in the family as the Farm, situated eastward of Lake Winnepesaukee, New Hampshire. Both places are admirably located to serve as touring centers, Schenectady for motor-journeys through the New York part of the Wonderland, and the Farm for automobile explorations of the lake and mountain country of New England. Such was the plan followed.

Books of great value to the tourist have been written on individual parts of the region described in this book as A Wonderland of the East. The titles of those that I consider to be the best are given at the end of the volume. I have found no work, however, on the lake and mountain country of New York and New England as a whole. Noticeable is, also, the lack of any book to guide the motor-tourist in where and how to find the most worth-while places in this same lake and mountain country. The *Afterword* gives some hints on this subject and suggests some tours.

To all, therefore, who are interested in the fascinating scenic and historic attractions of this Wonderland of

the East, either as readers only or as tourists, I trust that this book may be of some service. Let it be remembered, however, that he who would know this land of delight, as it deserves to be known, must see it for himself. Hence I suggest, particularly to the dwellers within our more easterly states, in addition to the " See America First," another slogan: See First this Wonderland of the East, Scenic, Historic, Romantic.

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A WONDERLAND OF THE EAST

CHAPTER I

A GENERAL SURVEY

SPREAD out before you a map of New York and New England and, with a ruler and pencil, beginning at Hartford, Connecticut, trace a line through Waterbury and Danbury, in that state, and Tarrytown, New York, to Port Jervis, on the Delaware River. Run your pencil up the course of the Delaware as far as Deposit, then across to the Susquehanna at Windsor, following that stream to its source in Otsego Lake, at Cooperstown. From Cooperstown, mark off a direct line to Rome, a second straight line to Malone, and a third to the Canadian boundary above Rouses Point. Follow the national boundary eastward across Vermont and New Hampshire to Lake Umbagog, just over the state line in Maine. Include something of the woods and waters of Northwestern Maine. I leave the amount you include indeterminate, but come back to the Maine-New Hampshire boundary at some point between Ossipee and Sanbornville, in the latter state. Thence a line, straight as the

crow flies, to Mt. Monadnock and on to Hartford, our starting-point.

The line that you have drawn encloses the most beautifully scenic section of the United States, east of the Rocky Mountains. From an historic point of view it also contains more places made famous by great men and events than any other region of like size in the western hemisphere. Paradoxically speaking, this historic interest antedates, by centuries, the historic age, for here lived those Indian tribes that were to become earliest and most closely associated with the destinies of the white man in the New World.

It is of the scenery of this pencil-line-enclosed region, however, that I want first to speak, for this is of such a wonderful beauty as to entitle the country to the name given it: "A Wonderland of the East." To return, then, to what you have included within the boundary line that you have just drawn. Notice that, with the exception of a few outlying members, you have enclosed the entire mountain system of New York and New England. Also observe that the great majority of the lakes of the East are included. Only one important group is outside of your line, the Finger Lakes of Central New York, and this district is within visiting distance by an easy and comparatively short side tour.

Imagine, now, that we are standing on the summit of Greylock, in the northwestern corner of Massachusetts, and the highest mountain in that state. Greylock is situated somewhat south of the geographical center of the Wonderland of the East, yet, from its top, under proper atmospheric conditions, we can command a vast panorama, — better, cyclorama, — stretching, in every

direction, more nearly to the boundaries that you have marked off with your pencil than does any other view within the area.

From this Pisgah-like point of observation, here, in a very general way, is something of what we see. Let us begin with the New York section. Yonder, in the far southwest, rise the summits of the Hudson Highlands, the Ramapo Hills and Shawangunk Mountains, and, north of these, the Catskills and the Helderbergs, the latter two groups flanked on the west by the tangle of highland plateaus and ranges of lofty hills that come up from the Alleghanies of Pennsylvania and extend in two or more places far enough north to link themselves with the Adirondacks.

Among these hills, crossing the highland plateau and the western slopes of the Catskills, are found the sources of two rivers, the Delaware and the Susquehanna. Another noble river, the Mohawk, comes into the Wonderland at Rome and flows eastward, in ever increasing volume, through one of the most beautiful valleys in America. Running southward from its Adirondack source, the Hudson stretches its silvery band down the broad valley flanking the mountains, above named, on their eastern side, becoming, as it reaches southward to the Atlantic, less a river and more a long, slender arm of the sea, its sluggishly moving waters feeling the pulse of the ocean's tides as far north as Albany.

All this country, the valleys of the Mohawk and the Hudson on the north and east, and the mountains and highlands enfolded in the angle between, are exquisitely beautiful in the softer types of landscape loveliness.

As we turn our gaze northward from the Mohawk,

our eyes fall upon the great wilderness of Northern New York, the Adirondack country. Here, with much that has the quiet charm of the scenery further south, there is more that is wild and savage. The mountains are higher; there are lakes, so great in number that they have never been all named or even counted; there are vast forests. The inmost depths of some, it is said, are yet untrodden by the foot of white man.

Here, for those who seek absolute calm, is to be found a refuge from the tumult of the city and the frequented highway, an asylum of rest, where nothing need be heard except the voices of beast and bird, the music of the breezes, the whispering of the trees and the laugh of waters.

And for those who prefer to live their vacation in touch with their kind, there is the summer hotel or cottage or camp, with all the refinements and conveniences of home, all the social pleasures of the city in regions of the purest mountain atmosphere and surrounded by magnificent scenery.

The whole great wilderness of mountains, lakes and forests has fittingly been called "A Summer Paradise," and a paradise it is for both the motor-tourist, speeding over its superb roads, and the vacationist, spending in it his furlough from toil.

The New England section of the Wonderland is no less attractive than Eastern New York. Outside of the immediate surroundings of the larger towns, the part of New England, included in the boundaries that have been drawn, is one great vacation playground, invigorating in its summer coolness, delightful in social life and superb in scenery.

There, to the south, are the exquisitely lovely Litchfield Hills of Connecticut and the Berkshire Highlands of Western Massachusetts. In mountain scenery and valley landscapes, Vermont is all a Wonderland, while, in the White Mountains of New Hampshire, the climax of mountain scenery in New England is reached. The lake region of this state is, perhaps, the most beautiful of all the groups of lakes found within the boundaries of the Wonderland. The noble Connecticut River, from its source up close to the Canadian border down as far as Hartford, flows through a valley that is everywhere replete with magnificent scenery, ever changing in character, yet always captivating in charm.

Such is what we see in a rapid, general survey of the country bounded by the enclosing pencil line, a delectable land of beautiful mountains, exquisitely lovely valleys, sparkling rivers and placid, shining lakes, silver-toned rapids and waterfalls, picturesque glens and gorges and far-reaching landscapes. Then we must add to these glories of scenery, the ancient towns, quaint with the survivals of the colonial age, the literary associations that cluster about former homes of famous authors and, above all, the historic sites and shrines of the Hudson, Mohawk and Connecticut Valleys, and of the classic shores of Lake George and of Lake Champlain.

It is not a large land and is easily accessible, for everywhere throughout it there are good roads. The motor-tourist can drive his car the full circuit of its most worth-while attractions within the limits of the usual fortnight vacation. Four-fifths of his way, he will be entirely among mountains, ranges of hills or lakes or in glorious valleys. He will pass, in close succession,

from one beauty spot to another, with not an uninteresting mile in the entire tour, an experience which, I venture to say, cannot be duplicated in any other section of equal size in America.

On the title page of this volume, the lake and mountain country of Eastern New York and New England is called A Wonderland of the East. The term, aptly descriptive, is not original with me. Neither am I unaware of the mental picture which the word, Wonderland, evokes in connection with certain sections of our Great West, — gigantic mountains, clothed in glacier mantles and lifting snowy summits more than two miles skyward; awesome canyons, rainbow-colored and a sheer mile or more in depth; Yosemite's cataracts, and Yellowstone's geysers. Nevertheless, the country that is the title and theme of this book, considered, as I have already said, as one piece of country, as the Creator intended it to be considered when he fashioned it, constitutes a real Wonderland. True, it does not resemble any of the Wonderlands of the West, but, for that matter, no one of these resembles any of the others. In their variety lies their charm. One star differeth from another star in glory. So may one Wonderland differ from another Wonderland and that again from others, yet all be Wonderlands. A Wonderland of the East differs from Western Wonderlands, not in scenic value, but merely in the kind of scenery. The glory of the savage and titanic Rockies is one, and the glory of the softly carved Berkshires is another. There is one glory of the Yosemite Valley, and another glory of the Keene Valley, and another glory of the Franconia Notch.

In the number of its lakes, the mountain country of New York and New England exceeds any other section of the United States, and nowhere are these surpassed in limpid clearness, brilliancy of sapphire hue or beautiful setting. Valleys, almost as numerous as the lakes, varying in size from the rock-walled mountain glen to the far-stretching expanse of the Hudson Valley, seen from the Catskill Mountain House, or the Champlain Valley, seen from the university tower at Burlington, form, equally with the lakes and the mountains, the compelling fascination of this land of many charms.

Thomas Cole chose, in preference to foreign scenes of sterner grandeur, the more modestly beautiful scenery of the American hills and valleys for subjects for his canvas. The great artist understood the psychological truth that, though the mind be, for a time, dazzled and enthralled by what is overwhelming in the rugged aspects of nature, it will eventually recover from the spell and seek lasting satisfaction and enjoyment in the gentler forms of beauty. This is the reason why, in the art galleries of Europe, we find so few examples of an attempt to picture the gigantic or the bizarre in natural scenery, and why the number is legion of the paintings representing the milder types of landscape beauty, those that are pure loveliness, the originals of which we might easily imagine had been found somewhere in the lake and mountain country of Eastern New York and New England.

This Wonderland of the East, however, has not always been an Eden of beauty. Time was when it was far otherwise. By the help of what the science of geology tells us, let us endeavor to picture to ourselves the

savage and uncouth thing that it was eons ago and how, in all likelihood, it developed into the Wonderland of to-day.

In the beginning, God; in the beginning, the earth without form and void; in the beginning, darkness upon the face of the deep. Let dry land appear! and, first-born of lands, the Adirondacks of the Wonderland, rose above the universal sea that spread from pole to pole. They were, then, probably several times their present height, bleak, jagged and precipitous. In time, the Green Mountains and another long range of mountains that extended in a southwesterly direction from Mt. Monadnock through Western Massachusetts and Connecticut, Southeastern New York and Northern New Jersey and joined the Alleghanies in the neighborhood of the Delaware Water Gap. These later born mountains must have had the same wildly rugged and forbidding aspect of the Adirondacks. All of them were, likely, of gigantic size.

Such are young mountains everywhere the world over. It is only age, as we measure age by eons of geological time, and the vicissitudes of their stormy life that finally give mountains grace and symmetry, gentleness of slope, forest covering, and a beauty of appearance. By the proportion of the absence or presence of these features, we can roughly calculate their age, relative to the age of other mountains. By the token of softly rounded summits, of sides easily approachable and easy to climb, and of base and slopes with a considerable covering of soil fit to nourish heavy forests, we know that the mountains of the Wonderland are very old, and by the comparative absence of these features and the presence of sharp,

precipitous peaks of naked rock, like the rugged, well-nigh inaccessible Matterhorn, we know that the Alps are a group of comparatively young mountains.

How, in the case of the mountains of New York and New England, did these changes come about? Time was the great sculptor that brought comeliness out of the uncouth. His tools were the rain and the wind, heat and cold. These tools of time were ceaselessly at work. Millions upon millions of years passed by, ages more came and went, until time had brought our mountains to something, perhaps, of the condition in which we see the Alps, the Rocky Mountains and the Andes, at the present time.

Then came a change that hastened and completed the transformation. For some reason, not yet clearly understood, the climate of the northern hemisphere lost its former sub-tropical character, which was replaced by the rigors of arctic cold. This cold ushered in what is generally known as the Great Ice Age, or the Glacial Epoch. Slowly down from the north crept a great sheet of ice, in places a mile or more in thickness and many hundreds of miles in width. The force of its slow onward push was irresistible. It over-rode the highest mountains; it tore off their sharp, rocky peaks, leaving their height but a fraction of what it had been; it planed smooth their rough, jagged sides, piling the debris around their base, obliterating the precipices and creating in their stead the gentle slopes that so please our eyes to-day. The Ice Sheet did more than this. It scooped out deep hollows in which now repose the waters of the greater number of the beautiful lakes of New York and New England. It brought with it from

the north, and tore off from the tops and sides of the Wonderland's mountains, the rocks that it ground together, reducing them to the sands and clays that now cover the farmer's fields. The rocks that were but partially worn away, when it finally melted, it dropped and left upon these same fields in all degrees of size from gravel and cobble-stones up to the huge boulders. The sands that it left are generally of a barren character, making the land where they are found poor for agriculture, but the boulder clays, though heavy and somewhat hard to work, are frequently very fertile. This is particularly true of the soils of the Hudson, the Mohawk, the Connecticut and the Champlain Valleys. The clays of much of the highland regions are also of great endurance and moderately fertile in quality.

The southward advance of the Ice Sheet had been slow. The glaciers of the Alps move forward only a few feet a year, and the movement of this ancient one was, it is likely, no greater. Slowly returning warmth of climate finally checked its progress. Then the Ice Sheet began to melt away, but its disappearance must have been as slow as had been its coming. How long, from beginning to end, had been the duration of the Great Ice Age we cannot even approximately determine, further than that it must have been many millenniums. In geologic time a thousand years is as it were a day, nay, less than that, a thousand years is as it were an hour.

In all present-day glacier regions, we see plant life following closely the line of retreating ice; so it must have happened here. By the time that the great continental glacier had withdrawn within the frozen north,

whence it had at first issued forth, the mountain and lake region south of the St. Lawrence had taken on, we may be pretty certain, a covering of vegetation not unlike that which clothes it to-day. There were grass and flowers, all manner of plants, vines, and shrubs, and great woodlands. The air had its swarming insects, the ground its creeping creatures, the forests its beasts and birds.

The great transformation had been wrought. The change, however, was not everywhere uniform. The gigantic pre-glacial mountains had not all suffered alike. They had been planed down to varying degrees of altitude, according to the softness or the hardness of the material of which they were composed. Some were almost entirely obliterated, only low hills and ridges remaining. Others were still elevations of considerable height; of the former, the Berkshire and the Litchfield Hills, the Hudson Highlands, the Ramapo Hills and the Shawangunk Mountains are examples. The igneous rocks of the Adirondacks, and the granite sections of the Green Mountains and the White Mountains, had offered great resisting power to the pressure of the Ice Sheet, and here the reduction of elevation was least.

The sub-tropical climate of the pre-glacial age never returned, and it is better, perhaps, that it did not. The climate of the lake and mountain country of New York and New England, severe though its winters are, is wholesome and invigorating. Of the entire land it may be said that nowhere else in America has experience shown any region more favorable for the development of a people, strong and hardy in body and intelligent, self-reliant and resourceful in spirit. Other favored

regions may yield greater crops of grain or grow more luscious fruits, but there is one crop in the production of which this Wonderland of the East stands second to none, — men.

And is it not towards the slow evolution of a race of super-men, — men superior in physical hardihood, superior in intellectual strength, superior in spiritual purity that, through the eons, the whole creation moves?

Had I the space to devote to the subject it would be interesting to go into the question of the origin of man in A Wonderland of the East. How early after the disappearance of the Great Ice Sheet did he make his advent in this newly created Eden of loveliness? Wore he the red skin of the Indian that Columbus found, or was he of a still different and more ancient race that had vanished into oblivion long ages before the Pilgrims stood on Plymouth Rock? Whence came the Indians, and how long had this continent been theirs before it was invaded by European navigators and explorers? These questions are interesting subjects of study and speculation, but, to all of them, candor compels one common answer, we do not know.

In this volume, devoted to very much about scenery and only a little about history, there is no need to be too curious on the subject of the latter. It will suffice if we go back no further than 1609, the year that Champlain, the Frenchman, discovered the lake that bears his name, and Hudson, the Englishman in the service of Holland, discovered the river that bears his name.

What about man in the Wonderland of the East, A. D. 1609? Except in the river valleys, the region, so described, was very sparsely populated by various

HENRY HUDSON IN NEW YORK HARBOR

tribes of Indians. Much of it was untrodden by any moccasined foot, save, at rare intervals, by some roving band of hunters. Bancroft, the historian, is the authority for the statement that the territory, now covered by the Adirondack wilderness of Northern New York, the state of Vermont and nearly all of New Hampshire, constituted vast solitudes uninhabited and seldom visited by the red men. Why this was so is not easy to understand. But the fact seems to be well established that the above described districts had been, for unknown centuries before the coming of the white men, a great unoccupied and neutral wilderness between the tribes of the St. Lawrence basin and those dwelling in the Connecticut, Hudson and Mohawk River valleys.

It is equally certain that, in the territory south and southwest of this vast neutral country, the predominant power was that of the great Iroquois Confederacy of the five tribes occupying what is now Central New York, the Mohawks along the lower Mohawk River, the Oneidas around the lake that still bears their name, the Onondagas, the Cayugas and the Senecas, each dwelling near the lakes still perpetuating their tribal names. Of the Five Nations, as the Iroquois were collectively called, the Senecas were the largest tribe, their territory extending westward to the shores of Lake Erie.

The Iroquois Confederacy seems to have owed its origin to the work of a great sage and lawgiver, named Hiawatha, who flourished a century and more before the coming of Columbus, and who seems to have been a member of the Mohawk nation.

Longfellow has beautifully told the legend of Hia-

watha, although, following the Ojibway tradition, he has made the great civilizer a member of that tribe of Northern Michigan. There can be little doubt, however, that the home of the real Hiawatha was near where now stands Albany, New York, and that whatever historic truth there may be in his legend has, as its kernel, the union of the then five mutually hostile tribes of Central New York into an offensive and defensive alliance that made them the most powerful nation north of Mexico.

Bancroft unqualifiedly declares that the Five Nations stood first among the red men in the degree of perfection to which they had carried the federal form of government, "exceeding," he says, "the Hellenic councils and leagues in permanency, central power, vigor and singleness of a true union. The Five Nations were convinced that, among them, man was born free, that no person on earth had any right to infringe on his liberty and that nothing could make amends for its loss. Each village governed itself and, like a New England town, constituted a little democracy. When a question arose which interested the whole nation, the deputies of each village met in a common council and, by deliberations, conducted with equality and public spirit, arrived at an agreement."

Another historian, Halsey, declares that "with European civilization unknown to them, the Iroquois had given birth to self-government in America. They founded independence and effected a union of states."

The object of the union of the five confederate tribes was not, Hale, another authority on the Iroquois, asserts, primarily to build up a great military state for the

purpose of enslaving other peoples; quite the contrary, the avowed purpose of the league was "to abolish war altogether."

Dr. Brinton claims that the Iroquois scheme was, in its aims, "one of the most far-sighted and one of the most beneficent that ever statesman designed for mankind."

These claims must, I think, be received with some reservation. If the primary object of Hiawatha's League of Nations was the peace of the world known to the American Indians, it was a peace within the league itself. Any tribes, it is true, might join the league and enjoy its fellowship and benefits, but those tribes that did not choose to surrender their individual independence were looked upon by the Iroquois as the legitimate objects of conquest. Hence the Five Nations were, above everything else, a nation of warriors and, like the Romans, their business was the profession of warfare. Like the Romans, too, the ambition of the confederated tribes was to make their sovereignty co-extensive with the boundaries of the world that they knew, and, to accomplish their ambition, they waged a relentless warfare upon tribes that refused to yield them fealty. In the pursuit of this ambition, it has been claimed for them that they "ran in conquest farther than the Greek arms were ever carried and to distances which Rome surpassed only in the days of her culminating glory." Perhaps this may be putting it too strongly, but it is an undisputed fact that the warlike Iroquois spread the terror of their name far a-field. They subjugated the haughty Hurons and Algonquins of Canada, carried their arms as far west as the Mississippi, pene-

trated the forests between the Great Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico and made all the tribes of New England their dependencies. Through all the vast region above described, the name, Iroquois, was feared as no other name, and warriors, the stoutest and bravest of heart, shrank before the terrible battle-cry of these "Romans of the Red Men."

The degree of civilized life attained by this remarkable people is quite surprising. They had emerged from the hunting and fishing age of culture into that of agriculture. They lived a settled life, having largely abandoned the wigwam form of habitation for the house of timber, and some of these dwellings, we are reliably informed, were pretentious in size and elegant in appearance. They cultivated extensive gardens of many kinds of vegetables, had broad fields of corn, squash and pumpkins, and well kept orchards of apples, peaches and plums.

The zenith of the power and glory of the Five Nations was reached just about the time Europeans began to invade their domain. According to traditions, the seer, Hiawatha, had prophesied the coming of a bearded race and had exhorted his people to receive the strangers hospitably. Longfellow has thus transcribed this part of the Hiawatha legend. The great lawgiver is speaking:

"I have seen it in a vision,
Seen the great canoe with pinions,
Seen the coming of this bearded people,
People of the wooden vessel
From the regions of the morning.

. . . . . .

"Let us welcome, then, these strangers,
Hail them as our friends and brothers,
And the heart's right hand of friendship
Give them when they come to see us."

Hiawatha did not live to extend "the heart's right hand of friendship" to the "people of the wooden vessel." He died, we do not know when. From the people he had raised out of savagery into what was, at least, the first stages of civilization, he departed, we are told by the legend,

"In the glory of the sunset,
In the purple mists of evening,
To the islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter."

The Iroquois did, generally speaking, live on friendly terms with the Dutch who were the first Europeans to settle on their eastern frontier. They became, also, the steadfast friends of the English in the wars of the latter with the French for the possession of North America. For reasons of expediency, a mistake upon their part, and fatal in its consequences to them, they espoused, with a few trifling exceptions, the British cause in the American Revolution. Their ferocious warfare upon the settlements in the Mohawk Valley and southward made that portion of the New York frontier, for five years (1776-1781), a dark and bloody ground. De Witt Clinton, speaking of the hostility shown by the Iroquois to the American cause, says:

"The whole Iroquois Confederacy, except a little more than half the Oneidas, took up arms against us.

They hung like a scythe of death upon the rear of our settlements and their deeds are inscribed with the tomahawk and the scalping knife in characters of blood on the fields of Wyoming and Cherry Valley and on the banks of the Mohawk." Says another historian of those days of anguish and terror: "Tryon County, then a large section of New York State, counted twelve thousand farms which ceased to be cultivated; two-thirds of its population died a bloody death or fled, and among the remaining one-third, were two thousand widows and three thousand orphans. It is a record of battles in the open, battles in ambush, robbery, arson, massacre and child murder."

In this connection, simple justice to the red men demands that we remember that their most cruel deeds have been more than paralleled among the white races of Europe and that, in America, they were surpassed in ferocity by their white allies, the Tories. Their warfare among themselves had always been characterized by the absence of mercy, and, in the worst excesses that they were guilty of in their war upon the Americans, they were but the hirelings of the British government that urged and bribed them on and, in the end, shamelessly betrayed them. Deserted by the foreign masters whom they had served not wisely but too well, the Indians found themselves abandoned to whatever revenge the victorious Americans might be pleased to visit upon them. The iron which they had plunged into the bosom of others, they now felt in their own. It was only through the intercession of the magnanimous-hearted Washington that they escaped a fearful vengeance for the crimes which they had been hired to commit.

The heroic age of conflict and bloodshed between white man and red man in New York and New England came to an end with the period of rapid settlement immediately following the Revolution. By 1800, the dwellers within the region, whose boundaries are sketched in the opening paragraph of this chapter, had settled down to the peaceful development of their holdings. Contemporaneous with the passing of the heroic age was the passing of the Indian race from the scene of history.

"Ye say that all have passed away
The noble and the brave;
That their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave;
That 'mid the forest where they roamed,
There rings no hunter's shout,
But their name is on your waters,
Ye may not wash it out."[1]

In A Wonderland of the East, there are no Indian reservations with their sad remnants of old-time proud and powerful tribes. "The noble and the brave" of the poet have vanished from "crested wave" and forest as completely as if they never had been. Their sole memorials are the names they gave lake and river and mountain — Mohonk, Winnepesaukee, Umbagog, Susquehanna, Mohawk, Androscoggin, Adirondack, Monadnock, Katahdin — to mention only a few of the aboriginal names which the white supplanters have wisely perpetuated. Would that they had preserved many others! All else, save these names, has perished and the once

[1] From "The Historic Mohawk," by Mary Riggs Diefendorf, courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers.

great and mighty are no more. Over the name of the most enlightened of the Indians, the Iroquois, whose marvelous achievements our historians eulogize, is written, in letters to endure forever, "Ichabod, thy glory has departed." The fall of these "Romans of the Red Men" is one of the most pathetic of the revenges of history.

THE MOHAWK VALLEY, NEAR SCHENECTADY

CHAPTER II

THE MOHAWK VALLEY IN SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURY HISTORY

A CONVENIENT point to begin the study of A Wonderland of the East, and our motor-journeys through the New York part of it, is Schenectady, the gateway to the beautiful Mohawk Valley, which, as far as Rome, is one of the most historic and, at the same time, one of the most scenic ninety-five miles of motoring to be found anywhere. So replete in historical associations is this wonderland valley that he who courses through it, unheedful of its storied past, misses much of the interest and charm that the one who knows enjoys. I shall merely glimpse a few of the historic men and events that make this region classic ground in American annals, giving a page only where a volume might be written.

Schenectady itself is a place worthy of our notice. Its founder, Arent Van Curler, called the site he chose, in the sixties of the seventeenth century, for his settlement, "the most beautiful land that ever the eye of man beheld." For many years, Schenectady was the western-most outpost of European civilization in New York and a place of great importance in the Indian trade. Its people were Dutch, almost exclusively, and they succeeded in living peaceably with their Mohawk neighbors. But, as we have seen, the Five Nations were fre-

quently at war with the French and the Indian allies of the French. France and England were, also, hostile to each other and frequently were at war. The Dutch-English settlements of New York were thus exposed to forays from New France aimed indiscriminately against them and the Mohawks.

Schenectady was surrounded by a stockade, but the garrison that defended it was always too small to afford adequate protection. On the night of the ninth of February, 1690, the long-dreaded blow fell. There were then about fifty houses within the stockade and the population of the settlement was approximately two hundred. The early evening had been given over to some manner of festivities and the people had retired, not having taken the precaution even to lock the gates of the stockade. No warning had come to them of the stealthy approach of the foe, and the first consciousness of danger came when the savage war-whoops of the Indians roused them from their slumbers to find the stockade full of the enemy, who were already battering down the doors of the houses. Soon the agonizing screams of women and children, perishing under the blows of the tomahawks of the savages and the clubbed rifle-butts of the French, filled the air. The houses were set on fire and their flames lighted up the scene of the ghastly massacre. All but four or five houses were burned, sixty-three persons were murdered, twenty-seven were carried into captivity, and the remainder of the people made their escape through the woods to Albany, about sixteen miles distant. The snow lay deep on the ground, the night was bitterly cold, and the hapless fugitives were barefoot and clad only in their night clothes, and twenty-

five persons are said to have lost their limbs in consequence of their being frozen on the way.

It had been the purpose of the French commander of the marauders to attack Albany, also; but, learning that that place was strongly garrisoned, he gathered together his prisoners and the booty he had collected at Schenectady and set out for Canada, closely pursued by a detachment of fifty young men from the Albany garrison, reinforced by a band of friendly Mohawks. The pursuers harassed the rearguard of the retreating enemy all the way to Montreal, but did not succeed in rescuing the captives.

Among those who participated in this pursuit was one Walter Wilie, a poet of no mean ability, who wrote a ballad on the Schenectady massacre in the style of the old English ballad of Chevy Chase. His effort is an excellent imitation of the early English poetry of the age of Robin Hood and of the Bruce, and deserves the remembrance he hoped for it. "I wish that it may stay on earth long after I am dead." The foreword and some of the stanzas are here given:

"A ballad in which is set forth the horrid cruelties practiced by the French and Indians on the night of the 9th of last February. The which I did compose last night in the space of one hour, and am now writing, the morning of Friday, June 12, 1690.

"God prosper long our king and queen,
Our lives and safeties all;
A sad misfortune once there did
Schenectady befall.

"From forth the woods of Canada
The Frenchmen took their way,
The people of Schenectady
To captivate and slay.

"They marched for two and twenty daies
All through the deepest snow;
And on a dismal winter night,
They struck the cruel blow.

"The lightsome sun that rules the day
Had gone down in the west;
And eke the drowsie villagers
Had sought and found their reste.

"They thought they were in saftie
And dreampt not of the foe;
But att midnight they all awoke
In wonderment and woe.

"The village soon began to blaze,
Which showed the horrid sight,—
But, O, I scarce can beare to tell
The mis'ries of that night.

"They threw the infants in the fire,
The men they did not spare,
But killéd all which they could find
Though agéd or tho' fair.

"O, Christe! in the still midnight air
It sounded dismally,
The women's prayers and the loud screams
Of their great agony.

"The news came on the Sabbath morn
Just at the break of day,
And with a companie of horse
I gallopéd away.

"The Mohaques joyned our brave partye
And followed in the chase,
Till we came up with the Frenchmen
Att a most likelye place.

"Our soldiers fell upon their rear
And killéd twenty-five;
Our young men were so much enraged
They took scarce one alive.

"And here I end the long ballád
The which you just have redde,
I wish that it may stay on earth
Long after I am dead."

It is a long distance, indeed, from the Schenectady of that "dread winter night" of "wonderment and woe" to the Schenectady of to-day, one of the most prosperous cities of the nation, with a population of more than one hundred thousand people, and rapidly growing, thanks to her mammoth industries, the General Electric and the American Locomotive Companies, that have made the name of Schenectady known to the uttermost parts of the civilized globe, as the city that "lights and hauls the world."

But the first act of the long, grim tragedy which is the history of the relations of white man and red man in the Mohawk Valley had been written in blood a full generation before the Schenectady massacre. The scene was near the little hamlet of Auriesville, on the opposite side of the Mohawk from Amsterdam, not far from Fort Hunter. Here some Jesuit missionaries suffered martyrdom.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the order of Loyola established their missions in every land visited by an European flag. The story of the undaunted heroism and religious ardor of the men who went forth in answer to the call to evangelize the world, forms one of the most sublime chapters in the history of Christianity.

No peril of sea or land could quench their enthusiasm to undertake the adventure. One of their poets thus celebrates Xavier's decision to carry the cross to the then little known Far East, from which merchants counted themselves fortunate if, out of every three ships despatched thither, one returned:

"When the stern, devoted man
Talked of sailing to Japan,
All his friends conspired together,
All against him set their faces,
Talked of seas and stormy weather,
Dangers grim in desert places.

"'Hush you! Close your dismal story!
What to me are tempests wild?
Heroes on their way to glory
Mind not pastimes for a child.
Blow ye winds — North, South, East, West!
'Tis for souls of men I'm sailing
And there's calm within my breast,
While the storm is round me wailing.'"

Nor did the prospect of hardships to be borne, persecutions to be endured, and frequently martyrdom to be faced, quell the zeal of these apostles of the faith in the midst of the most appalling surroundings. Hear the farewell words of one of a party of Jesuit missionaries just before their departure to a tribe of ferocious savages: "We are about to go forth on an expedition from which none of us expect to return. We shall be tortured and butchered. Be it so, I see none of our company cast down." And this, on the eve of martyrdom, from another company in another land: "We are about to give our lives and our blood in the cause of

our Master. It seems that His goodness will accept this sacrifice. — Blessed be His name that He has chosen us, among so many better than we, to aid Him in bearing His cross in this land." And nowhere was the Jesuit missionary more certain of persecution, torture and death than among the Mohawks, thirsting for revenge upon all in any way associated with hated New France. Greatest of all the victims of their vengeance was the Jesuit, Isaac Jogues.

Jogues was born at Orleans, France, in 1607, two years before that fateful date, 1609, on which Champlain killed the three Mohawk chieftains and roused the undying hatred of the Indians which, in after years, was to claim, as a sacrifice to its revenge, this new-born life. Finishing his studies in the Jesuit College of his native city, Jogues was ordained priest in 1636, and, the same year, went out as a missionary to Canada. The Jesuit Relations describes him as slight in figure, but muscular in endurance, active and hardy to the point of being an athlete. He could outrun any Indian.

Jogues' missionary labors began among the Hurons. In 1642, as he, his assistants, Goupil and Couture, and a company of their Indian converts were ascending the St. Lawrence in twelve canoes, they were set upon by a war party of Mohawks, and the three Frenchmen and a number of the Christian Hurons were captured. The Mohawks conducted their prisoners to their own country by way of Lake Champlain and Lake George, frequently torturing them while upon the journey. When the captives reached the Mohawk Valley fresh torments awaited them. They were taken from one village to another, and, at each, they were made to undergo the fearful

ordeal of running the gauntlet, "a narrow path to Paradise," as Jogues termed it. The entire population of the place would line up on both sides of the road, armed with clubs and stones, and the prisoners were mercilessly beaten as they passed through the lines. In each instance, the Frenchmen succeeded in dragging themselves through, though fearfully wounded and drenched in blood, but some of the Hurons were, at each recurrence of the ordeal, stricken down and killed. After the captives had been led in triumph through the Mohawk villages, they were brought back to the first one which they had entered, near the present site of Fort Hunter, and there put upon a platform in the center of the village. Here, for three days, they were kept without food or drink, exposed to the taunts of their foes while the boys of the tribe were allowed to pelt them with stones and clubs. Couture was adopted as a slave by a family living further up the valley. Goupil was killed a few weeks later and Jogues was left alone among the Indians who had captured him in Canada. His life became a living martyrdom. In his "Jesuits in North America," Parkman thus speaks of Jogues' sufferings at the hands of his ferocious captors, who compelled him to accompany them on their winter hunting expeditions:

"He followed them through the chill November forests and shared their wild bivouac in the depths of the wintry desolation. He crouched in a corner of the hut, gnawed by hunger and pierced to the bone with cold. He brought them firewood like a squaw; he did their bidding without a murmur and patiently bore their abuse. In remote and lonely spots, he would cut the bark in the form of a cross from some great tree and there

he would make his prayers, — Jogues was one of the purest examples of Roman Catholic virtue which the Western world has seen."

Finally, through the intervention of the Dutch of Albany, the captive priest was released and sent to France. He was piteously disfigured by the tortures he had undergone. Not a finger was left on either hand that had not been mutilated. His face and head were marked by fearful scars. Because of his mutilations, he was disqualified to say mass, but a special dispensation of the Pope restored to him that sacred privilege.

His terrible appearance deeply moved the religious circles of France. Ladies of the court knelt in reverence before the humble and gentle priest and kissed his mutilated hands. His passionate eloquence swept his order with a flame of missionary zeal, and young priests vied with one another in volunteering for service and probable martyrdom beyond the seas. Money to carry on the work of evangelizing the red men of America was offered in abundance by the wealthy. Jogues begged and obtained permission to return to Canada. In May, 1645, he left for Montreal, accompanied by an assistant priest, Lalande, to reestablish religious work among the Mohawks, to be known thereafter as " The Mission of the Martyrs." As some one said of an early Christian martyr at Rome, " He seemed to be straining and panting for martyrdom," so might it be said of Isaac Jogues. His apparently ardent desire soon met its bloody fulfillment. He and Lalande were treacherously murdered and their bodies thrown into the Mohawk. The Order of the Jesuits have erected to the memory of Jogues and his associate martyrs the shrine at Auriesville and

thither many of their faith go yearly on pilgrimages. The shrine can be easily reached from Amsterdam.

For those interested in ancient houses there are a number in the lower Mohawk Valley, — several in Schenectady; the Glen house (1713), just across the river in Scotia; the Mabie house (1680), the oldest existing residence in the Mohawk Valley; the Arent Bradt house (1736); the old Queen Anne parsonage, Fort Hunter (1712); and, above all, the two residences of Sir William Johnson, Fort Johnson at Akin (1742) and Johnson Hall, Johnstown (1763). Both the Johnson houses are now museums of Indian and colonial relics and every motor-tourist should, by all means, visit them. There are other points of interest at Johnstown, — the grave of Sir William, in front of St. John's church, the Court House (1772) and the jail (1774).

Of Sir William Johnson, the most picturesque and perhaps the greatest white man of the colonial age of the Mohawk Valley, a word may fittingly be said. Despite all the animadversions that can easily be made against the manner of life that he lived, he was a great man and rendered the English in America a great and lasting service. By his honest and generous dealings with the Indians and his adoption of many of their customs, he bound the great League of the Iroquois in firm alliance to the English. He amassed wealth and became, next to William Penn, the largest land holder in the New World; he built up an oasis of Christian civilization in a vast desert of savage barbarism and became, virtually, a royal dictator over a territory larger and capable of higher possibilities than the realm of some famous kingdoms of history. He was the friend of the

THE MABIE HOUSE

poor and oppressed, whether their skins were white or red or black. His purse, ample in its contents, was always open to the call of every worthy cause. His kindness of heart is shown in the injunction made in his will and addressed to the son that was to be the successor to the greater share of his wealth:

"I do earnestly recommend my son to show lenity to such of my tenants as are poor and to show an upright conduct to all mankind which will afford more satisfaction to a noble and generous mind than the greatest opulence."

Alas, that son brought down upon the honored name of his father the hatred and execrations of the American people, not so much by his support of the British cause as by the inhuman savagery with which he and the Tories associated with him waged their war upon the inhabitants of the Mohawk Valley, and the regions adjacent, who had drawn the sword in the name of liberty. Cruelest of all these Tories were the notorious Butlers, father and son, friends and neighbors of the Johnsons, whose house is still standing near the highway between Johnstown and Fonda. Of the two, the son, Colonel Walter N. Butler, was much the worse. At the head of his famous Rangers, made up, for the most part, of Tory inhabitants of the Mohawk country, he ravaged the valley from one end to the other, destroying property and massacring the inhabitants with no respect for age or sex. There is scarcely an atrocity that history has recorded against all the savage races of the past three thousand years that Butler and his Rangers were not guilty of. To conceal their identity, they frequently disguised themselves as Indians, and, hideous

in paint and war plumes, exceeded the savages whom they simulated in the outrages they committed. Brant and his Indians looked with horror upon some of the deeds which these white fiends perpetrated on former neighbors. I shall not mention any of the atrocities of which Walter N. Butler was guilty. He made himself the most hated man in America and, until his crimes became gradually forgotten in the minds of later generations, his memory, among those who had suffered from his brutality, and among their children, was more loathed than that of Benedict Arnold.

His death was as terrible as his life had been to others. October 25, 1781, there occurred in the neighborhood of Johnstown the last battle of any importance of the Revolution. Butler and his Rangers took part in it. The Americans were victorious. Butler and his men succeeded in reaching West Canada Creek, north of Utica, in their flight, but were there overtaken by their pursuing foes. A running fight took place, the combatants being separated by the creek. Butler was wounded and fell. An Oneida Indian, fighting on the American side, crossed the stream and ran up to Butler, who, in great pain, lay upon the ground supporting his wounded head on his hand. Seeing the Oneida brandishing his tomahawk, he raised his other hand, piteously begging for quarter. The Indian, crying that he would give him the same kind of quarter he had given the women and children of Cherry Valley, buried his tomahawk in Butler's brain and, even while the wretch was quivering in his death agony, tore off his scalp.

After the close of the war, some of the Tory inhabitants of the Mohawk Valley had the boldness to attempt

to return and establish themselves in their former homes. The outraged patriots rose against such intrusion, administering public flogging in some cases and tar and feathers in others, driving the objects of their vengeance out of the valley, with the warning that, should they venture to come back, worse would befall them. Opposition to the return of the Tories not only took these forms of popular repugnance, but district assemblies put themselves on record, denouncing the crimes of their former neighbors and peremptorily forbidding them to remain. Thus, in 1783, at both Canajoharie and Fort Plain, resolutions were adopted that embraced, among many others, such declarations as these:

"Whereas, in the course of the late war, large numbers of the inhabitants of this county joined the enemies of this state and, in conjunction with the British troops, waged war upon the people of this state, in which war the most cruel murders, robberies and depredations have been committed that ever happened in this or in any other country, neither sex nor age being spared, the most aged people of each sex and infants at their mothers' breasts having been butchered;

"Resolved that we will not suffer or permit to remain in this county any persons who have, during the late war, joined the enemy; and all other such, as during the late war, who have remained with us and have in any wise aided the enemy and have been deemed dangerous, shall not be permitted to continue in this district or return to it.

"Resolved that all such persons, now in this district, shall depart the same within one month after the publication of this."

The exiled Tories fled to Canada and there settled. Naturally they had no great affection for the country which expelled them. For more than a generation they and their children cherished a vindictive hatred for everything American. Perhaps we have here the origin of a certain coolness, an offishness of attitude that Americans fancy they still encounter now and then among some of their Canadian cousins.

The upper half of the Mohawk Valley was settled largely by Germans from the Palatinate of the Rhine. The cause of the coming of these was the invasion and ravaging of their native land by the armies of Louis XIV of France. It was, in part, a religious war and was waged with all the unrelenting fury with which such wars were wont to be conducted in the Middle Ages and the early modern era. Thousands of homeless German refugees found their way to England and thence, by English aid, to America. Colonies of them settled in Virginia, the Carolinas, Pennsylvania and New York. Of the last, some chose the beautiful Schoharie Valley while others took up land along the Mohawk. Owing to unfortunate disputes over the title to their land, many of the Schoharie settlers left that section, some going to Pennsylvania, while others came over to the Mohawk country where they found new homes in the settlements of Palatines already there. Only a small minority of the original colony remained in the Schoharie Valley. The story of the wanderings and adventures of these patient, persevering people is an Odyssey of the wilderness.

In the Mohawk Valley, the Palatine settlements extended from Palatine Bridge and Canajoharie up the

river to near where Rome now stands. The most thickly settled parts of this tract was at German Flats, above Little Falls. The Palatines were an honest, thrifty and industrious folk. Coming to America absolutely penniless exiles, within a few years many of them had become well-to-do. They were deeply religious and some of their earliest churches still stand as testimonials to their fidelity to their Protestant faith, for which they had lost all their possessions in the fatherland and had become refugees and wanderers upon the face of the earth. The one book sure to be found in every home was the Bible and its teachings were the rule of conduct by which these humble people guided their lives.

The struggle for independence came, but, before the battle of Lexington and Concord was fought, the Germans of the Mohawk Valley had put themselves on record as holding that theirs was "the undeniable privilege to be taxed only with our own consent given by ourselves or our representatives." The decisive battle of Oriskany, as we shall see, was a victory largely won by German militiamen of the Mohawk settlements under the command of one of their number, the sturdy and heroic General Herkimer. There are many more shining illustrations of Palatine prowess in the cause of liberty and human rights, of atrocities suffered, of deeds of daring and of glorious triumphs during those brave days of old. Everywhere throughout the nation, no less than in New York, the German element of the population played a conspicuously honorable part in winning the Revolutionary War. So likewise has this same element acquitted itself wherever, since the Revolution, the country has been in peril or the union of the states endangered.

Is it not well that we remember these facts of history when, in these later days, the name German has become an epithet of opprobrium, an opprobrium given too frequently, I fear, a wider application than justice warrants?

The year 1777 was a critical period in the American Revolution. The British planned a vast enterprise to subdue their insurgent colonies. A strong force under Burgoyne was to descend from Montreal by way of Lake Champlain and Lake George. Another army was to ascend the Hudson River and a third was to invade the Mohawk Valley from Oswego through Oneida Lake. The three forces were to meet in Albany. The success of such a movement would cut off New England from the rest of the colonies, would bring all New York under the control of the British and would sound the death knell of America's independence. The complete frustration of these plans of the British, that was the consequence of the battles of Oriskany, Bennington and Saratoga, demonstrated to the world that England would never be able to conquer her colonies, and that the day of American independence, though it might be yet distant, was sure to dawn.

Just now we are interested in the Mohawk Valley and the gallant fight its yeomanry put up to resist the invader.

On the present site of Rome, at the head of navigation on the Mohawk, was Fort Stanwix, renamed Fort Schuyler by the Americans. It commanded the one-mile carry between the waters of the Mohawk and Wood Creek, which flowed into Oneida Lake and thence, through Oswego River, to Lake Ontario, making water

communication with Oswego possible. Fort Schuyler was, therefore, a point of the utmost strategic importance in defense of the Mohawk Valley. In the summer of 1777, it was garrisoned by seven hundred and fifty American troops, Colonel Peter Gansevoort commanding. Down from Oswego came the British force, one thousand seven hundred strong, St. Leger in general command, and under him Sir John Johnson, Brant and Butler. August 3, the siege of Fort Schuyler was begun.

The militia of the Mohawk Valley and adjacent country, under General Nicholas Herkimer, set out at once for the relief of the beleaguered garrison. They numbered between eight hundred and one thousand men, the majority of them, as I have already pointed out, from the near-by German settlements. So great, indeed, was this Teutonic preponderance in numbers that German was the language of the camp and the march and the battlefield. On August 6, while still eight miles from Fort Schuyler, they fell into an ambuscade set for them by Butler's Rangers and Brant's Indians in a ravine near Oriskany. Then ensued, in proportion to the number engaged, the fiercest and bloodiest battle of the American Revolution, and the one with the highest per cent of casualties. Many of the Tories that fought on the side of the British were Mohawk Valley men and, when the patriotic farmers recognized in them their former renegade neighbors and acquaintances, hate and resentment were mutual and the opposing combatants sprang at each other in a desperate hand to hand death struggle while the woods resounded with the wild war-whoop of the Indians. Parts of the battlefield became a

veritable inferno in which men, like so many infuriated demons, rushed together in headlong confusion, fighting with musket-butts, with bayonets, with tomahawks, with knives and with naked hands, grappling and often falling together, their left hands clutching each other's hair and their right still convulsively grasping in a grip of death the knives which they had plunged into each other's bosoms. Elsewhere in the field, the battle was waged in true border fashion, the opposing forces sheltering themselves behind trees from the cover of which they fired upon the foe and, at times, made desperate charges with bayonet and tomahawk. The battle, from beginning to end, was thus largely one of personal contact.

Early in the engagement, a rifle bullet struck General Herkimer, shattering the bone of his leg and killing his horse. The old hero refused to be taken out of danger but, seated on his saddle at the foot of a beech tree, in the thick of the desperate conflict raging around him, smoking his old black pipe as imperturbably as if seated at his own fireside, he continued to issue orders for the movements of his men. Finally the desperate valor of the German militiamen prevailed against the equally dauntless courage of their Tory and Indian foes. Brant's warriors raised their weird, retreating cry of "Oonah! Oonah!" and soon the British forces were in full flight, but the Americans were too exhausted to make a successful pursuit.

Considering the number engaged, Oriskany was a place of frightful slaughter. The ravine where the Americans had fallen into the deadly ambuscade of the enemy had been the scene of the bitterest fighting and

The Surrender of Burgoyne, after the Battle of Saratoga, October 17, 1777.

From a Painting by F. C. Yohn.

Published through the courtesy of the Glens Falls Insurance Company.

here the dead lay thickest. Two hundred of the American force were killed, as many made prisoners and many were wounded, scarcely a man in the entire little army of the patriots escaping injury. General Herkimer was taken to his home, a few miles down the valley, where he died of his wounds. The British never gave out the number of their casualties at Oriskany, but it must have, also, been very large, probably exceeding that of the Americans.

The significance of this sanguinary conflict was far beyond any preceding battle for American independence. Statesmen, among them Horatio Seymour, have declared that Oriskany, rather than Saratoga, was the decisive battle of the war. Its outcome said to the proud British forces seeking to reinforce Burgoyne, "You shall not pass." Followed by the American victory at Bennington, the same month, it made certain the defeat and surrender of Burgoyne and his army at Saratoga, the following October.

The fine verses of the Rev. Dr. Charles D. Helmer give a graphic and artistic picture of the dread day of wrath at Oriskany.

"As men who fought for home and child and wife,
As men oblivious of life
In holy martyrdom,
The yeomen of the valley fought that day,
Throughout thy fierce and deadly fray,
Blood-red Oriskany.

"From rock and tree and clump of twisted brush
The hissing gusts of battle rush,
Hot-breathed and horrible;

The roar, the smoke like mist on stormy seas,
Sweep through thy splintered trees,
Hard fought Oriskany.

"Heroes are born in such a chosen hour,
From common men they rise and tower
Like thee, brave Herkimer!
Who wounded, steedless, still beside the beech
Cheered on thy men with sword and speech
In grim Oriskany.

"But ere the sun went toward the tardy night,
The valley then beheld the light
Of freedom's victory,
And wooded Tryon, snatched from British arms,
The empire of a thousand farms
On bright Oriskany."

During the battle, a division of the Fort Schuyler garrison made a sortie and stormed the part of the British camp occupied by the Tory leader, Sir John Johnson, capturing it and carrying off to the fort a great quantity of food and munitions of war. Over Fort Schuyler, on this memorable day, the newly adopted flag of the United States, the Stars and Stripes, for the first time in our country's history, were unfurled to the breeze, and beneath them were five reversed English flags captured in the raid on Johnson's camp.

St. Leger continued the siege some time longer, but, upon hearing that Benedict Arnold was coming up the Mohawk with reinforcements for the Americans, the numbers of which were greatly exaggerated in the reports that reached the British camp, Brant's Indians were thrown into a panic of fear and fled. The Tories and even the British regular troops clamored for a retreat to Oswego and the British commander was com-

pelled to yield. So precipitate was the withdrawal of the besieging army that they left much of their camp equipage and military stores to fall into the hands of the Americans.

The heavy losses which the Iroquois suffered at Oriskany roused the confederate tribes to a mad fury for revenge, and in the pursuance of their campaign of vengeance, they made the Mohawk Valley, for the following five years, a veritable dark and bloody ground.

CHAPTER III

MOTORING ALONG THE MOHAWK — THE ORISKANY BATTLEFIELD AND CHERRY VALLEY

I HAVE motored so many times up and down the Mohawk River that, had my car the intelligence of a horse, it would no longer need guidance. Yet, many as these journeys have been, each successive trip discloses new vistas of beauty. The scenic charms of this wonderful valley seem to be infinite in variety. No wonder that the red man was loath to yield his possession of it or that the intruding white man deemed it worth putting his life into jeopardy to win and hold it. To-day, the motor-tourist's enjoyment of its natural loveliness is enhanced by the magnificent trunk-line state highway that follows the river the entire distance between Schenectady and Rome.

What promised to be a glorious day was just at its dawn when we crossed the Schenectady-Scotia toll-bridge over the Mohawk. It is a source of gratification to the public generally, and to the motorist in particular, that, within two or three years, there will span the river, a short distance above the present bridge, a magnificent new one to be known as the Great Western Gateway. The State Legislature of 1919 voted its construction and appropriated the funds for the building of it. In-

cluding the approaches, the new bridge will be approximately a mile in length, and the cost will amount, very likely, to about two million dollars.

On the trip that we were just beginning, our plan was to proceed up the Mohawk Valley as far as Rome and the Oriskany battlefield and then swing back to Utica and Ilion, thence up the Ilion "Gulf" and, by way of Richfield Springs and Springfield, to Cherry Valley, with its tragic memories of the massacre of 1778.

> "And what is so rare as a day in June?
> Then, if ever, come perfect days."

Our June morning gave promise of being the rarest of the rare, one of the poet's perfect days. Then, it was still at its springtime, and, of all the twenty-four hours, the three immediately following the peep-of-dawn of a summer day are the most ravishingly delightful. Nature is then in her most joyous and exultant mood. Earth and sky are aquiver with life, awakening after the repose of the night. It was so this wonderful June morning of ours. The air was deliciously cool and of a crystalline clearness, which, even at that early hour, brought out the green slopes of the hills on the opposite side of the river, the fields and groves of the intervening bottom-lands, and the winding course of the silvery stream in the utmost distinctness of outline. In the depths of the hollows of the hills, and among the woodlands on their slopes, still slumbered the shadows of the night. It was a transcendently entrancing picture. The scenery between Schenectady and Amsterdam is beautiful at any hour of the day and under almost any

condition of weather; you never tire of it. But this morning, beneath the witchery of the early lights and shadows and clad in the fresh green of the late spring time, it seemed lovely beyond its wont.

We motored on slowly, giving ourselves time to enjoy the beauty of the trees by the wayside, the smiling fields on either side of us, the soft shining of the river on our left below us, its surface brightening more and more in the increasing light, and the grandeur of the distant heights that ran like an emerald rampart along the southern border of the valley, and from the recesses of which the shadows were fast disappearing. The sky was cloudless, and the birds were singing as if they would burst their little throats with very gladness. All nature was a riot of growth and blossom. The early morning glory of June, like the enchantment of a fairy land, lay all about us.

It was just a little after sunrise when we passed through Amsterdam, and before long we had reached Akin, where the tourist's chief interest is Fort Johnson, the eighteenth-century baronial residence of Sir William Johnson, of whom some account was given in the preceding chapter. We had, on a former trip, visited this interesting house and examined the great collection of Indian and colonial antiquities that it contains.

Beyond Akin, we began the steep climb of Tribes Hill. This is a high ridge projecting far into the valley and, to avoid making the long circuit of its base, the road-makers preferred to follow the ancient Indian trail and carry the highway over it. From one point on the summit of Tribes Hill there is an extensive view of the valley that must embrace at least fifty miles up and down

the river and about half that distance from north to south. On this particular morning, this panorama was unusually clear except to the west, where a bank of white fog was rolling down the river like the fronting wall of a great flood. One could easily imagine that some mammoth dam somewhere up-stream had given way and the imprisoned waters, suddenly let loose, were rushing down the valley, overwhelming everything in their course and rolling swiftly eastward with a white foaming front a hundred feet in height. Elsewhere our view of the broad expanse of valley and bordering country was unmarred by shadow of any kind. The river could be seen as it winds back and forth in graceful curves from one side of the valley to the other, bordered on both banks by green meadows, and these, in turn, flanked by enclosing uplands which rise from the floor of the valley in billowing swells culminating in ranges of high hills that roll away far to the north, becoming finally the foothills of the Adirondacks, and to a like distance southward, where they blend with the great tangle of ranges which form outlying spurs of the Catskills. The whole region that fell within our range of vision is a rich farming country and is dotted everywhere with white farmhouses that glowed in the morning sunshine like spots of silver against the wide-spread ground of green.

As we began to descend the western slope of Tribes Hill into the valley again, we ran into the fog that we had seen rolling down from the west. So dense did we find it that objects by the wayside could scarcely be seen. I switched on my lights and proceeded slowly down the steep hill, sounding my horn at frequent intervals. Soon

we heard another horn ahead, and, a moment later, a powerful car, looking huge and ghostly in the thick enshrouding mist, rushed past us, its driver, evidently, paying little heed, despite the blinding fog, to the slogan, "Safety First." As we passed, we saluted each other with our horns and each passed on his way. Was it wind from the on-rush of the big car or was it a breeze beginning to blow that we felt in our faces? Anyway, shortly after the reckless motorist had dashed past us, a wind drove the fog-bank down the valley, the sun again appeared in the unclouded sky and we suddenly emerged from gloom into light, with the smiling valley, radiant as before, spread out to the right and left.

To my mind, the prettiest section of the Mohawk River scenery is a stretch of two or three miles between Fonda and Palatine Bridge, just before and after passing what is known as the Nose. Here, in the geologic ages, when the Mohawk carried the waters of the Great Lakes to the sea, the river cut for itself a channel through a range of hills, which runs in a northerly to southerly direction and forms a connecting ridge between the Adirondack and Appalachian mountain systems. In those days, the Mohawk must have exceeded in volume the St. Lawrence River of to-day. The water-gap character of the broad gorge between the Nose and the fronting heights on the south side of the river is still easily recognizable. A few rounded, low hills occupy what was the bed of the prehistoric river and, doubtless, in its later period, were islands rising above the waters. On the summit of one of these lesser heights there is now a beautiful grove. The soft outlines of this cluster of little hills in the midst of the

narrow valley, the loftier heights towering above them on either side and the beautiful river pursuing its dancing and sparkling course through the middle of the gap form a scene worthy of the canvas of some great landscape painter. Indeed, I have heard that several artists have made pictures of it.

Soon after leaving the Nose, we ran through the little hamlet of Palatine Bridge, the name reminiscent of the heroic German refugees, of whom I made brief mention in the last chapter. Across the river from Palatine Bridge is Canajoharie, a beautifully situated village, once the capital town of the Mohawks, and the home of their famous chief, King Hendrick, a contemporary of Sir William Johnson. Here, too, in his youth, lived the celebrated Joseph Brant, despite his English name a full-blooded Mohawk and, perhaps, the greatest Indian known to white men. He came of a race of warrior-chiefs, was a brother-in-law of Sir William Johnson, early in life became a convert to the Christian religion and was, throughout a long life, a zealous propagandist of his faith among his people. He achieved success in the most fashionable drawing rooms of London, where he won the admiration and friendship of the English aristocracy by the brilliancy of his wit, and his courtliness of manner. In the councils of his dusky brethren of the forest, on the banks of the Mohawk, he wielded an unlimited influence. He espoused the cause of the British during the Revolution, but was generally successful in restraining his Mohawks from deeds of barbarity. It is doubtful if any white officer, with whom or against whom he fought, showed anything like the military genius which this civilized and Christianized Indian

displayed. John Fiske calls him "the most remarkable Indian known to history."

The part of our journey between Palatine Bridge and Rome took us past many historic sites and shrines and the scenery was attractive all the way. We kept on the north side of the river, avoiding Ilion and Utica, as we planned to pass through both these places on our return. At Rome we took pains to hunt up the site of old Fort Stanwix, the Fort Schuyler of 1777, which so valiantly and successfully resisted the siege of St. Leger and his force of British regulars, Tory Rangers and Indians. The city has spread over the site of the fort, now marked by tablets. There is nothing of historical importance to see; the only satisfaction in visiting the place is to stand on the spot where once such thrilling events took place.

From Rome we betook ourselves to the Oriskany battlefield, about five miles down the river. It was a fairly good country road that we encountered and we soon were on the historic spot. Near by rose the battle monument erected in 1876 by the Oneida County Historical Society, a granite column eighty feet high. Here before us lay the ravine where General Herkimer's advance division fell into the deadly ambuscade. Here, and along the slopes and on the summit of the hill rising from the ravine, the fierce battle had raged with appalling fury. To-day, the frenzied shouts, the wild war-whoops, the mingled roar and tumult, all the horror of blood and death of that red sixth of August, 1777, are separated from us by nearly a century and a half of silence. The scene now is one of profound pastoral repose. Some spring grain, half grown, was waving over

FERRIS FALLS, IN THE CATSKILLS

part of the battle-ground. The towering monument stood like a grim, mute sentinel holding watch over the one-time field of death and of deathless glory.

Oriskany is one of the few places in A Wonderland of the East where the scenic element is entirely absent, yet where the interest of the intelligent tourist is excited to the keenest intensity. Other places there are in the Wonderland where scenery is paramount and historical associations of any high value are lacking. Such, to mention only two examples, are the Adirondacks and the White Mountains. Again, in still other places, grandeur of natural beauty and thrilling memories of historic men and events are united. The Saratoga battlefield, the Hudson Highlands and the Lake George and Lake Champlain country are illustrations of this union of the historic and the scenic.

But Oriskany's hold upon the imagination and grip upon the heart are historic only. There is no beauty in the landscape, and our eyes are free to fix themselves upon that swampy ravine and that hillside where the patriotic yeoman

"On this battle-field in the long ago,"

this bloody shambles of slaughter, bought, with their lives, our liberty and the blessings which to-day make our lives so pleasant. Forever hallowed be their memories! We felt like putting the shoes off our feet, so holy seemed the ground on which we stood.

We were now in what had once been the territory of the Oneida tribe of the Iroquois Confederacy. "Of all the Confederate Nations, the Oneidas are spoken of by

early writers as the most polite," says one historian. "It was among this gentle people that the Protestant faith first took deepest root and the covenant chain held firmest during the Revolutionary War."

The alliance of the Oneida and Tuscarora Indians with the Americans in the War of Independence was secured by the efforts of Samuel Kirkland, for many years a missionary among the Oneidas in Central New York. After the war he founded the Hamilton Oneida Academy near Clinton for the education of Indian and white boys, naming it for Alexander Hamilton in recognition of the aid received from the great Federalist and his influential friends in Washington's administration. His little frontier school grew rapidly in numbers and importance, and in 1812, four years after the death of the founder, became Hamilton College.

Among Mr. Kirkland's many converts was the celebrated chief, Skenandoa, called by the Indians the "Friend of the White Man." Mr. Kirkland, when he died in 1808, was buried in the graveyard of the institution which he had founded. His great convert lived eight years longer. Because of his affectionate attachment to his spiritual father, Skenandoa expressed frequently an ardent desire to be buried near Mr. Kirkland that he might, to use his own expression, "go up with him at the great resurrection." His wish was granted, and the Friend of the White Man lies in the Hamilton College cemetery by the side of the Red Man's Friend. On his tombstone may be read this brief account of his life:

"SKENANDOA. This monument is erected by the Northern Missionary Society in testimony of their re-

spect for the memory of Skenandoa, who died in the peace and the hope of the Gospel on the 11th of March, 1816. Wise, eloquent and brave, he long swayed the councils of his tribe, whose confidence and affection he eminently enjoyed. In the war that placed the Canadas under the crown of Great Britain, he was actively engaged against the French; in that of the Revolution, he espoused the cause of the colonies and ever afterwards remained the firm friend of the United States. Under the missionary ministry of the Rev. Mr. Kirkland, he embraced the doctrines of the Gospel, and having exhibited their power in a long life, adorned by every Christian virtue, he fell asleep in Jesus at the advanced age of one hundred years."

Quite in the poetically figurative style of the Indians, the venerable chief, a very short time before his death, thus described himself: "I am an aged hemlock. The winds of a hundred years have whistled through my branches. I am dead at the top. The generation to which I belong has departed. I am alone. Why I live, the good Great Spirit only knows."

The life of this convert to Christianity may justly be cited as an illustration of what the power of a higher and purer standard of life can accomplish in the transformation of human character. In his early manhood, Skenandoa had been notorious for drunkenness and savagery.

Truth compels the historian of the eighteenth century in America to record much of conflict between white man and red man, a dreary tale of mutual animosities, a harrowing story of rapine and massacre. All this is a necessary part of the work of him who would give a

faithful picture of that sublime but terrible, heroic age in which our country had its birth. It is pleasant, therefore, to come across such men as Kirkland and Skenandoa, each a shining example of the highest type of his race. In June, 1872, at the dedication at Hamilton College of the Kirkland Memorial, two descendants of the old missionary's Indian friend, Thomas and David Skenandoa, were present. These were some of the things that one of them, in a public address, is reported to have said:

"We remember the good Kirkland as the faithful friend of our great-grandfather. He came in and went out before our people; he walked hand in hand with the great Skenandoa. Kirkland was to our nation like a great light in a dark place and we first learned through him to be good. Where to-day are Kirkland and Skenandoa? They are gone! The Great Spirit reached out of his window and took them. Arm in arm, as brothers, they had walked life's trail; united in death, nothing can separate them; they will go up together in the great resurrection.

"When they went down to their long sleep, the night was dark, and when the morning came, it did not remove the darkness from our people. They wet their eyes with big drops, a heavy cloud was on them. Then our people, like frightened deer, scattered. Now there are only a few left of the once powerful Iroquois. They are all gone, but the deeds of Kirkland and Skenandoa will never die. We will rub the mould and dust from their gravestones and say: Brothers, here sleep the good and brave."

Our route from Oriskany took us through Utica to

Ilion, where we spent the night. Getting an early start the next morning, we passed up through the beautiful Ilion "Gulf," one of the scenic show places of the upper Mohawk Valley, and a beauty-spot it is, quite worthy of its wide-spread fame. It is a deep gorge cut through the southern line of hills that rise above the valley floor, probably cut by some large tributary of the great prehistoric Mohawk, already mentioned. It is quite like some of those narrow, shadowy mountain glens, so frequently met with in the higher Adirondacks. The sides of the "Gulf" are clothed with a growth of small trees and shrubs, with here and there great masses of whitish, naked rock protruding through the covering of green. A fine concrete highway has been built up through the entire length of the glen but, upon reaching the top, this gave place to about the roughest piece of dirt road it has ever been my misfortune to run across. This lasted, however, only a few miles and we, then, struck a fairly good and well-traveled highway leading eastward through the celebrated summer resort, Richfield Springs, and through Springfield. Just about noon, topping a hill, we saw in the distance, before us, Cherry Valley, the place of tragic memories.

I confess that the sight of Cherry Valley gripped me fully as much as had the Oriskany battlefield. The horror associated with a field of battle is taken for granted. It is a place where man meets man in honorable combat and all the devices of strategy, decoy, surprise and ambuscade are lawful. Where the opposing forces, as at Oriskany, show equal bravery and a determination to conquer or to perish, fearful slaughter is unavoidable. But there is something cold-blooded and inhumanly cruel

about a massacre, such as overtook Schenectady in 1690 and Wyoming and Cherry Valley in 1778. There is the stealthy approach of the murderous foe, with the premeditated purpose of slaughter without giving the intended victims opportunity of either self-defense or flight. Above all, there is the indiscriminate killing of the very old and the very young, whose age should be their defense, and of helpless women whom their natural protectors, by the very nature of the attack, are powerless to save from destruction. It was such a wanton massacre as this that occurred at Cherry Valley, November 11, 1778, and its arch-instigator was Walter Butler.

A few months before, Butler, who had fled to Canada with many other Mohawk Valley Tories, on the outbreak of the Revolution, ventured to return. He was arrested near Albany, tried at a court-martial ordered by Benedict Arnold, and imprisoned as a spy. He made his escape to Fort Niagara, Canada. He was mad for revenge, and many of the Seneca Indians at Fort Niagara, smarting from the defeat which, the year before, they had suffered at Oriskany, and, like Butler, thirsting for vengeance, were now ready to join the Tory leader on any raid that promised the revenge they and he sought. Such was the motive that incited the tragedy of November 11. Brant, with his Indians, accompanied Butler on his expedition, but only with the utmost reluctance, as the Mohawk chief disliked the Tory and was unwilling to serve as a subordinate under him. The force that Butler commanded on the Cherry Valley raid consisted of about two hundred of his Tory Rangers and fully five hundred Indians, the majority of the latter being Senecas, the cruelest and most ferocious of the

Iroquois; but it is doubtful if, at Cherry Valley, they committed as many acts of brutality as did Butler and his Rangers.

Circumstances favored the Tories and the Indians. The little fort built for the defense of the settlement was inadequately garrisoned. Owing to the lateness of the season, the inhabitants believed they were no longer in danger and had relaxed their vigilance. The scouts that they had sent out, as a precautionary measure, were captured by the approaching enemy before they could get back to warn the unsuspecting settlement and, the morning of the attack, the valley was filled with a dense fog accompanied by a light rain that had followed a heavy snow-storm of the night before. The people were unaware of their foes until at their very doors were heard the appalling war-whoops and the no less terrible yells of the Tories. There was then no opportunity to escape to the shelter of the fort, which, throughout that dreadful day, resisted the fierce efforts of the raiders to carry it by storm. The garrison was, however, too small to venture a sortie to rescue the people of the hamlet, and the work of pillage, burning of houses and barns, and the murder of the inhabitants went on unchecked. I shall spare the reader the details of this butchery and the many revolting acts of fiendish atrocity that accompanied it. The Cherry Valley massacre, with that of Wyoming the preceding summer, stands out above the many dark and bloody deeds of the later eighteenth century in America as the two most brutal and criminal of all. To his everlasting credit let it be said, Brant restrained his own Indians from murdering non-combatants, and in several instances res-

cued women and children from the ruthless Senecas, holding them as prisoners as a means of keeping them under his protection.

All the buildings of the settlement were burned, many of the inhabitants, mostly women and children, were tomahawked and scalped, sixteen soldiers of the garrison were killed, and a large number of the people were made captives. Of these, some, through the intervention of Joseph Brant, were a few days later released and allowed to return to Cherry Valley. The remainder were carried off to the Seneca country where the children were taken from their mothers and adopted into Indian families of distant villages. Some mothers never saw their little ones again; others recovered them, after several years of captivity, only to find that they had become Indians in everything except birth and blood.

Such was the wanton destruction of Cherry Valley, then one of the most prosperous and beautifully situated settlements on the New York frontier. On the morning after the massacre, the mangled remains of the victims were brought into the fort and were given burial. Of an entire household of thirteen all were dead except one boy who was attending school in Schenectady. This boy grew up to be one of the famous lawyers of the early nineteenth century. The sole survivor of a once large and happy family, he could apply to himself the poet's words:

> "That morn of blood upon our plains
> All perished! I alone am left on earth!
> To whom nor relative nor blood remains,
> No! not a kindred drop that runs in human veins."

We found Cherry Valley a pleasantly situated hamlet with some neat, well-kept homes. It had begun to rain as we entered the village, yet we drove out on a side street to the ancient cemetery where the victims of the massacre lie under a monument that stands on the site of the old fort. There are a few markers designating places where this or that person was killed and scalped by Butler's fiends. Amid the peaceful quiet of the surroundings as they are at present, it required an effort to picture to myself the scene of horror and blood of that dismal November day of 1778.

CHAPTER IV

THE HELDERBERGS AND THE SCHOHARIE VALLEY — GLIMMERGLASS OF LEATHER-STOCKING LAND — THE COOPERS AND COOPERSTOWN

July 4, 1919, was a day of sweltering heat in the Mohawk country. The highways leading out of Schenectady were, from early morning until late in the day, covered by long processions of automobiles filled with city dwellers fleeing to the mountains and the highland lake districts to escape the fiery furnace of the valley. We postponed our flight and perspired, but early the following morning we, too, were speeding southward, headed toward the Helderbergs, the rounded summits of which loomed up, dimly visible through the morning haze. A neighboring family had been invited to join us, and every seat in our seven-passenger Jordan was filled. Before the day had become uncomfortably hot we had reached the top of the heights beyond the village of Altamont. The change in the temperature was noticeable and the movement of the car created a breeze that fanned our faces with a delicious coolness.

Our objective for the trip was Cooperstown, on Otsego Lake, and our route thither was the Albany-Binghamton state highway as far as Colliersville, on the Susquehanna River, and then seventeen miles up that

stream. The road is kept in excellent condition; there are many grades, but, with the exception of Altamont Hill, none of them are of troublesome steepness. The scenery is beautiful. The view from the top of the heights beyond Altamont embraces a wonderfully far-reaching extent of country. In the foreground are miles upon miles of the Mohawk and Hudson Valleys and, beyond, distinctly visible in clear weather, may be seen the Adirondacks around Lake George, the Green Mountains of Vermont and the Taconic range of Western Massachusetts. The cities of Schenectady, Albany, Troy and Cohoes are either in plain sight or their location indicated by the smoke arising from their factories. From many of the hilltops of the Helderbergs there is, also, in addition to the prospect I have just been describing, a fine view of the higher peaks of the Catskills to the south and southwest, the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts and the Litchfield Highlands of Northwestern Connecticut to the southeast, and the broad valley of the Hudson lying between, the river itself gleaming like a silver ribbon in the midst of the lovely green landscape.

Another charming prospect is that of the famous Schoharie Valley, not only famous for the part which it played in the border wars of the eighteenth century, when its sturdy Dutch and German pioneers again and again beat off the fierce assaults of the Tories and savages, but likewise celebrated for the marvelous fertility of its soil. We had a splendid view of it as we reached its eastern rim, a few miles west of the village of Berne, and the valley all of a sudden burst upon our sight, stretching away southward to the distant Catskills and

bounded on either side by ranges of green hills, the sides of these checkered with alternating patches of cultivated fields and strips of woodland. It is a beautiful country, and we can believe the story of how, when the first little company of German refugees from the lower Palatinate of the Rhine, after months of a wearisome pilgrimage by sea and by land, finally reached the heights overlooking the then unbroken wilderness of the Schoharie Valley, exclamations of delight broke from their lips, and pitching their camp by one of the mountain streams, they spent two days in cleaning themselves and their clothing of the grime and the vermin of their long journeyings before they would presume to descend into the Eden-like valley that was to be their home. Later, many of these German immigrants moved on to settle farther in the wilderness, but the descendants of those who remained still live in the valley.

The stone church that the Palatines built in the eighteenth century and which, during the border wars, served both as a house of worship and a fortress of defense, is still standing on the outskirts of the ancient village of Schoharie and is now used as a museum by the County Historical Society. We stopped long enough to look over the collection of old-time articles of housekeeping and of farm implements that constitute the major part of the relics and then resumed our way, crossing the divide which separates the valley of the Schoharie Creek from that of the Susquehanna River. The scenery continued to be exceedingly pretty all the way to Cooperstown, where we arrived just at noon.

Cooperstown and Otsego Lake should be included in any tour of the New York section of the Wonderland

of the East. Nowhere else in the lake and mountain country, so designated in this volume, are the scenic, historic and romantic elements of attractiveness so harmoniously blended in equal proportions as here. Lake and village owe their fame to one man, James Fenimore Cooper, often called "the American Scott." The title is not an undeserved one. Sir Walter Scott never wrote anything finer than the best ten among Cooper's romances, and it is very doubtful whether any of the Waverley Novels are quite so good as the five Leather-Stocking Tales,—"Deerslayer," "Last of the Mohicans," "Pathfinder," "Pioneers" and "Prairie," naming these tales, not in the order in which they were written, but in the order in which they should be read, following the sequence of events in the life of the principal character of the series, Natty Bumpo, variously known as Deerslayer, Hawkeye, Pathfinder, Leather-Stocking and the Trapper. Nowhere else in the field of fiction can we find such realistic and, at the same time, such romantic pictures of the life of the frontier, of the border wars, and of adventures among the red men, as this matchless series affords. Literature suffered an irreparable loss when Cooper died, leaving unfinished his plan, begun with "Deerslayer" and "Pathfinder," of adding new tales to the series.

"Never," said the eminent French master of realism, Balzac, in speaking of "The Pathfinder," "did the art of writing tread closer upon the art of the pencil." The author himself believed that in these five romances, particularly in "Deerslayer" and "Pathfinder," which were his own favorites, he had reached the climax of his powers. Toward the end of his life he wrote: "If anything

from the pen of the writer of these romances is at all to outlive himself, it is unquestionably the series of the Leather-Stocking Tales." The secret of the immortality of these stories is Leather-Stocking, the man of the forest, an entirely unique type in literary art, drawn by a master hand with a fidelity to nature unsurpassed by any writer of any land or age. It has been declared by one literary critic, who is, also, Cooper's best biographer, that Leather-Stocking "is, perhaps, the only great, original character that American fiction has added to the literature of the world."

Two of the Leather-Stocking Tales have their scenes laid entirely on, or around, Otsego Lake. These are "The Pioneers, or the Sources of the Susquehanna," and "Deerslayer, or the First War Path." The former was published in 1822 and is a description of pioneer life in Cooperstown, the Templeton of the story, in the closing years of the eighteenth century, as the author remembered it to have been in his own boyhood days. The lake figures only incidentally in "The Pioneers," but in "Deerslayer," which appeared in 1841, the whole scene of action is on the lake or upon its shores. The author tells us that the incidents of the tale occurred between the years 1740 and 1748. His description of Glimmerglass, as Cooper calls the lake in "Deerslayer," has become the classic one of Otsego Lake.

Deerslayer and Hurry Harry have broken through the thick tangle of forest and have reached the shore of the lake, upon which the former looks for the first time.

"An exclamation of surprise broke from the lips of Deerslayer . . . when, on reaching the margin of the lake, he beheld the view that unexpectedly met his gaze.

OTSEGO LAKE

It was, in truth, sufficiently striking to merit a brief description. On a level with the point, lay a broad sheet of water, so placid and limpid that it resembled a bed of pure mountain atmosphere compressed into a setting of hills and woods. Its length was about nine miles while its breadth was irregular, expanding to three miles, or even more, and contracting to less than half that distance to the southward. Of course, its margin was irregular, being indented by bays and broken by many projecting low points. At its northern or nearest end, it was bounded by an isolated mountain, lower land falling off east and west gracefully relieving the sweep of the outline. Still the character of the country was mountainous, high hills or low mountains rising abruptly from the water on quite nine-tenths of its circuit."

Little remains now of the primeval wildness that once encircled Deerslayer's "Glimmerglass." Fine estates and mansions are to-day seen crowning the heights of its shores, and one of the handsomest and most popular of American summer resorts nestles at its southern end, but it is still as lovely as when Deerslayer "stood leaning on his rifle, gazing at the scene that so much delighted him, . . . not insensible to the innate loveliness of such a landscape but felt a portion of the soothing of the spirit which is a common attendant of a scene so thoroughly pervaded by the holy calm of nature."

"'This is grand! 'tis solemn! 'tis an eddication of itself to look upon,' exclaimed Deerslayer."

Beautiful as Otsego Lake is, it owes its world-wide fame much less to its natural loveliness than to Deerslayer himself and the immortal company with which the genius of Cooper has surrounded him, — Chingachgook,

the noble young Delaware chief, and his dusky sweetheart, Wah-ta-wah or Hist; the beautiful Judith Hutter, and her feeble-minded sister, Hetty; their father, old Floating Tom; the rough braggart, Hurry Harry; and the band of invading Indians from Canada.

The scenes described in both "Deerslayer" and "The Pioneers" are well pointed out in a little book, written by the rector of Christ's Church in Cooperstown, the Rev. Ralph Birdsall. The volume is entitled the "Story of Cooperstown." No better guide to the romantic places of interest around the lake could be given. The following paragraphs are largely a summary of Mr. Birdsall's interesting book. Mr. Birdsall is pointing out to us the scenes of the incidents in "Deerslayer," beginning at the southern end, or outlet, of the lake.

The beehive-shaped rock, now known as Council Rock, still juts above the surface of the water at the outlet of the lake, the source of the Susquehanna. Here it was that, exactly at sunset, Chingachgook suddenly appeared in full war-paint, standing on the rock to keep his rendezvous with the youthful Deerslayer. Not far from this point, and a short distance down the river, Deerslayer got his first glimpse of the beautiful Judith Hutter, as she peered from the window of the ark, which had been moored beneath the screening foliage of the overhanging trees. On the western side of the lake, as one travels northward, the first little indentation is Blackbird Bay, where Floating Tom Hutter was fond of mooring his ark under cover of the overhanging forest.

Some tense situations in the story are associated with Three Mile Point, the present picnic resort of Cooperstown. It was on the northern side of the projecting

point that Hetty had landed on her lonely way to the Huron camp in her simple-minded scheme for the rescue of her father and Hurry Harry. Here Wah-ta-wah promised to meet Chingachgook, and here Deerslayer and Chingachgook came at the appointed time to steal the maiden from the Hurons. The spring that still bubbles on the northern shore of the point is where Deerslayer throttled the hag that was watching Wah-ta-wah, while she and Chingachgook raced for the canoe which Deerslayer pushed off to safety, yielding himself to captivity.

It was at Five Mile Point, where the Hurons were afterwards encamped, that Deerslayer ventured the dash for liberty which so nearly succeeded. In the open area on the point, after his recapture, he was bound to a tree and became a target for the hairbreadth marksmanship of Huron tomahawks, preliminary to being put to torture. Here, too, the British soldiers rescued Deerslayer, and here Hetty, by accident, was mortally wounded.

North of this spot, along the shore, is Hutter's Point, where Deerslayer had his first view of the Glimmerglass. Cooper's famous description of the lake was conceived from this angle and it was while standing on this point that Deerslayer exclaimed: "This is grand! 'tis solemn! 'tis an eddication of itself to look upon!" Not far from the northern end of the lake, a few reeds, projecting above the surface of the water, reveal the location of the sunken island, at the southern end of which Cooper's imagination built the "Muskrat Castle" of Tom Hutter, in which the terrific struggle with the Indians occurred when Hutter was killed. At the northern end of the sunken island was the watery grave in

which the mother of Judith and Hetty lay, and which afterward became the grave of Hutter and finally of Hetty herself. Across the lake is Gravelly Point, where Deerslayer killed his first Indian and where, from his dying foe, he received his new name, Hawkeye. Further south is Point Judith, now marked by Kingfisher Tower, where Deerslayer, returning to the Glimmerglass fifteen years after the events described in the story, found the stranded wreck of the ark and saw floating from a log a ribbon that had been worn by the lovely Judith Hutter. "He tore away the ribbon and knotted it to the stock of his rifle, Killdeer, which had been the gift of the girl herself."

Toward the foot of the lake, the eastern hills and shore belong to scenes of Leather-Stocking's elder days, as described in "The Pioneers." North of Lakewood Cemetery, a climb up the precipitous mountain-side leads to Natty Bumpo's Cave, which the novelist makes the scene of the final climax of his story. To the platform of rock over the cave, as a refuge from the forest fire, Leather-Stocking guided Elizabeth Temple and Edwards and carried the dying Chingachgook. Not far from the spot upon which the Leather-Stocking Monument now stands, near the main entrance to Lakewood Cemetery, the log hut of Leather-Stocking stood. Afterward, according to the story, Chingachgook was buried there. Further southward, the road that branches off to ascend Mount Vision is the one by which Judge Temple and his daughter approached the village in the opening scene of the story. It was on the summit of Mount Vision, which offers a superb view of the lake and village and surrounding country, that Elizabeth Temple

was faced by a panther that had killed the faithful old mastiff, Brave, and was crouching to spring upon her when she heard the quiet voice of Leather-Stocking, followed by the crack of the rifle that saved her life, as he said: "Hist! stoop lower, gal, your bonnet hides the creatur's head!"

The present site of Cooperstown, long before the coming of white men, was an Indian hunting and fishing resort and very likely the location of a village, or even a succession of villages. Burial-grounds are found in and around the village. One of them is at the base of a mound near the old Cherry Valley road on the slope of Mount Vision. A granite slab, sunk into the face of this mound, bears this inscription:

"White Man, Greeting!
We, Near Whose Bones You Stand,
Were Iroquois. The Wide Land
Which Now is Yours Was Ours.
Friendly Hands Have Given Back
To Us Enough for a Tomb."

He would be of cold, indifferent heart, indeed, who did not feel a thrill of pity for the unfortunate red men who have vanished away from places like this that once knew them and now know them no more. Many years before this inscription was written, Bryant had even more beautifully said:

"A noble race, but they are gone,
With their old forests wide and deep,
And we have built our homes upon
Fields where their generations sleep,
Their fountains slake our thirst at noon,
Upon their fields our harvest waves,
Our lovers woo beneath their moon—
Then let us spare, at least, their graves."

Shortly after the Revolution, the title to an extensive tract of land at the southern end of Otsego Lake was acquired by William Cooper of Burlington, New Jersey, and in the autumn of 1785 the new proprietor came on horseback over the hills from the Mohawk to inspect his possessions, as a preliminary to establishing a settlement upon them. Mr. Birdsall remarks that "the old-fashioned novelist who invented the 'solitary horseman' as a means of introducing a romance could not have found a better use for his favorite phrase than to describe the approach of this visitor emerging from the forest near Otsego Lake. For, with his coming, the history of Cooperstown began. Before descending into the vale, he dismounted and climbed a tree in order to gain a glimpse beyond the dense screen of intervening forest. From this elevation, he looked down upon an enchanting view of glimmering waters and wooded shores. While he gazed, a deer came forth from the woods near Otsego Rock and slaked its thirst in the liquid that flamed with the reflected red and gold of autumnal foliage. The beauty of this first view always lingered in the heart of William Cooper, and the hill from which he gained it he afterwards called 'The Vision' in memory of his first impression. To this day, the hill is known as 'Mount Vision.'"

We have in William Cooper's own words an account of that memorable visit to his wilderness property, three hundred miles from his New Jersey home. There was not a white inhabitant upon the tract, and no road. The hardy pioneer was alone, with no bread or meat. He caught trout in the brook and roasted them in the ashes. In the depths of the melancholy autumn forest, he lay

down to sleep, his watch-coat his only covering. "In this way," he tells us, "I explored the country, formed my plans of future settlement and meditated upon the spot where a place of trade, or a village, should be established."

The pioneer life of William Cooper and the little colony which he gathered about him was probably not beyond the ordinary lot of frontiersmen in labors and hardships, but we have the story told by the founder himself and by his gifted son, the novelist, in a manner that makes its adventures, its battle with the stubborn wilderness, and the hardihood of the heroic men and women of the settlement seem as vividly real to us as a personal experience. In due time "the place of trade, or village," of which William Cooper had dreamed became established. At first it was called Cooperton, which name was afterward changed to Cooperstown.

In the summer of 1790, William Cooper brought his wife and children from Burlington, New Jersey, to his new wilderness home. Among the children was an infant son, James Fenimore, destined to become the founder of American romance and one of the great figures in the world's literature.

Such, briefly, is the history of Cooperstown the Incomparable. I use the epithet advisedly and would remind the reader that I have already pointed out that nowhere else on the entire circuit of A Wonderland of the East shall we come upon a place where the various elements of interest that appeals to the intelligent traveler are so happily united. Cooperstown's history is typically representative of an early pioneer community. To-day, it vies with Lenox of the Berkshire Hills in the

wealth and refinement of its summer colony, and the general intelligence of its people. Its chief distinction, however, is literary. It bears the name and, for thirty-nine years of his life, was the home of America's first novelist, first in time and first in rank. His tomb is within its borders. Its Glimmerglass, superb in scenery, is, also, as romantic as it is beautiful. Scott's Loch Katrine is, in this respect, not its superior. All these varied interests, taken together, make Cooperstown unique. We might say of it what Deerslayer said of Glimmerglass: "It is an eddication of itself to look upon." Mr. Birdsall is not exaggerating when he thus describes it:

"Cooperstown is a village of incomparable charm. There is not the like of it in all America. It has a character of its own sufficiently distinctive to prevent it from becoming the leech-like community into which, through the slow commercializing of native self-respect, a summer resort sometimes degenerates, stupidly enduring the winter in order to batten upon the pleasures of the rich in summer. Cooperstown is old enough and wise enough to have a juster appreciation of lasting values. It has tradition and atmosphere. It is a village that rejoices in the simple virtues of life, peculiar to a small community, while its fame as a summer resort annually brings its residents within reach of far influences and wide horizons."

Speaking of the view which the tourist has from Mount Vision when he "emerges upon a clearing and unexpectedly beholds, glittering far below, the waters of the Glimmerglass, with the homes and spires of the village gleaming amid the green leafage of the valley,"

"INDIAN HUNTER," COOPERSTOWN

the same author says: "It is impossible not to idealize the village when one views it from this height. To the tourist, who comes merely to admire, it is a view that possesses the glamour of enchantment. How happy should be the people who dwell in this peaceful village, surrounded by such charming scenery! How lofty should be their ideals and pure their lives who abide amid such glories of nature! But for residents of Cooperstown, this view is one that has more than beauty. It grips the heart."

We did not stop in the village on our arrival there at noon, but drove through it and up along the west shore of the lake to Three Mile Point. This is the picnic resort of Cooperstown and a beautiful spot it is. The village authorities have wisely left it in as nearly its natural condition as possible, only a few buildings, a steamer dock, and tables and benches scattered around under the trees for the convenience of picnic parties. As in Deerslayer's day, so, now, many of the trees along the beach lean out over the lake, their outer branches frequently dipping into the water. We raised our auto-tent and camped for the night on the very spot where Cooper pictures the first Huron encampment to have been. The novelist made a careful study of the ground where he laid the scenes of his romance and it was easy to locate the place where each incident of that night of thrilling adventures took place. Right behind us, not a hundred feet away, was the ridge, to the crest of which Deerslayer and Chingachgook crawled at midnight and stealthily looked down into the fire-lighted camp of the Hurons. There the Indian lover gave his squirrel call to apprise the beloved Hist of his presence. The girl was

standing by a tree, probably on the very spot where I parked my automobile. A prisoner, jealously guarded by the old squaw, Hist hears the call, understands its meaning, but does not dare to give any sign of recognition. Yonder, across the narrow point of land on the north beach, is a cold, delicious spring, from which we drew the supply of water for our use. Here by the side of the spring, Deerslayer sprang upon the old hag as she stooped to fill her deer-skin bag, throttling her into silence while the Indian lovers fled along the beach to the waiting canoe on the extremity of the point where the steamboat landing now is.

We, too, had a night of adventure. A most terrific thunder-storm broke over the lake in the early evening. The glare of the lightning, almost continuous, lighted up the lake from shore to shore, the loud crashes of thunder reverberated among the hills, wild echoes from the higher summits bellowing back the uproar. The wind tore through the tree tops with the fury of a hurricane and the rain fell in torrents. Shortly after midnight, the clamor of the storm died away beyond the eastern hills across the lake and was succeeded by a great calm. In the morning the water was like a mirror, reflecting the outlines of the shores and hills in its glassy surface.

In our sight-seeing tour about Cooperstown, we intentionally left our visit to Christ's Churchyard to the last because we wished to make Cooper's grave the final stage in our Cooperstown pilgrimage. I am glad that we did so, for we carried away with us a deep impression of the plain, common-folk character of the famous author and his simplicity of life. Here is the tomb of one great man unadorned with any of the insignia of

greatness to claim our homage. He lived among men and women who were but ordinary mortals, many of whom failed to appreciate the high worth of his genius. He is among them still. The graves of the well-to-do and of the very poor, of the educated and refined, of the illiterate and uncultured, of the trained professional man and the callous-handed man of labor, of even the black slave, fill the graveyard where lies all that is mortal of one of the rarest men of an age of rare and famous characters. His humble tomb eclipses none of the others in any external grandeur or inscribed eulogy. Nothing is there beyond what the lowliest Christian could claim — the name of the dead, the date of birth and death, a little cross, the symbol of the faith in which he lived and died. No line of commemoration of the fame and worth of him who sleeps below.

The pilgrim who travels the well worn pathway to this tomb may have expected more, but reflection convinces him, as he stands above that plain, unpolished slab of stone, that his expectations are rightly disappointed. There is an infinitely greater impressiveness about the tomb as it is. There could not possibly be anything more commemorative of Cooper as an American and as a Christian than this democratic simplicity. As we left the churchyard to take our car standing at the gate there ran through my mind the beautiful song by Andrew B. Saxton that the children of Cooperstown, as they strewed the humble grave with flowers, sang above their great townsman's dust at the Centennial in 1907:

"O thou above whose hallowed bed
The pine each year its tribute showers.
Although the passing summer brings
Its harvest of familiar things,
How far thy life-time seems from ours.

"And yet how near, for day by day
The silver clouds are in the sky,
And when the slanting sunbeams make
A path of glory on the lake,
Just as of old, the shadows lie.

"Born to a world which fails to keep
The simpler life of yester-year,
We come when summer days are long
To make an offering of song
And strew the flowers of memory here

"For one whose fingers, years ago,
Their work well finished, dropped the pen;
Whose master mind from land and sea
Drew famous heroes, long to be
The living types of vanished men.

"O great magician, may the life
We lead be such an one as thine —
A simple life transcending art,
A spirit close to nature's heart,
A soul as strong and clear and fine.

"And when for us the final word
Is spoken o'er the pulseless clay,
May there, for those who love, endure
The memory of a life as pure
As thine, of whom we sing to-day."

CHAPTER V

THE CATSKILLS—LAKE ASHOKAN—THE SUSQUEHANNA AND DELAWARE VALLEYS

"On the whole, I think it is a good plan not to see all your own country until after you have seen other lands. 'What a beautiful view!' every one may cry; 'Why is it beautiful?' might puzzle many to answer. Long study, careful observation and various standards of comparison are necessary — as much so as in art — to enable one to pronounce upon the relative excellence of scenery."

I am quoting Bayard Taylor, a past master in travel and in the appreciation of scenic values and the power to describe accurately and interestingly what he saw. This celebrated traveler and litterateur, accompanied by some friends from Europe, themselves travelers of wide experience, visited the Catskills, and their first objective was the well-known Catskill Mountain House, world-famed for the wonderful view that it commands. Here are Mr. Taylor's remarks on what he saw:

"The scene is unlike any other mountain view that I know. It is impressive through the very simplicity of its features. What most impressed my friends was the originality of the view. Familiar with the best mountain scenery of Europe, they could find nothing with

which to compare it. I find that those who visit the Catskills come again. This is my fourth visit and I trust it is far from being my last."

In a recent book on the Catskills, the author, Mr. T. Morris Longstreth, gives a most unique and, at the same time, thought-suggesting description of this same celebrated view. He very strikingly compares the valley of the Hudson, seen from the Catskill Mountain House, with the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, seen from El Tovar.

"We walked out on the board walk in front of the pioneer hotel, stepped out on the overhanging rock and looked. I could feel Brute looking as I was looking, deeply, thirstily. All the incontinent ravings (of those who had written descriptions of the scene) were forgotten, blown away by the outburst of the view. And, later, when we had sat down, the first thing I said, quite seriously was:

"'I wonder why nobody ever told me about this, Brute.'

"'Where were they to begin?' he very adequately replied.

"It is a curious thing that, geologically, historically and emotionally, our East represents age and our West youth. Geologically, the Hudson Valley was an antique before the Colorado Canyon had made a mark for itself. Historically, New York State helped in the national councils a couple of centuries before any one even thought of Arizona territory.

"And the parallel holds between the two Grand Canyons; for, since that first view, I shall always think of the great broad valley lying between the Berkshire ram-

A WATERFALL IN THE CATSKILLS

parts and the Catskill cliff as the Grand Canyon of the East. It fits the East so exactly. Instead of the Colorado gulf of splintered slopes, the abyss of painted splendors, you have a serene picture subdued in tones of green and blue. The Colorado canyon exalts with its divine rhapsody, the Hudson Valley breathes celestial repose.

"At my back rose the impressive forest. There were majestic distances, but the momentous quality of the scene was the quiet and settled beauty of the level land between the two wide walls. How striking when compared to that Western seven-hued fantasy, fresh from the hand of God! Those of us who have been bred to this may visit that gorgeous and incredible wild, may sigh, for a while, for the reckless freedom of those Western spaces. But we will return to the mellowed richness of our East, the savor of which can be had nowhere better than from that Catskill cliff."[1]

I shall venture no description of my own of that famous view. In the words of another who attempted such description, I excuse myself. "Good Reader, expect me not to describe the indescribable!" To my mind, the few lines contained in the advertising booklet of the Catskill Mountain House, now on the table before me, are as adequate as they are simple and devoid of rhetorical embellishment.

"This summer resort is situated on one of the eastern ledges of the Catskill Mountains, two thousand two hundred and fifty feet above tide-water. It commands

[1] From T. Morris Longstreth's "The Catskills," by permission of the author and publishers, The Century Co.

the famous view of the Hudson Valley which stretches out from the base of the mountains below to the Adirondacks in the north, the Green Mountains in the northeast, the Berkshire Hills in the east and the Hudson Highlands and Shawangunk Mountains in the south and southwest, embracing an area of twelve thousand square miles with the Hudson River in the foreground. It was from this point that Leather-Stocking, Cooper's famous hero, said that one saw 'All Creation.'"

In the heart of the Catskills, a little more than a mile up the Esopus Creek above Shandaken, is the very prettiest camping ground it has been our good fortune to discover anywhere in Our Wonderland of the East. It is a pasture field of, perhaps, forty acres, lying between the great trunk-line highway that bisects the Catskill country from east to west and the Esopus Creek. The public-spirited owner leaves the gate open in hospitable invitation to the camping motor-tourist to enter and pitch his tent, for the night or as much longer as it may list him, in the cool shadows of the ash and cottonwood grove that lines the banks of the stream. The ground is covered with grass, close-cropped and smooth as a lawn. There is no underbrush and the valley, at this point, is wide enough to give an aspect of spacious roominess, with fine views of the mountains on either side, densely covered with hard-wood forests to their beautifully rounded summits. There are few mosquitoes and no flies, song-birds abound, and now and then an eagle soars across the valley in his flight from peak to peak. The place is near enough to the highway and to the railroad that skirts the farther bank of the creek to prevent that feeling of loneliness which, at times,

obsesses the camper in remote wilderness districts, yet one's privacy is as complete as he chooses to make it. Altogether, it is an ideal camping site.

We happened upon the place three years ago while making the one-hundred-mile run from Oneonta to Kingston. Looking for a place to spend the night, we saw the open gate, the grove by the singing stream, and the appeal was irresistible. The next year, in making a second tour of the Catskills, we planned to have night overtake us by the time we reached what we had come to call Camp Esopus. It was the same in our 1919 tour. About five o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday, July 12, we again drove through the hospitable gateway and soon our auto-tent was set up, the fire lighted under our cooking grid and the supper table spread in the shade of the clean and beautiful ash grove on the very spot where had been our former camp. The nails that I had, two years before, driven into the trees on which to hang towels and cooking utensils were still there ready for use. A family from Oneonta had pitched a tent in another part of the grove, where they were spending their fortnight's vacation in that most enjoyable and healthful of all ways, the free life of the great out-of-doors.

Later in the evening, another large car came in with a party from near Newark, New Jersey. They had made the run since half-past three in the afternoon, which meant that they must have done some pretty fast driving. The lady of the party slept that night on the rear seat of the car. Her husband, their two boys and a friend of the husband had folding cots on which they slept in the open air. This is a simple

and, in fair weather, a very satisfactory way of camping out. It may be said here, in passing, that motor camping trips are becoming as popular in the East as they have been, for several summers past, in the West. The towns and cities here have not yet gone so far as have many of the Western towns and cities in encouraging this sort of vacation touring by providing the motorist free camping grounds and other camping conveniences. Still, there is no lack of good camping sites along rivers and lakes in shady groves where water can be had from mountain springs and plenty of wood is at hand. Milk and eggs, fruit and vegetables can usually be bought at some near-by farmhouse. With a water-proofed auto-tent and a good mattress spread over a rubber blanket on the tent floor, a simple cooking outfit, which uses wood, gasoline, kerosene or alcohol for fuel, a collapsible table and some folding stools or chairs, it is wonderful how much enjoyment and real comfort there is in this manner of motor camping.

Previous to 1919, we had always done our touring in the more conventional way, and frequently had the usual difficulties in securing hotel accommodations unless arranged for in advance and, when this was done, we were under the necessity of reaching the hotel upon the appointed date, no matter what road difficulties we might encounter or what alluring side trip might tempt us to leave the regular route. Hotel rooms were often found to be hot and stuffy, and it was sometimes impossible to have our breakfast served early enough to permit us to get away at the desired hour.

The camping method relieves us of these inconveniences. We start the day's run when we wish and finish

it where and when it best suits us. Our tent is of the latest pattern of what is known as the automobile kind. Rolled up, it goes into a bag about the size of a hundred-pound flour sack and weighs fifteen pounds. It is thoroughly water-proofed, the floor is sewed into the tent, and the flaps are fastened to the floor and the sides by a double line of glove fasteners, making the tent absolutely bug and insect proof. Ventilation is well provided for. We use a folding mattress instead of cots, and it affords us a warm and comfortable bed. The setting up of the tent is simplicity itself. It is unrolled and spread out on the ground, an extension, or fly, with cords attached, is thrown over the top of the automobile, and the cords fastened to the rear wheel on the opposite side of the car, the back guy-cords and sides of the tent are fastened by driving iron staples into the ground, and there you are: your hotel is ready for you for a night's stand or a week's stay, as you wish. It requires only from ten to fifteen minutes' time to set it up, and it can be taken down and packed away as quickly. The other real necessaries for camp touring are surprisingly small in number. A grid for cooking over a wood fire, where wood is available, and a few utensils and dishes are enough. We carry, however, an aluminum cooking kit that burns solidified alcohol cubes for fuel, such an affair as was used extensively by Y. M. C. A. workers and others in the A. E. F. in France. It is very small and light, and serviceable in making tea and coffee and heating food for a hasty meal by the wayside or in camp in rainy weather. In general, it may be said that the auto-camper is more apt to burden himself with too elaborate an outfit than to take too little. Experience is the best

teacher in this, and by a process of elimination he at length comes down to essentials only and discovers that "To travel right is to travel light."

In any case, automobile camp touring is the ideal way to see a maximum amount of country in a given length of time and under the most favorable conditions. I speak advisedly and from considerable practical experience of the different methods of travel. My wife and I could not be induced to go back to a dependence upon hotels. Once in a while, we may spend a night at one just again to see for ourselves how snugger and cosier, cooler and airier our auto-tent is. We may dine now and then at a table that does not fold its legs up under it, seated on non-collapsible chairs, and have before us civilized silver and china and real linen, but for health, pleasure and freedom, for enjoyment of Nature and intimate association with her in all her moods of charm, give us the gypsy life of the great out-of-doors. That's the life that is real recreation, — Re-Creation.

On this 1919 tour of the Catskills, we had come down first to the village of Catskill by the way of Albany and the west side Hudson River highway. Thence we followed the northern route through the mountains, passing through Cairo and East Windham, then turning southward we passed down through the famous Stony Clove to the Kingston-Oneonta highway at Phoenicia. A run of between seven and eight miles westward brought us to the pasture field and the ash grove on the banks of the Esopus where, as has already been said, we pitched our camp. The scenery, particularly from Cairo, had been of extreme beauty. The view that you have, as you cross a lofty ridge at East Windham, is scarcely

inferior in extent and loveliness of character to the celebrated one from the Catskill Mountain House. At Hunter, you are hemmed in by some of the most majestic peaks of this fair mountain-land. Stony Clove is regarded as the most wildly beautiful of all the Catskill gorges, "a pastoral of lyric beauty" one writer calls it. Here, in the blossoming months of summer, in addition to the most delightful scenery of this green mountain canyon, the tourist finds a riot of bloom. Wild flowers of many kinds, and innumerable as weeds in ordinary places, fill the air with a heavy perfume and brighten the wayside with their brilliant hues.

Sunday we had glorious weather, not a cloud to fleck the great blue vault of the heavens, which, like the ceiling of some infinitely mighty Gothic cathedral, of which the mountains were the columns, seemed to overarch the world and to evoke the spirit of worship. In keeping with the Sabbath hours, a gentle breeze stirred the leaves of the grove to a murmuring music, like the softly subdued sounds of a voluntary from some great and far-off organ. Then, the soft lawn-like sward under our feet, the musical stream at hand, its ripples flashing in the sunlight, the shadowy grove with its glinting lights filtering through the foliage, and the air, the pure, clean mountain air, the ozone-saturated, ethereal air, with the flavor of old wine and the vivifying potency of some magical cordial!

"This is surely an ideal place to camp," my wife assured me once and again that long-to-be-remembered day.

"It certainly is that," I would rejoin and add: "I

wish we could stay here all the week. We shall never again find a place like this."

And we never have. But we remained in Camp Esopus until Thursday morning. Monday, the sun did not shine. There was just enough cloudy haze covering the sky to hide it and to soften its light into a dreamy opalescence that lent an aspect of remote dimness to the mountains and an uncanny spaciousness to the valley. That afternoon we visited the Ashokan Reservoir, — Lake Ashokan, as it is beginning to be called, — the receptacle, created by the city of New York as an auxiliary water supply, which stores up the waters of the Esopus Creek, one hundred and thirty billion gallons in volume, and from which the Metropolis can draw daily five hundred million gallons. The water is carried by a mighty aqueduct a distance of one hundred and seventy-five miles and is siphoned under the Hudson near West Point. The reservoir is larger than the majority of the natural lakes of the state. It is thirteen miles in length, averages three in width, and is, in places, two hundred feet deep. It holds sufficient water to cover the island of Manhattan to a depth of thirty feet.

The engineering problems involved in this undertaking fully equalled those encountered in the building of the Panama Canal. The latter, in view of its vast international interests, was more in the eye of the world and hence the more spectacular performance, but the colossal work that was quietly going on in the Catskills was of equal importance and greatness, if slaking the thirst of the largest city in the world is a great deed.

The great ice sheet of the Glacial Epoch, which carved the Catskills into their present shape, had found a lake

ASHOKAN RESERVOIR AND THE CATSKILLS

slumbering in a great hollow among the hills. The ice ground away the natural dam that held its waters from flowing into the Hudson and left nothing but its rocky bed and the enclosing hills on the three remaining walls. The twentieth-century engineers had only to restore the embankment destroyed by the glacial ice in order to bring back the ancient lake upon the map. But this was a stupendous task. A line of railroad, several highways, eight or ten villages, half as many cemeteries and scores of farms occupied the site. Titles to these had to be acquired by the city, the buildings cleared away, the dead removed, the soil purified, and five and a half miles of main dam constructed. In places this main dam is built up with boulders and concrete a hundred and ninety feet thick at the base and two hundred and forty feet high.

Around Lake Ashokan the city owns a generous-sized reservation that is rapidly being transformed into a park that will be allowed to return to a natural condition of wild sylvan beauty. Through this reservation, and around the lake, the state has built a wide boulevard some forty miles in length, smooth as a planed floor, with easy, winding grades over the hills, and at every turn affording views of great beauty. Everything — lake, dam, the surrounding reservation and the line of magnificent highway against the hills — is so completely in harmony with the setting of the green-sloped mountains to the north and west and south that here will be, when Nature has had a little more time to assert her own wild sway, one of the most famous drives in America. Already the beauty is known of its vistas of mountain ranges, its shady ravines and dells and the azure surface

of the man-made lake whose waters are forever to be kept free from impurity and sacred to human needs.

And this is only the beginning of what is yet to be. Already far-seeing men have grasped the fact that not even the billions of gallons of Lake Ashokan are going to be able much longer to satisfy the needs of the rapidly growing city. Land has been acquired near Gilboa, on the northwestern slope of the Catskills, and a tunnel is being pierced through the mountains, at a cost of twelve million dollars. The outlet of this subterranean river will be near Shandaken, where the waters of the Schoharie Creek, diverted from their present course by a dam at Gilboa, will join those of the Esopus and help to keep full the great reservoir at Ashokan. Other streams in the Catskills will, in the course of time, be placed under tribute, and eventually, no doubt, it will be the Adirondacks!

The aëration plant was the most interesting and beautiful feature about Lake Ashokan. This is designed for purifying the water before it begins its long run to the faucets of the consumer. Through sixteen hundred pipes situated in a huge basin, perhaps a half-acre in area, the water gushes up into the air, rising about forty or fifty feet. Imagine sixteen hundred silvery fountains, not more than three feet from one another, all playing at the same time, the flood of them rising, wavering in the air like white banners and then falling in cascades of spray with the sound of many waters, a subdued liquid melody, such as might be wafted to the ear from innumerable, far-away cataracts. The cadence of it varies in rhythm as the wind sweeps the falling water this way and that and brilliant rainbows gleam against

the snowy bosom of the mist. Ceaselessly, day and night, glowing with dazzling whiteness in the sunlight and silvery and spectral under the moon and stars, this wonderful, ethereal water-garden of splendors is an Oriental fantasy of the mystic rites of purification.

The late twilight had drowned our ash grove in its dark purple shadows, deep as half-way up the mountain-side, when we reached, that evening, our Camp Esopus. Hardly had we arrived, when, through the gray gloaming, there came across the pasture and into the grove close to our camp, a half-grown fawn. The beautiful creature must have seen us, but it showed no fear. It was probably too young to know what a fell enemy to its race is man. With graceful, leisurely bounds, it passed us, forded the creek and disappeared in the forest beyond. With the scenery of the mountains, the aëration fountains at Ashokan and the apparition of the fawn, our day had been replete with beautiful things.

The Catskill mountain-land is not large in area. Compared, for example, with the vast expanse of the Adirondack wilderness, it is merely a hilly wood-lot. But there is no denying its charm and its beauty. If you are fortunate enough to be familiar with our Rocky Mountain country, when you come to the Catskills, dismiss from your mind the vocabulary of adjectives that you employed while gazing upon the western "sky-piercing" peaks, their "dizzy" and "awful" cliffs, their "savage" crags, their "stupendous" canyons, and all the *theirs* that tempted you to hurl towering adjectives at them. Such raving has, it is unfortunately true, been committed here, but it has not been to the credit of those who were guilty of the exaggeration.

Expect to find a very moderate-sized area of valleys and mountains; the five highest peaks — Slide, Hunter, Black Dome, Thomas Cole and Black Head — have elevations respectively of only 4,220, 4,052, 4,004, 3,975, and 3,965. Though there are thirty-three other peaks that exceed 3,000 feet in height, what are these, comparatively speaking, but foothills to the mighty 14,000-foot titans of the West?

Yet many who know well the Rockies and our lofty Pacific coast ranges, and the Alps and the Apennines of Europe, and the Andes of South America, find a beauty and a charm in the Catskills that bring them here year after year. These little mountains, clad with forests mostly of oak, ash, maple and beech; these little valleys, ravines and cloves, lush with green; these little rivers, jubilant with song, make this country a delight to all who enter its vernal portals. No one has ever appreciated and loved the Catskills more, or better understood them, than the great landscape painter, Thomas Cole. Hear him: "Neither the Alps nor the Apennines, no, nor Etna itself, has dimmed in my eyes the beauty of our Catskills."

The Catskills are worthy of the pretty, paradoxical name the Indians gave them, Onti-Ora, the mountains of the sky.

I like the Japanese word for good-by. It is musical to the ear as the liquid murmur of a fountain and is so expressive of regret at parting — *Sa-yo-ná-ra.* "If it must be so." So Thursday morning, it was a very reluctant *sayonara* to Camp Esopus. It had to be so.

The run of almost seventy miles through the western

Catskills was an interesting drive. We crossed the divide that separates the waters flowing toward the Hudson from those tributary to the west branch of the Delaware and, then, still further on, we mounted and descended the divide between the watershed of the Delaware and that of the Susquehanna which we met at Oneonta and whose course we followed for sixty-two miles to Windsor.

The prettiest town between Kingston and Oneonta — and there are several very pretty ones — is Roxbury, in the Delaware Valley. Nature has been kind in affording it a beautiful location. There are mountains round about Roxbury, beautiful, rounded, tree-crowned they all are; but they keep a respectful distance instead of, as in many places, intruding themselves into your back yard and smothering you in their embrace. Quite otherwise at Roxbury. The valley is broad and open to the sunshine and the breezes of heaven. There are smiling fields about the town. A little river runs by, its waters clear as crystal and pure as if distilled. Streamlets flow down from mountain springs as fresh and cold as if they had just gushed forth from an ice cave.

Such is Roxbury's beautiful situation. And the town fits into its setting and is every bit as attractive. Its history dates back to colonial days and the village has always been noted for its civic consciousness, the pride it takes in keeping itself clean and trim and fair to look upon. Its elevation is about fifteen hundred feet above tide-water, enough to insure it pure, wholesome air, fragrant with the scent of the mountain forests. Its population is between five and six hundred. It is the birthplace of the great naturalist and author, John

Burroughs, who, by his writings, has rendered a service to the Catskills similar to that performed by John Muir to the mountains of California. Every one who could know the Catskills as they deserve to be known, their birds, animals, fishes, rocks, trees and flowers, is under eternal obligations to John Burroughs. They can get their information nowhere else so accurate and so well expressed as in his writings. Part of each summer, Mr. Burroughs occupies his shack, Woodchuck Lodge, near the village.

Roxbury has another distinguished summer citizen. Mrs. Finley J. Shephard (Helen Gould) spends two or three months each summer in her modest home, Kirkside, next door west of the beautiful little Gould Memorial Church on Main Street. Jay Gould was born on a farm a few miles out of Roxbury, and in his youth was a surveyor in the Catskill country.

What celebrity the town may have as a summer resort I do not know, but, as we drove through its main thoroughfare, broad and well-shaded, and saw a number of short streets, equally inviting, opening off on either side, and noted the well-kept lawns and the neat houses behind them, shrinking back from the street as if seeking quiet and privacy among their shrubs and trees, I imagined, perhaps without reason for doing so, that the Roxbury dwellers were not particularly anxious to fill their homes with the restless flood of summer boarders, and that, to gain an entrance to these quiet surroundings, more than the recommendation of a well-lined purse was necessary.

We stopped opposite the Gould Memorial Church and went in to see the windows, of which we had heard

much. They are fine examples of the best modern stained glass and, like the church itself, were the gift of the Gould family. The windows are small, are six in number, and, with the organ, cost, we are told, forty-three thousand dollars.

It was exactly noon when we drove into Oneonta. We stopped just long enough to lay in a supply of gasoline for the Jordan and of food stuffs for ourselves. We lunched by the wayside on a farmer's milk can platform which did excellent service as a table and saved us the trouble of unpacking our own. The remainder of the day was spent in driving down the pretty Susquehanna Valley as far as Windsor, famous as the Owagha of the border wars of the old New York frontier. Here we turned eastward on the great Liberty Highway that runs from New York City to Buffalo through the southern tier of counties. We found the road in excellent condition, as, indeed, the road had been all the way from Camp Esopus. We climbed over the divide from the valley of the Susquehanna and again found ourselves in that of the Delaware, which we had left not far out of Roxbury. At Hancock, the east and west branches of the Delaware meet and from here on to the distant Chesapeake Bay the stream becomes the Delaware River. The scenery from Oneonta had been of the rather mildly picturesque kind.

My watch showed six o'clock. It was time to camp. As we were ascending a steep grade along a mountainside, we saw a small maple grove on a terrace. In the grove was a neat little cottage and by the wayside a pleasant-faced young woman was standing, a milk-pail in her hand.

"Ask her if we cannot camp in the grove," I said to my wife, who was seated on the side next the woman.

"Sure, you can," was the cordial response to the request. "Drive right in and put up your tent wherever you wish."

Fifteen minutes later, our portable hotel was up for the night, the bed ready, and we were engaged in supper getting. There was no need of a fire, the woman of the house offering the use of her oil stove. The view up and down the river was very extensive and wonderfully picturesque. We could not have chanced upon a more delightful location. In the evening, a whippoorwill stationed himself among some branches within a hundred feet of our tent and kept up his calling, "whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will, whip," until late in the night. Our hostess told us that, earlier in the season, these birds would come down to her back steps in groups of three or more at a time, seat themselves there and keep up an incessant calling, making sleep impossible. On several occasions she and her husband had thrown from their bedroom window everything available, even to their shoes, in their efforts to drive away the persistent serenaders.

In the morning, the good woman of the house enriched our breakfast menu with some hot griddle cakes and syrup which we thankfully received. It took us again just about fifteen minutes to take down our tent, pack it and our other equipment into the capacious tonneau of the car, and to get under way. The road now led us up higher and higher into a really mountainous region, with extensive views whenever we reached the crest of a ridge or ran along a road cut into a mountain-

side high above some beautifully wooded valley. At Liberty, the higher peaks of the southern Catskills are distinctly visible; indeed, from Liberty to Esopus Creek, at the point where we had been encamped, was less than forty miles by a direct north and south highway.

CHAPTER VI

THE HUDSON RIVER COUNTRY FROM PEEKSKILL TO POUGHKEEPSIE

It is only a matter of thirty-two miles by highway between Peekskill, at the southern gate of the Highlands, and Poughkeepsie, where the mountainous section of the river country may be said to terminate. Within this short distance, however, are found the most scenic parts of the Hudson River, its chief literary associations, the scenes of its romantic legends, and the location of many points of historic interest. Especially is this true if we include in the Peekskill part a portion of that enlargement of the river known as the Tappan Zee. We shall then have within the area the Palisades Interstate Park on the west side of the Hudson and the beautiful Westchester County Reservoir district upon the east, with all the charming stretch of shore and water between, perhaps the most celebrated, as it is certainly one of the most captivating sections in Eastern New York. The river and its shores, beautiful and romantic as these are, by no means exhaust the charms of this lovely region, for, back from the Hudson among the hills on either side, in addition to the park and reservoir district already alluded to, there are miles upon miles of splendid roads through scenery of the most pleasing character.

In the limit of one chapter, I have space only to glimpse the more outstanding features of the various kinds of attractions which, for more than a century, have made the section of the Hudson River country between the Tappan Zee and Poughkeepsie the most admired and the most frequented touring section of like size in the entire United States.

We found Liberty invaded with a long procession of the gaily painted wagons of Sells' circus that was just coming into town. The people were out in force to see the entry. The whole Liberty population, swelled in number by every one able to ride, walk or creep in a ten-mile radius of the surrounding country, must have been there, and it was with difficulty that I piloted my car through the thick press of the people, automobiles, carriages and circus wagons. It was now raining hard, much to our disappointment. I had heard so much about the beauty of the Shawangunk Mountains that I had hoped it might be our good fortune to have clear weather to enjoy the many delightful views with which the region, I am told, abounds.

Around Liberty, and eastward, is located one of the three great lake districts of the Empire State, and, though the lakes here are none of them as large as many in the Finger Lake section or the Adirondack lake country, yet they are numerous and are very beautifully located among the Shawangunks, a series of elevations, too high to be properly called hills and yet not lofty enough to merit the title of mountains. But whether hills or mountains, it could plainly be seen, despite the low-hanging clouds that trailed their wet skirts along their sides, veiling more than half the beauty of the

country, that the land was a fair one to look upon. Monticello, Wurtsboro, Middletown, Goshen and Monroe, all pretty towns, were passed through in succession, and we next entered the lovely Ramapo Valley with the Hudson Highlands lifting their green crests upon our left and the so-called Ramapo Mountains rising in long even ranges on our right.

Near Southfields, we crossed the bridge that spans both highway and railroad and were within the boundaries of the Palisades Interstate Park. This park has a remarkable history. It is a case of good growing out of evil. Twenty years ago, stone quarries were destroying the beauty of the Palisades above New York City. Some prominent, public-spirited men of wealth and influence interested themselves, and interested others, in stopping this work of vandalism. They were successful and the Palisades became the property of the people of New York and New Jersey and were made an interstate park. A Board of Commissioners, ten from each state, was appointed to administer the property. George W. Perkins of the house of J. P. Morgan and Company has been the president of the Commission since its organization in 1900. Neither Mr. Perkins nor any of those associated with him receive a cent of salary for their services, which have been faithful and arduous and of inestimable benefit to the two states and to the country at large, for the Palisades Interstate Park has become the great free public playground for ten million people within a few hours of its delightful charms.

The work of creating this park, as we see it to-day, has been stupendous. The problem was to establish in the thickly populated and grown-up East what in the

still thinly occupied West is easy of accomplishment. There they talk of parks of millions of acres. The East must speak in terms of a few tens of thousands. The present area of the Palisades Interstate Park is approximately thirty thousand acres. In the course of time, and by the continuation of the kind of supervision that has, thus far, guided and fostered the enterprise, its acreage may reach a possible fifty thousand. Up to 1910, the states of New York and New Jersey had voted development funds to the amount of eight million dollars, and large tracts of land, liberal sums of money and generous state appropriations have come into the hands of the Commission since 1910.

Mrs. Mary W. Harriman, the largest single private contributor, gave ten thousand acres of land and one million dollars in cash. The land part of this princely gift, added to the tract which the Commission already possessed in the vicinity of Bear Mountain, seven miles below West Point, in the most scenic part of the Hudson Highlands, comprises what is generally called the Harriman section of the park, an area of twenty-seven thousand acres; in other words, all the land controlled by the Commission, except the about three thousand acres of the original Palisades Park along the brow of the Palisades nearer New York. The Harriman section extends back from the Hudson to the Ramapo Valley, a distance of fifteen miles.

It was into the Harriman tract that we entered when we crossed the viaduct near Southfields. As we looked out on the wildness of the scene on either side of us, weight was given to a statement that we had read that the Commission had "set the face of Nature back a

hundred years," and that, " in many instances they have made her fairer than she ever was." We passed little lakes, as primitively entrancing in their natural surroundings as any similar bodies of water in the heart of the Adirondack wilderness. No " improvements " have been allowed to mar the pristine wildness of lake, mountain or ravine. Notices are posted along the highway that read:

Please Do Not Pick or Destroy

THE WILD FLOWERS

Others Want to See Them

And the highway! Broad as a Parisian boulevard, smooth and even as a billiard table and hard as granite. Concerning this last quality, its hardness, you are ready, after seeing it, to believe the story that is told of how a huge rock, dislodged from its place high up on the side of Bear Mountain, came thundering down the steep slope, struck the road fairly in the center, and bounded off and plunged down the ravine, leaving not even a dent in the road-bed. But however this may be, certain it is that here is a perfect road. There are some steep grades and rather sharp curves, but the nature of the guards provided render an accident impossible. Huge boulders have been quarried out of the mountain-sides and laid in line along the road. A car may smash into these, but it cannot get through, and this fence of gigantic rocks along the way adds to the picturesqueness of the road and fits in well with the wild surroundings.

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THE HUDSON, FROM PALISADES PARK

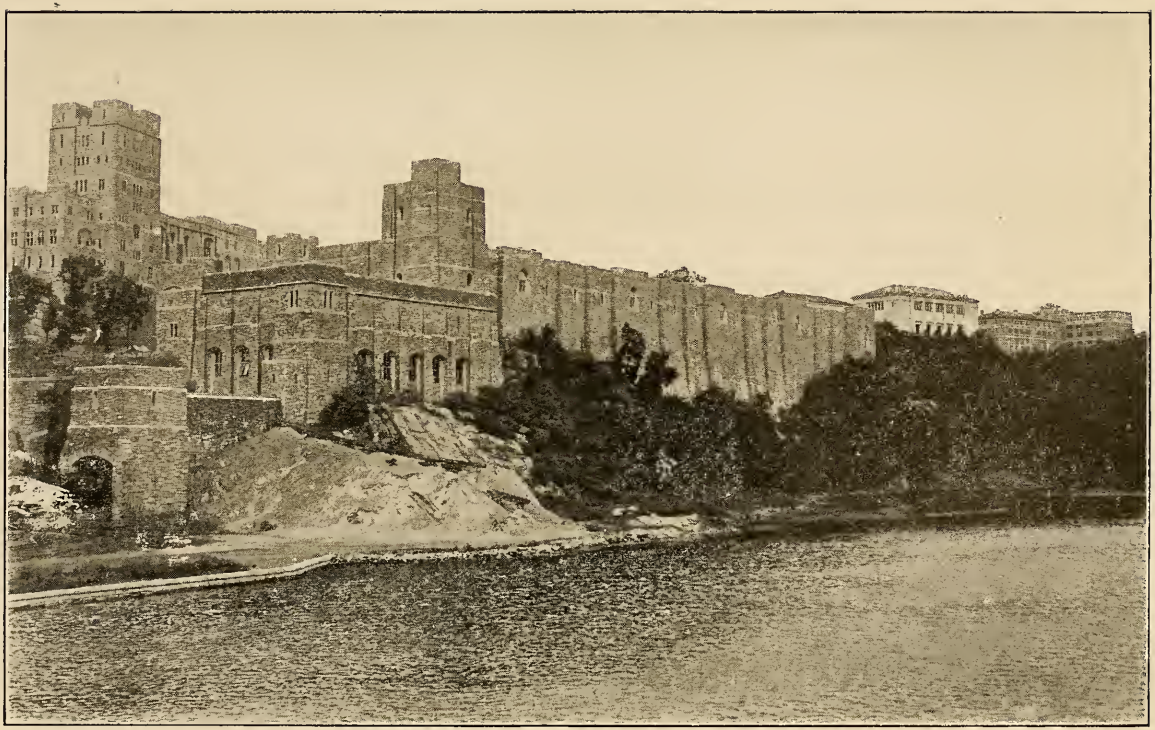
When, at the end of the fifteen-mile highway, we reached Bear Mountain Inn, we had before us another example of the Commission's wise and artistic planning. The Inn is a huge rock and rough-timbered building so constructed that the scheme of its architecture harmonizes with its rustic surroundings. Here the Commission runs a restaurant and cafeteria in which three thousand people can be served at one time. The building is as rustic in its interior decorations and furnishings as in its exterior, and the effect is restful and pleasing to the eye. We strolled into the cafeteria and ordered a cup of coffee and a roast beef sandwich at a cost of seven cents and fourteen cents respectively, and I can vouch for the excellence of both. The Commission, I have said, owns and runs the Inn. So likewise it keeps within its own management everything else within the park. There are no concessions of any kind. Many things, such as boats on the lakes, tennis courts and, under proper restrictions, camping sites, are free, and all else is sold at actual cost. Who can calculate what this means, this paradise of lake and river and mountain country, to the toiling millions of the great near-by cities? Here no favorites are played; all have an equal welcome. If anywhere on our round earth to-day there is an example of the wealthy and influential few laboring intelligently and impartially for the weal of the many, that example is the Palisades Interstate Park. The fame of it has gone forth throughout America and even into Europe. It is called the best managed recreation center in the world. In many places in the United States its workings are being studied and patterned after.

I asked the kindly-mannered policeman at the entrance to the Bear Mountain Inn where it would be allowable to pitch camp for the night.

"Oh, most anywhere out of the way of other visitors," was the response, and then he proceeded to direct me to what he declared was the finest camping site anywhere near the Inn. It was down the road a bit, where, under the shadow of the mountain, we would find a few trees on a grass plot between the road and a creek, with a little cascade close at hand, falling from a ledge of rock above. We easily found the place; but, before we could get our tent up, a heavy shower came on that rather dampened our enthusiasm over the charm of the place which the kindly-intentioned policeman had recommended. It was, however, a very picturesque spot and the next morning, after we had breakfasted, packed, and were ready to start, I looked around, and, I think, appreciated the beauty of the place more than I had the evening before.

We headed for West Point, only seven miles distant, and, after driving through the grounds of the Military Academy to see the fine buildings, we crossed by ferry to Garrison, and thence, through a beautiful stretch of woodland and over a perfect road, we drove on to Peekskill.

I wish I had at my disposal a whole chapter to describe the wonderful reservoir district of Westchester County. Instead I must content myself with two or three paragraphs. From Peekskill to Carmel, I had expected to find, for the greater part of the way, an indifferent dirt country road, but was agreeably surprised to find that it had recently been macadamized.



THE MILITARY ACADEMY, WEST POINT

Before reaching Carmel, we passed pretty Lake Mahopac, a very gem of the whole realm of lakedom.

From Carmel we circled around through Brewster, North Salem, Bedford, Armonk, Mt. Kisco, Pine Ridge, Croton and thence back to Peekskill. Not having looked the matter up, I shall not undertake to risk even an estimate of the number of reservoirs that New York City has planted among these Westchester hills. To us, as we looped back and forth among them over those wonderful roads with beautiful estates and grand mansions, it seemed, on every hill-top, there appeared to be at least a score of these artificial lakes in which the Metropolis stores for the use of her people her treasures of mountain water. The most recent of these reservoirs, formed by the mighty Kensico Dam, into which the water from far-off Lake Ashokan is received, is one of the largest. The long concrete bridge that crosses the ravine in which the waters lie embosomed in the green of the hills is a splendid piece of the engineer's art, a veritable masterwork in which beauty is wedded to utility. But, then, the whole district is a work of art, its artificial lakes, its groves set out for the best effects of landscape gardening, the well-trimmed hedges fencing in the beautifully kept estates, the mansion-crowned heights and the wide, perfect roads lacing the country everywhere — all these were the work of man, or of nature under man's guidance, and were the visible expression of his concept of the beautiful.

As we gained the summit of a height near Scarboro, a superb view of the Hudson from the Tappan Zee to beyond Peekskill burst upon our sight. The glorious panorama embraced the most romantic section in the

whole lordly course of the river from its source in the Tear of the Clouds, on the bosom of Mt. Marcy in the far-off Adirondacks, to its union with the sea. It is an enchanted region of ghosts and goblins of old-time superstition, over which has been stretched the magic scepter of Washington Irving, who is, to this part of the Hudson, what James Fenimore Cooper is to Otsego Lake, its discoverer and the creator of its literary immortality. I shall not attempt to speak of the literary associations of the Hudson, or of the haunts of Irving, Paulding, Hoffman, Willis and others, in the few paragraphs at my disposal. Nor is it necessary, for the story is a familiar one, and the sources of information are many and easily accessible.

From Peekskill we headed our course towards Poughkeepsie, with glorious views of the Highlands during the earlier part of the journey. It would be an impertinence to describe what the master-hand of Washington Irving has painted in a word landscape of wonderful beauty and simplicity. The greater part of a century ago, he looked upon these same lordly highlands and thus describes them, not, however, from the land, which was our view-point, but from the river:

"To the left the Dundersburg reared its woody precipices, height over height, forest over forest, away into the deep summer sky. To the right, strutted forth the bold promontory of Anthony's Nose, with a solitary eagle wheeling about it, while, beyond, mountain succeeded to mountain until they seemed to lock their arms together and confine this mighty river in their embraces. There was a feeling of quiet luxury in gazing at the broad, green bosoms scooped out among the precipices,

THE HIGHLANDS OF THE HUDSON

or at woodlands, high in air, nodding over the edge of some beetling bluff, and their foliage all transparent in the yellow sunshine."

Irving's friend, the poet Hoffman, has left some noble lines on the historic and literary associations of this part of the river. The reference in the second stanza quoted is, of course, to Washington, who had successive headquarters at different points on the banks of the Hudson for a considerable part of the period of the Revolution.

"What though no cloister gray nor ivied column
Along these cliffs their somber ruins rear!
What though no frowning tower nor temple solemn
Of despots tell and superstition here?
What though that mouldering fort's fast crumbling walls
Did ne'er enclose a baron's bannered halls?

"For here amid these woods did he keep court,
Before whose mighty soul the common crowd
Of heroes, who alone for fame have fought,
Are like the patriarch's sheaves to Heaven's chosen bowed,
He who his country's eagle taught to soar
And fired those stars that shine on every shore.

"And sights and sounds at which the world has wondr'd
Within these wild ravines have had their birth;
Young Freedom's cannon from the glens have thundered
And sent their startling echoes o'er the earth;
And not a verdant glade or mountain hoary
But treasures up within the glorious story.

"And yet not rich in high-souled memories only
Is every moon-kissed headland round me gleaming,
Each cavern'd glen and leafy valley lonely,
And silver torrent o'er the bald rock streaming;
But such soft fancies here may breathe around
As make Vaucluse and Clarens hallow'd ground."

All the thirty-two miles to Poughkeepsie, intermittent showers kept the macadam slippery and necessitated slow and careful driving. At Fishkill, where we stopped for gasoline, we were told of two fatal accidents that had occurred near there, one the evening before and the other just a few hours before our arrival, both the result of recklessly fast driving and the consequent skidding off the road in taking a curve.

Poughkeepsie is a pleasantly situated and handsome city. Here, for many years, have taken place on the broad, straight stretch of the river before the town, the annual regatta in which the crews of Syracuse, Cornell, Columbia, Pennsylvania and, at times, other universities contend for mastery at the oar. I have sometimes attended these races, and, on several occasions, have had the pleasure of seeing my own Alma Mater, Syracuse, come off victorious. To my mind, rowing is the prettiest of all college sports.

From Poughkeepsie, we had our choice of several good routes home. We could ferry across the Hudson to Highland and proceed to Albany by the west side New York-Albany highway. This is a very scenic route, particularly between Highland and Kingston. We could take the east side New York-Albany road up through Rhinebeck, Hudson, Kinderhook and Valatie. This is the more popular highway with motor-tourists, not so scenic as the west side but, on the whole, with better road conditions. But we had been over both these routes several times. A third way was to cross the hills from Poughkeepsie to Millbrook and Amenia. From Amenia we could get to Albany by any one of several good roads. Moreover, by taking this third

route we would have one new to us as far as Amenia, a distance of twenty-six miles. From what we had read, we judged that the country through which this road passed must be very attractive. We decided, therefore, to go home by way of Millbrook and Amenia, and we were not disappointed in our expectations of fine scenery. It is a region of large estates of wealthy New Yorkers; some of the homes of these summer colonists are of the dimensions and of the grandeur of the palaces of Europe, resembling in this respect the mansions of the neighboring Berkshire Hills country. From Amenia we took a route home through a district that will be the subject of description in a future chapter. On arriving at home, we found that we had traveled approximately eight hundred miles at a cost per mile, in oil and gasoline, of exactly five cents.

Before leaving Poughkeepsie, we visited the Vassar College grounds. These are extensive and of great beauty. The trees and shrubbery are almost exclusively evergreens, that form a striking contrast to the lighter green of the lawns and the rich tones of the twenty-seven handsome buildings that house the college. A farm of six hundred and seventy-five acres, belonging to the institution, supplies the dining-rooms of the residence halls; there are two pretty little lakes in the grounds utilized for boating and skating; there are conservatories, a Shakespeare garden and other gardens, and an open-air theater. It is doubtful if any other woman's college in the country has so complete and so beautiful an equipment. Vassar College was the first institution established to give young women the same educational advantages as Harvard and Yale offered

their brothers, and to require from them the same intellectual qualifications for a degree. There were already many flourishing female seminaries, notably Mt. Holyoke, but none had advanced so far along the radical and untried lines upon which Vassar College, in 1861, began its career.

The founder of the college, Matthew Vassar, was the son of English immigrants and was himself without education. He was unable to spell correctly and knew nothing of the history of education. As a boy apprenticed to a tanner, he, later in life, made a great fortune in the brewing of ale. He was anxious to use his wealth for the benefit of the race and he had the daring, the common sense and the clear vision to found the first real college in the world for women. His very ignorance of theory and accumulated tradition brought him to his great problem with a freshness of mind and a clear-sightedness that no expert could possess. Even in those days, he favored unlimited suffrage for women and, though he earnestly desired that his college be Christian, he refused to permit its association with any creed. In 1864, he said in an address to his trustees: "Let our pupils see and know that, beyond every difference, there is, after all, but one God, one gospel; and that the spires of whatsoever church forever point toward the one heaven." Such an utterance may seem trite and commonplace to-day, but in the early sixties of the nineteenth century it was the utterance of the voice of one crying in the wilderness of the then prevailing bigoted and narrow denominationalism.

Matthew Vassar watched over the rearing of his buildings and enjoyed the privilege, seldom given to

founders, of seeing the finished plant in operation and being honored by those whom his munificence benefited. His death was singularly dramatic and a fitting climax to his picturesque career. In 1868, at a meeting of the trustees of the college, he formally surrendered to them the last of such powers as, in the beginning, he had retained for himself. He then proceeded to give them what he, no doubt, intended to be, officially, a farewell address, which seemed in its broad vision to be inspired. He had delivered only a part of it when he sank back into his chair and expired.

On our way from Poughkeepsie to Amenia, evening overtook us by the time we had reached Millbrook and two miles beyond, on a height overlooking the hamlet of Mabbetsville, we saw a little school-house embowered in a beautiful grove. There were two large, fine-looking farmhouses, one on either side of the road, and both with magnificent trees in front of them.

"Here's where we stay for the night," I said, and I drove into the school yard and soon our hotel was up and in running order. The rain had stopped, or we had run out of its sphere of influence, and the indications were that we should have fair weather on the morrow, which proved to be the case. Fresh milk from one of the farmhouses helped to make supper the more enjoyable. We retired early, but restful as the bed was, I could not get asleep. My mind kept reverting to the many beautiful sights of the day. It was Saturday night and the week-end motorist was abroad and seemed to be keeping his horn unusually busy. I judged, too, that some motorists were having their first season's experience in driving a car, for I have noticed that the

first year a man drives he sounds his horn unnecessarily often and long, the second season, he gives it just about the right amount of attention and, after that, he is likely to neglect it too much for the safety of himself and others. About midnight, a party of negroes went by. Just opposite our camp, they stopped and began to dance in the roadway, clapping their hands to keep time and lustily singing "Where was Moses when the light went out?"

The next morning it was hard work to break off our slumbers, but the call of the road was imperious and insistent. We must get home before dark. The only thing I dislike about motoring is night-driving and I avoid it whenever possible. While we were eating breakfast, our table set near our tent in the shadow of a great spreading maple tree, an automobile, full of young men, college fellows I fancy they were, drove by. As they passed, they waved their caps to us and shouted in unison, after the manner of a college yell:

"That's the life, that's the life, you bet it is!"

Was it memories of my own college days or the days when I was a university professor and in touch with the exuberant life of the college man that stirred me so deeply? I do not know, but I do know that, on that Sunday morning, age responded to the sentiment in that frolicking, rollicking slogan of youth with an unvoiced but hearty reply:

"This *is* the life, this *is* the life, you bet it *is!*"

The car, with its freight of care-free life, passed on and disappeared, the last faint sound from it dying away in the distance. For a considerable time, the highway was free of the noise of travel. The dwellers in the

homes about us evidently were prolonging their Sunday morning rest. This hush of labor and pleasure lay like a great calm over the country-side, befitting the day of thanksgiving and adoration. Other things were suggestive of the Sabbath. Underneath these lofty trees, whose boughs interlaced in many Gothic arches and through whose openings the hazy morning sunlight streamed as through so many stained glass windows, we might recall what the poet says:

"The groves were God's first temples."

Above us, a gentle breeze stirred the leaves to the rhythm of a murmurous organ-like melody. Behind a screen of foliage, a thrush was singing to the obligato of a blackbird's whistling. Outside of these sounds, there brooded a deep stillness, a quiet as profound as the peace within some vast cathedral. God was in his holy temple and earth was keeping silence before him. For ourselves, there was, if we chose to borrow it, for hymn, Dr. Henry Van Dyke's "God of the Open Air."[1]

"For the comforting warmth of the sun that my body embraces,
For the cool of the water that runs through the shadowy places,
For the balm of the breezes that touch my face with their fingers,
For the vesper hymn of the thrush when the twilight lingers,
For the long breath, the deep breath, the breath of a heart without care —
I will give thanks and adoration, God of the open air."

[1] Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

CHAPTER VII

THE ADIRONDACKS, A GREAT WILDERNESS SURROUNDED BY CIVILIZATION — HUNTING FOR AUTUMN BEAUTY BY AUTOMOBILE

For the following description of the geographical features of the Adirondacks, I am largely indebted to an old book, long out of print, that I found in the New York State Library at Albany, — Sylvester's "History of Northern New York." So far as is possible in a very condensed summary, I have kept the felicitous language of my authority. Sylvester's account of what he calls the great wilderness of Northern New York is much the most luminous and the most illuminating description of that fascinating region that I have yet found. It is to be regretted that so valuable a book, of which there are probably only a few copies now in existence, should become lost to the traveling public of to-day.

A line beginning at Saratoga Springs and running westerly across the country to Trenton Falls, near Utica on the Mohawk; thence northerly to Potsdam, near Ogdensburg on the St. Lawrence; thence easterly to Dannemora, near Plattsburgh on Lake Champlain; thence southerly to the place of beginning, — such a line will nearly coincide with the boundaries of the wilderness of Northern New York.

Some small villages and settlements, confined to the fertile valleys of the streams, and a goodly number of sanitariums, summer hotels and camps, found even in remote sections of the forest, lie within these boundaries. Railroads and highways intersect certain sections of it, but, in many places, the ancient and original woods come down close to the inhabited places, stretching along the shores of lakes and rivers and casting their shadows over the great routes of travel. Large privately owned tracts of land preserve the natural, wild condition of wide sections; the Adirondack State Park embraces immense areas which are gradually being consolidated by the purchase of private holdings. In the course of time, the greater part of the wilderness will be owned by the people of New York and held in trust by them as the greatest public pleasure-ground east of the national parks of the West. This Adirondack State Park will thus eventually be large enough to afford all the teeming population of the East an opportunity to find place within it for the restoration of health, the pursuit of game in season, and all the delights that a summer paradise and an autumn hunting ground can offer.

The people of the East do not realize the vast size of this wilderness. It comprises greater or lesser parts of eleven counties of the state, and is quite the size of the whole state of Vermont, or the state of New Jersey, or that of New Hampshire, and is considerably larger than either Delaware or Rhode Island. To compare it with European countries, it is three-fourths the size of the kingdom of Holland, or Belgium, or the Republic of Switzerland whose Alpine character it clearly resembles.

The great wilderness of Northern New York is an upland region with a mean height of about two thousand feet above the level of the sea. It is traversed by four distinct ranges of mountains with well-defined intervening valleys. It contains, within its borders, more than a thousand named lakes and probably as many small lakes and ponds to which, as yet, no name has been given. From it heights run numberless rivers and streams in every direction. Over it all is spread a primeval forest, covering the land as the grass covers a garden lawn, sweeping over hill and hollow in endless undulations, burying mountains in verdure and mantling brooks and rivers from the light of day. Within the stretches of those forests that are most remote from settlements and highways are regions of considerable extent where the solitude is seldom broken by the presence of man and where the wild creatures of the forest — elk, deer, panther, wildcat, bear, beaver and, perhaps, the wolf — know nothing of the terror of trap or rifle. Indeed, the statement has been ventured that there are probably sections of the Adirondack wilderness still unseen by the eye of white men.

This great wilderness always has been and always will be, in large part, under the domain of nature. Its altitude and latitude render its climate cold and forbidding, its rugged and rocky surface and thin soil make it, for the most of its area, unfit for cultivation. Its short summers do not give crops time to mature. But it is admirably fitted to be what it has already become, a great park or pleasure-ground, the grandest in the world. Nowhere else on the globe does such a vast territory of grand old woods, such a mountain-land of

VIEW FROM BLUE MOUNTAIN, IN THE ADIRONDACKS

lakes and rivers, lie all unbroken and primeval near so many populous haunts of men.

And here is the peculiar feature of the Adirondack wilderness that distinguishes it from every other playground on earth: its vast extent is surrounded, on every side, by the oldest civilization of a continent. It is encircled by great arteries of travel over which the business and the pleasure of a half-hemisphere yearly pass under the very shadow of its aboriginal woods. Around it lie the most densely inhabited sections of the United States and Canada — broad areas of rich agricultural land, prosperous hamlets and villages without number, and great commercial and industrial centers of a population whose trade and products reach every region of the globe where civilized man has made for himself a home. The Adirondacks may fittingly be described as a great wilderness surrounded by civilization.

The wilderness may be divided into three grand divisions, or belts, which extend across it diagonally from northeast to southwest. These natural divisions may be called the Mountain Belt, the Lake Belt, and the Level Belt. Each of these comprises about one-third part of the wilderness and each is strongly marked by the distinguishing characteristics which suggest its name.

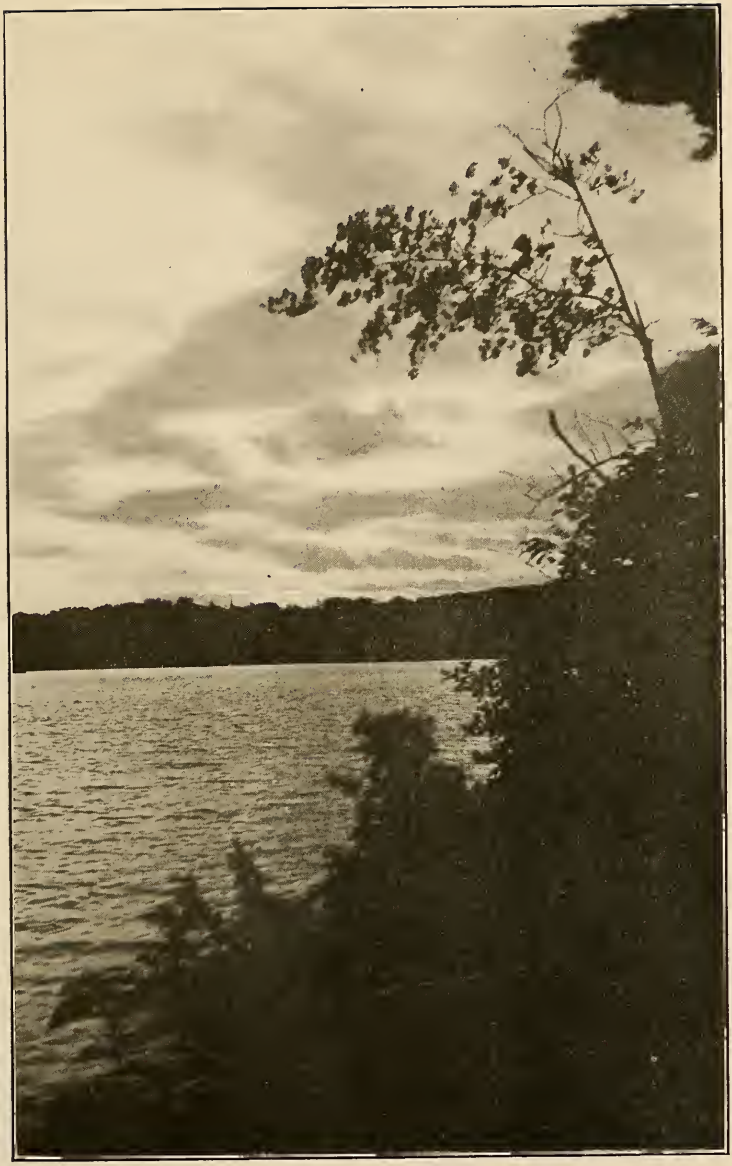
The Mountain Belt, the greatest width of which is about forty miles, extends across the southeastern part of the wilderness from the southern half of Lake Champlain and Lake George to the middle valley of the Mohawk River. It is a wild, weird region, crowded to fullness with mountain masses surmounted by towering peaks almost numberless. A bright lake or a fair moun-

tain meadow sleeps in every valley between them, and a wild torrent dashes and foams through every gorge.

The Lake Belt is about thirty miles wide and stretches centrally through the wilderness from the northern half of Lake Champlain for one hundred and fifty miles to the headwaters of the Black River. This belt is a rugged region, by no means free from mountain masses and lofty peaks, but it mainly consists of a depression in the rocky groundwork of the wilderness, forming a sort of valley which runs parallel with the ranges of the Mountain Belt. It is dotted all over with lakes innumerable, each, in its own wild way, a gem of beauty.

The Level Belt comprises the remaining northwestern part of the wilderness, which slopes gradually off from the Lake Belt to the great plateau that borders the St. Lawrence River. This belt is, despite the name, not altogether level. Its whole surface is covered with rolling forest-crowned hills and studded everywhere with immense bare boulders. Around these hills and huge rocks, countless streams wind through interminable woods. Like the other two belts, this, also, is filled with lakes and mountain meadows, some of the latter real prairies in extent, and of great beauty.

The Mountain Belt is the Switzerland of Eastern America; the Lake Belt is similar to the Scottish Highlands, a wild, romantic region, spangled with jewels, each jewel a bright, flashing lake; the Level Belt is a forest Arcadia, the hunter's paradise. Whittier is writing of the beautiful hill country of his native New England, but his lines are equally descriptive of the glorious wilderness we call the Adirondacks:



SUNSET ON FORKED LAKE, IN THE ADIRONDACKS

"Land of the forest and the rock,
Of dark blue lake and mighty river,
Of mountains reared aloft to mock
The storm's career, the lightning's shock,
My own green land forever."

The Adirondacks are far-famed for their wonderful scenery. From the summit of any one of the higher peaks the panorama unfolded is striking and sublime and wildly beautiful beyond the power of language to describe. In all the nearer valleys are seen numberless mountain meadows and quiet lakes that resemble pools of liquid crystal turned emerald in the reflected green of the impending woods. On every side, peak after peak towers up into the clear, cold atmosphere, their outlines growing softer and more shadowy in the distance. Wonderful, also, are the hues and tints and shades of color which these mountains assume with the changing hours of the day and the variations of the weather. There are times when the whole landscape stands out in crystalline clearness, every mountain, lake and valley, to the farthest line of the horizon, plainly visible. Then there are other times when the entire scene on every side is mantled with that soft, ethereal blue haze, frequently called mountain smoke, something so impalpable, so vague and dim that the distant mountains are made to appear like soft clouds floating in a far-off shadowy sky. The views that you have from the bosom of some lake, and frequently from the highway, are hardly less enchanting than those from the mountain-tops, and quite as wonderful in the striking variableness of the hues and tints and shades of color displayed. No visitor to the Adirondacks should omit an ascent to the

summit of Mt. Whiteface, probably the most picturesque of all the peaks. It is easily accessible, being on the trunk-line motor highway between Elizabethtown and Saranac Lake, and in the heart of the most frequented section of the wilderness. This lordly mountain rises above the shores of Lake Placid, and from the lake to the summit there is a clearly marked and easily followed trail at no place too difficult for ladies to negotiate the ascent. Hundreds climb Mt. Whiteface annually. The view from the top justifies the employment of the overworked phrase, — "It beggars description." All the giant peaks of the wilderness mountain-land are in plain sight. Scores of lakes glow like burnished silver in the vast cyclorama of glorious green that encircles the beholder. To the northward, the view stretches as far as the St. Lawrence, and on a very clear day Montreal is visible. It is a scene of grandeur nowhere surpassed east of the Rockies, in surveying which, the spectator feels:

> "— like some watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken;
> Or like stout Cortez when, with eagle eyes,
> He star'd at the Pacific — and all his men
> Looked at each other with a wild surmise —
> Silent upon a peak in Darien."

The comparative absence of highways and railroads in the great Adirondack wilderness give campers an opportunity to seclude themselves in the depths of the forest to an extent not possible elsewhere save, perhaps, in the woods of Maine. At the same time, the widely extended network of waterways gives them access to centers of supply without having the quiet of their camping places broken into. This feature of the sum-

mer life of the Adirondacks is a source of continuous surprise to the visitor. David M. Steele, in his "Vacations East and West,"[1] in his breezy style, thus describes this aspect of wilderness life:

"One must never be surprised at anything. In the farthest depths of the forest are hotels with elevators, call bells, steam heat and electric light. Small waterfalls are used to generate electric current. On a trail, far out of sight of anything human, you trip over surface-laid water-pipe lines, and hanging from trees in what you thought was a virgin forest, there are telegraph and telephone wires. You never know from behind what rock, over what hillock, from within what clump of trees or from beyond what sheltering screen a perfect palace will spring into view.

"Camps are everywhere and in them may be anything. The range of these camps is wide, from the makeshift lean-to of the sportsman to the permanent camp of the *habitué*. The camper in the former owns nothing, the latter may possess twenty-thousand, fifty-thousand, hundred-thousand-acre 'preserves.' These camps may represent in cost one, two, three hundred dollars or one, two, three hundred thousand dollars, as in the case of the estates of the Huntingtons, Woodruffs, Vanderbilts, Morgans and Rockefellers.

"But the chief effort of these camps, small and great, is to be far from each other, and their fondest habit is to hide. They pounce upon you, as you round some little mound, tread over some hillside trail, paddle toward some cove or emerge through some narrow eyelet. They startle you alike with their contents and their

[1] Courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers.

accessories. There will suddenly appear a fruit and flower and vegetable garden in what you thought was a thicket. You will halt miles upon miles, you think, from anywhere, only to hear the rhythm of a piano. You will pause, in pushing your canoe into a lake, miles out of reach of human kind, you thought, to hear the click of billiard balls, just round the wooded headland in a camp's boathouse casino."

The Adirondack region has long been a great recreation ground, but it is less than half a century since its popularity began growing by leaps and bounds. I have seen it stated that there are, at present, within the limits of the great wilderness, as defined in the early pages of this chapter, enough hotels, cottages, camps and boarding houses to accommodate one hundred thousand people at one time. But fifty years ago accommodations were few and primitive. In 1857 ten men from Boston and its vicinity went camping in the Adirondacks. "The Philosophers' Camp" which they founded and for four seasons maintained, first on "Follinsbee Waters" and later on Ampersand Pond, both places in the Saranac district, had an unusual effect upon an unusual region. But then these ten men were unusual men. They were all famous and well-known in their day and, of three of them, at least, the names are still household words in every intelligent American home, — Professor Louis Agassiz, James Russell Lowell and Ralph Waldo Emerson. In their writings they gave expression to the delight they took in the beautiful mountains, the green valleys, the sparkling lakes and rivers and the balsam-laden breath of the great forest around their camp. In his long poem, "The Adirondacks," in the style of

Wordsworth's "Excursions," Emerson writes of himself and his friends as —

> "— Lords of this realm
> Bounded by dawn and sunset and each day
> Rounded by hours where each outdid the last
> In miracles of pomp.
> We seemed the dwellers of the zodiac,
> So pure the element we breathed,
> So light, so lofty pictures came and went,
> We trod on air.
> We planned
> That we should build hard by a spacious lodge
> And how we should come hither with our sons
> Hereafter."

The Philosophers' Camp had, after the four seasons' sojourn of the original ten, no successor, no "spacious lodge" dreamed of by the poet. The significant thing, however, worth our noticing, is that these ten representative men, past masters in appreciation of the beautiful, chose, for four years, the Adirondack wilderness as their camping ground.

Here came later other men of like knowledge of what constitutes the most beautiful in nature, — "Mark Twain," Cleveland, McKinley and Roosevelt, to mention only a few. Hither, also, came the lamented Robert Louis Stevenson, alas, not in quest of the beautiful, but in that sad, world-wide search of his for a longer lease on life. Thousands, like Stevenson, have sought sanctuary from death in the dry and pure, balsam-fragrant, ozone-drenched curative atmosphere of the Adirondacks. Many, who had too long postponed their coming, breathed their lives out in the repose of these giant hills; a greater number, thanks be, who have been borne in

by friends, too weak to walk, have responded to the healing touch of the magical air, breathing in strength and health and going forth re-created men and women. It is a wonderful story, the work of Dr. Trudeau and others in the salvage of human life which they have here accomplished among the victims of the great white plague.

In any vast wooded region, the chief menace to its beauty, utility and very existence is the forest fire. Immense damage in the past has been done in the Adirondacks by destructive fires which, breaking loose from control, have swept over great areas. Thanks now to the fire-warden system of the state, danger from fire is greatly minimized and, with the careful co-operation of the public, the peril can be practically eliminated. The exhortation of the State Conservation Commission should find a place in every book, railroad circular, or hotel folder issued on the Adirondack country, and its cautions ought to be imprinted upon the mind of every visitor to that grandest park on earth, the common property of us all.

This is what the Commission has to say:

"Climb to the summit of one of the fifty mountains in the Adirondacks, on which the New York State Conservation Commission maintains a fire observatory throughout the entire season. Talk with the observer about his work in protecting your great vacation country from destructive conflagration. From the little room in the top of his steel observation tower, look out over the sweeping panorama of mountains, lakes, streams and forests and see how he picks up the first telltale sign of smoke, determines its exact location,

telephones the alarm to the nearest ranger and then sets the entire protective machinery in motion. The observer will show you how the state has introduced the efficiency of city fire departments into the work of fire protection in the vast wilderness; he will show you how vitally necessary is the co-operation of every person who enjoys the woods.

"Then do your part to prevent forest fires. Exercise the same care with fire in the forest that you would take without question in your own home in the city."

"THE LAW REQUIRES IT."

I have motored over the greater part of the highways of the wilderness and through the best scenic sections. In the next chapter, I shall have occasion to speak of two of these journeys. But these and all other motor-trips that we have ever taken are totally eclipsed by one made through the southern part of the Adirondack country in the early October of 1916. After three additional years of extensive touring, that trip still stands the pre-eminently beautiful one of all our motor-journeys, a veritable *tour de luxe*. Going back to the notes which I made upon it, I find that I gave them the title:

HUNTING FOR AUTUMN BEAUTY BY AUTOMOBILE

Of all the days of the twelve months, I prefer those of late September and October. They are the crowning glory of the year. The sunlight is then the most mellow and softly radiant, the air most tonic and invigorating, the temperature is a blend of genial warmth and deli-

cious coolness. Nature has just completed her work. Seed-time, growth and harvest are over. Before going into winter quarters, she gives herself a few weeks of holiday and she honors the occasion by putting on her most gorgeously brilliant finery and wreathing her features in the most engaging and gracious of her smiles of the year. She has become a beautiful sorceress and the spell of her enchantment lies upon the world.

This year it has been specially interesting to watch the transition from the glossy green of summer to the flamboyantly gaudy hues of autumn. First, a single branch of a maple tree by the wayside caught fire and blazed into a rich, glowing red. The conflagration of color spread from limb to limb, from tree to tree until the groves in all the valleys and on all the hillsides were aflame with the glory of it. The atmosphere, too, underwent a transformation, at noonday taking on the tint of smoky, opalescent topaz, a soft ethereal haze. At morning dawn and, more noticeably, at evening twilight, what glorious colors in the sky! what brilliant reflections of these colors in quiet waters! — browns of varying shades, old rose, pink, crimson, saffron, light mauves and dark grays, here blending or mottled, there standing out in sharp distinction.

These golden September-October days are my hunting season, not the sort of season in which the law allows the forests to be filled with huntsmen, some of whom bring home one or two deer while others wound or kill only some hapless brother huntsman. No, when I go hunting, I take with me nothing more dangerous to the life of man or beast than a field-glass to see the better some bird or landscape, and a pencil to make notes of

THE FALLS ABOVE THE BRIDGE, GLENS FALLS

what interests me. I get into my automobile and go a-roaming among the hills and through the valleys on a hunt for autumn beauty and I always find my game; I catch it mantling every landscape with what Hawthorne has called "a veritable Persian tapestry of color."

In the October, 1916, hunt for autumn beauty, there were four of us in the party, the principal of the Schenectady High School, his wife, mine and I. We set out on a crisp, clear morning, our objective a Methodist camp ground on the banks of the upper Hudson in the southern section of the Adirondacks. Our route took us through Saratoga Springs, Glens Falls and the village of Lake George. From that point, the road led us up a beautiful valley through the pretty hill towns of Warrensburg and Chestertown. A little beyond the latter place, we turned off the main highway and headed for the camp ground. A friend had given me the key to his furnished summer cottage with the privilege of using it for the night. We reached our destination about two hours before sunset.

The scenery had been beautiful all the way, but the autumn coloring, with the exception of here and there a maple tree by the wayside, flaming like a huge bouquet of scarlet, was not particularly impressive until we were up among the hills above Lake George. Then the glory of it began. The sun was shining brightly and the brilliant light brought into vivid distinctness all the many tints of the foliage. In beautiful contrast to the flashing hues of the hardwoods rose the somber green masses of the pine, spruce and balsam, the whole making a picture of splendid beauty. The magnitude of the spectacle was astounding. As far as the eye could

reach, over deep ravines, over low-lying level stretches of wooded ground, along mountain-sides and capping the rounded, forest-covered summits that rose in terrace-like appearance, each farther elevation higher than the ones in its foreground, — in a word, over the whole landscape, from horizon to horizon, bathed in the pellucid atmosphere of that cloudless October afternoon, was spread that royal, many-hued, scintillating, burning tapestry of autumnal glory. The splendor of it was bewildering, overpowering. Its beauty had about it something uncannily unearthly. We were day-dreaming, surely, and the amber sunlight was bringing to our eyes a vision of the radiant flower gardens of the blessed with their boundless fields of supernatural bloom. It was not one picture, it was a whole gallery of landscapes. For mile upon mile, the scene kept changing, often with kaleidoscopic rapidity, as we swept around a curve in the road and new vistas burst upon our view.

The climax came at the end of the journey. The camp ground is situated in an extensive beech and maple grove on the banks of the Hudson, here nothing more than a very moderate-sized mountain creek, the rapidly flowing water singing and laughing among the boulders of its rocky bed. There are, perhaps, as many as forty cottages, set in a semicircle around an auditorium that occupies the center of the grove. At the time of our visit, all the cottages were closed and the quiet of the place was as unbroken as that of the most primeval recess of the great wilderness.

As we drove through the gate and into the grounds and looked ahead, we saw another spectacle, differing widely from the views we had had hitherto, but of such

exquisite loveliness as to hold us spellbound. Almost involuntarily, I stopped the car and the four of us sat in silence contemplating the wonderful scene. The many trees of the grove seemed each a colored column, some flaming red, others the hue of beaten gold, many others yellower still, while a few were a shiny slate and some others were clothed in a coat of many glittering colors. All glowed and sparkled with a vivid brightness in the now nearly level rays of the sun that streamed in broken sheaves of light through the leafy canopy and lay in great golden splotches upon the ground which was thickly carpeted with newly fallen leaves, as gorgeous in their coloring as were those still upon the boughs above. But these were fast joining their comrades below. Evidently, there had been a hard frost the night before which had loosened the hold of the leaves and, though not a breath of a breeze was stirring, they were filling the air in their downward flight. Slowly they fell, with many zigzag eddyings and twistings, jostling each other with soft musical rustlings, turning over and over and catching and flashing back the sunbeams like so many glittering rubies. If the panoramas that we had had on the way hither had been like a dream of celestial flower fields, here now before us was an enchanted vision of fairy-land.

CHAPTER VIII

WHERE TIDES OF EMPIRE EBBED AND FLOWED — THE LAKE THAT IS THE GATEWAY OF THE COUNTRY

We had reached Plattsburgh, on Lake Champlain, by a devious way. Setting out for a June journey through the Adirondacks with Cranberry Lake, near the western boundary of the great wilderness, as our objective, we had met with a series of minor mishaps that had turned us back when more than three-fourths of our trip had been accomplished. It was my first season in driving an automobile; the car, though a new one, was not of a particularly reliable make and the season was yet too early for the forest-shaded dirt roads of the last hundred miles of our journey to be passable. We found them veritable quagmires of mud into which the car sank to the axles, and finally capitulated at sunset to an especially deep mud-hole, and there we were, with the prospect of spending the chill night in the woods, how far from any human habitation we knew not! While I labored in vain endeavors to extricate the car, my wife walked on ahead and finally, after a two-mile tramp through the mud, came upon a very primitive hotel on the banks of Grass River, patronized mainly by hunters and fishermen. Next morning, on being told that the road between Grass River and Cranberry Lake was worse than anything we had yet come over, I decided to

MOONLIGHT ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN

tempt disaster no further, and, after the hotel-keeper's horses had pulled our car back on to reasonably firm ground again, we headed eastward by a different and better route than the one by which we had come, and with no further misadventure but with a very dirty car, we reached Plattsburgh.

Here I was on familiar ground. Across the lake was Burlington, Vermont, where, for nine years, I had held a professorship in the university. Lake Champlain, its shores and islands, had been my long summer vacation playground and I had rowed and sailed its waters, time and time again. During these summers of close intimacy with this magnificent inland sea, I came to know its picturesque and historic places of interest thoroughly, and to understand its coquettish moods — the sudden squalls, the quick succeeding calm and sunshine, the tranquil beauty of its waters in the moonlight and beneath the stars. I grew to love it and can still well appreciate the sentiment that finds expression in the favorite song of the students of the University of Vermont:

"Sing a song, a rich refrain,
And let echo swell the strain,
To our lake, our loved Champlain,
Lovely Lake Champlain.

"Mirrored mountain's craggy crest,
Waves before the storm-wind pressed,
Cannot rob thy beauteous breast
Of its charm, Champlain.

"E'en the sunset's golden glow
Given back from Mansfield's brow
Makes thy face still fairer now,
Ever fair Champlain.

"When we think of college days,
When we sing our college lays,
We will not forget thy praise,
Lovely Lake Champlain."

It is a far cry in thought from the Champlain of dreamy college sentiment to the Champlain of stern history. Both this lake and the neighboring Lake George are more closely interwoven with American history than any other lakes upon the continent. On their waters tides of empire have ebbed and flowed. They were long the pathway of nations. A very fitting name was that by which the Iroquois, a century and more before the coming of the white man, had known Lake Champlain, *Caniaderi Guarunte,* "The Lake that is the Gateway of the Country." A gateway it is, connecting the St. Lawrence region with the Hudson Valley country and the Middle Atlantic coast. The aboriginal tribe and, later, the European nation that held it, possessed the key to both the great regions north and south of it. Hence, for unknown ages before Columbus sighted our western shores, the great Indian nations, the Iroquois, the Algonquins and the Hurons, fought for the possession of it. Later came Frank and Briton from over the sea and, in their struggle for supremacy in America, saw the strategic value of this Lake that is the Gateway of the Country, and fought fiercely for it. The time came when the American colonies of the British crown struck their blow for liberty and again Lake Champlain resounded to the clash of arms. The War of 1812 came; it was the same story. The Gateway of the Country was assaulted and was defended.

The historian, Benson J. Lossing, standing, in 1861, on the summit of Mt. Marcy, and from that Pisgah-peak seeing far to the westward the glittering bosom of Lake Champlain, pictured to himself some of the stirring scenes there enacted. His words form an excellent historical resumé. I shall transfer the viewpoint, however, from Mt. Marcy to Cumberland Head, just outside Plattsburgh Bay, where the Gateway of the Country is the narrowest, and where whatever passes through it is directly under the eye. Standing on the outmost promontory of Cumberland Head, let us listen to what the historian says:

"It required very little exercise of the imagination to behold the stately procession of historic men and events passing through that open door. First, in dim shadows, were the dusky warriors of the ante-Columbian period, darting swiftly through in their bark canoes, intent on blood and plunder. Then came Champlain and his men (1609), with guns and sabres, to aid the Hurons against the Iroquois; then the French and their Indian allies, led by Marin, passing through that door and sweeping with terrible force down the Hudson Valley to smite the Dutch and English settlers at Saratoga. Again French and Indian warriors came, led by Dieskau and, later, by Montcalm and others (1755-1759) to drive the English from that door and secure it for the house of Bourbon. A little later came troops of several nationalities with Burgoyne at their head(1777), rushing through that door, driving the Americans southward like chaff before the wind, sweeping victoriously down the valley of the Hudson as far as Saratoga and beyond. And lastly came another British force, Sir George

Prevost at their head (1814), to take possession of that door, but were turned back at its northern threshold with discomfiture. In the peaceful present, that door stands wide open, and people of all nations may pass through it unquestioned. But the Indian is seldom seen at its portal."

Be it noted that Lossing, in the above summary, speaks only of southward movements. Those that were northward were, also, of importance. The expeditions of invasion and conquest that floated towards the south through this gateway returned, sometimes jubilant over victories gained, but as often in the grim silence of defeat. Forces made up of New York and New England militia passed through this gateway bound for the St. Lawrence, eager to retaliate the forays of their northern foes. Then again there were the sorrowful little bands of captives, torn from the frontier settlements along the Connecticut, the Hudson and the Mohawk rivers, and carried north by their pitiless captors to Canada. To these, this Gateway was a *via dolorosa.*

Standing on Cumberland Head, we have directly before us the scene of the naval battle of 1814 between the Americans under Commander Thomas Macdonough and the British commanded by Captain George Downie. The American fleet consisted of fourteen craft, aggregating 2,244 tons, manned by 882 men and carrying 86 guns. The British had sixteen vessels, totaling 2,492 tons, carrying 937 men and 92 guns. It has been stated that, considering the number of men engaged, this was the most sanguinary naval engagement of modern times. Both fleets fought with unflinching heroism and incredible stubbornness and it was only when

AUSABLE CHASM

further resistance meant the entire destruction of their crews, that the British ships surrendered. The American victory was complete.

Plattsburgh is a handsome town; its surroundings are very attractive. To the south lie the Military Training School and the famous Hotel Champlain, commanding one of the most magnificent prospects in all that region of superb views. Farther south is Ausable Chasm, one of the great show places of the East, probably the finest gorge this side of the canyons of the Great West. No motor-tourist, passing through the New York Champlain country, should fail to visit the chasm. The Ausable River, here a large and rapid stream, through countless ages of geologic time, has worn a great rocky gorge for itself, twenty-five or thirty feet wide and from one hundred to one hundred and seventy-five feet deep. By means of artificial galleries and bridges, and partially by boat, the chasm can be explored from end to end. It is a wonderful example of river carving, but it is putting it too strongly to rank it, as some writers have done, with Yosemite or the Canyon of the Yellowstone.

The entire region is one of famous beauty. In this chapter we have to do with the New York side of Lake Champlain, but from any of the commanding viewpoints along the rocky bluff bordering the lake, or from the hill-tops further inland, you cannot help peeping over the fence of blue water that separates New York from New England and getting a glimpse of the broad landscape that rolls away from the Vermont shore of the lake, backward and upward miles upon miles until the eye rests upon the Green Mountains that rise in

a dim, lofty line of summits athwart the eastern horizon, Mt. Mansfield and Camel's Hump dominating the range.

The Hero Islands are to the northward, the Four Brothers away to the south, Juniper Island hugging closely the Vermont side and, between, in the foreground, is Valcour Island, famed as the place where Benedict Arnold, in 1776, on October 11, with his little fleet fought his heroic battle with the British vessels, much larger and better equipped than his own. This engagement, maintained throughout the entire day of October 13, extended up through a large portion of the lake, Arnold keeping up a desperate running fight as he fell back before his enemy. As a result of the conflict, "the little American navy on Lake Champlain was wiped out, but never had any force, big or little, lived to better purpose or died more gloriously."

Historic associations, such as those connected with the names of Arnold and Macdonough, give additional charm to the entrancing landscapes that stretch out everywhere before your gaze, the entire view just noticed, and the one westward where Mt. Marcy and Whiteface lift their cloud-capped tops a mile skyward. It is hard to say which predominates, the scenic or the historic. Both reach a sublime height, both are fascinating and romantic, and supplement each the other in a way not, I think, to be found elsewhere.

"Behind the peaks that panoply the west,
Still burn the sunsets like a mighty forge;
Still, with its voice of wandering unrest,
The swift Ausable rushes through its gorge.

"Slope capping slope the awakening east along,
Vermont's broad ranges show their emerald dye;
And still, their meadows opulent with song
And glad with grain, the Hero Islands lie.

"Across the water, as it breaks or broods,
In twilight purple or in dawning gold,
Majestic from their airy altitudes
Mansfield and Whiteface signal as of old.

"Grandeur and beauty! Here the twain combine."

In verse, so perfect and so delightful, Clinton Scollard[1] celebrates the scenic glories of Lake Champlain. For nearly two and a half centuries, other writers, explorers, military leaders, statesmen, men of science and of letters have rendered their tributes of praise to the same "grandeur and beauty."

Two years after our defeated attempt to reach Cranberry Lake, we made another extended motor-journey into the Adirondacks and the Lake Champlain and Lake George country, this time with a car that caused no misgiving as to our ability to go anywhere that a sturdy, powerful automobile may reasonably be called upon to go.

We halted for our noonday lunch in a pretty balsam-scented grove on a bluff overlooking the limpid waters of Schroon Lake. The forest about us was sweet with the odors of midsummer, and we sat on a bank of moss and ate our meal to the music of the soft, lapping waves on the rocky beach below and the answering melody from above us where the breeze stirred the thick foliage of the swaying tree-tops to song. Schroon Lake

[1] In "Pro Patria."

is about ten miles in length and averages about two in width. It is surrounded by varied and irregular mountains above which Mt. Marcy and other lofty peaks may be seen. The region is frequently called by those fond of comparisons "Switzerland in miniature." No one can question its scenic loveliness.

The thirty-two-mile run from Schroon Lake to Elizabethtown is of equal beauty. Lofty mountain ranges are constantly in sight, the valley, through which the excellent highway twists and continually mounts higher and higher, is extremely picturesque. The nearer we approached Elizabethtown the more majestically loomed up all the giant peaks of the great wilderness in a mighty pamorama for league after league along the western skyline.

Next to Roxbury in the Catskills, Elizabethtown is, I think, the most beautiful hill town in New York State. In its mountain views, it even surpasses its Delaware Valley rival. Securing accommodations for the night at the Deer's Head Inn and having had our baggage transferred to our room, we set out for a drive to Lake Placid. It was then half-past three o'clock and we figured on being able easily to make the round trip of some seventy miles before dark. Our route lay through Keene, the Jays, Wilmington Notch and the village of Lake Placid; thence returning by North Elba and Cascade Lake to Keene and then back to Elizabethtown. I consider this to be the most scenic drive of its length to be found anywhere in the Adirondack region. If you choose to extend the trip, you can do so by continuing on from Lake Placid to Saranac Lake, Gabriels and Paul Smiths. There you can choose one of several good

LAKE PLACID AND MT. WHITEFACE

roads back to Saranac Lake; thence return to Lake Placid. With such an extension to the Elizabethtown-Lake Placid tour as I have outlined, you will have seen most of the best beauty-spots of the Adirondacks that are accessible to the automobile, — all those supremely worth while. Combine with this side excursion the one-hundred-and-twenty-mile run between Lake George village, at the head of Lake George, and Plattsburgh on Lake Champlain, and you have a tour which for scenic grandeur is unsurpassed anywhere in Eastern New York.

At North Elba we wanted to turn aside and visit John Brown's grave, but black clouds were gathering in ominous banks behind the giant peaks in the southwest and the wind was rising. Our route down through the wild Cascade Lake gorge was a narrow, dirt road which a shower would make slippery and dangerous. We reluctantly, therefore, gave up the short side trip to visit the tomb of the grand old abolitionist martyr where

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave."

The grave is on the farm where John Brown and Garret Smith, in 1840, founded a colony for negroes who had made their escape from slavery in the South.

The Cascade Lake gorge is a real canyon in magnitude and is the wildest one that I have anywhere seen in the Wonderland of the East, though I am told that Indian Pass, in the neighborhood of Mt. Marcy, is much more savage and sublime. It was just nightfall when we drove up before the Deer's Head Inn.

Early the next morning we were on our way, our

faces set towards Lake Champlain, which we reached at Westport. The road southward from that point to Port Henry lies near the lake shore all the way, with attractive views of the Vermont plain and the Green Mountains beyond. As we proceeded up the lake, past Port Henry and around Bullwaga Bay to Crown Point, the Champlain Valley rapidly narrowed, the fronting ramparts of the Vermont and New York mountains drew closer together, and Lake Champlain here became contracted in width, resembling in appearance the Hudson in the Highlands between Peekskill and Poughkeepsie. This stretch of the Hudson River and upper Lake Champlain from Crown Point to Whitehall are about equally interesting, both historically and in the beauty of their surroundings. It would be difficult to make a choice between them.

The prospect from the Champlain Memorial Light Tower on Crown Point is wonderfully fine. To the east you see the Green Mountains with many a pleasing sweep of valley and the forest-clad ranges of foot-hills between; westward lies the great wilderness country of Northern New York, "a priceless Forest of Arden for rest, sport and health," its foliage-crowned heights rising in billowy swellings higher and higher, league upon league, until the bleak and barren altitudes of Marcy and Whiteface are reached. At your feet is Lake Champlain, here only about a half-mile wide, but stretching northward and southward to the length of about one hundred and twenty miles. Twelve miles across at its widest point and four hundred feet in depth where deepest, Champlain is a veritable inland sea, the largest body of fresh water in America east of the Great Lakes.

Such is the lake which the intrepid French explorer, Samuel Champlain, discovered in 1609 and here, at Crown Point, it is believed by most authorities on the subject, he had his historic encounter with the warlike Iroquois.

On the evening of July 29, as Champlain, the two other Frenchmen accompanying him, and about a half-hundred Huron Indians, approached in their canoes the point of land between Bullwaga Bay and the main channel of the lake, they saw a fleet of Iroquois canoes put out from the shore, but upon descrying the approaching strangers, they returned to the land and began felling trees and constructing a rude barricade for the battle that they knew would come with the dawn of the new day. The night was made a hideous pandemonium of sound. The Iroquois continued their work with savage war-whoops. The Huron braves lashed their canoes together and danced like madmen on the rocking craft, yelling forth their defiance, derision and vituperations.

Hamilton Mabie well describes the morning that succeeded to that night of savage tumult: "It was a dramatic moment when morning broke, for no European had ever before been seen in the wilderness and the dawn was the rising of the curtain on a drama in which four races were to appear; a war that was to involve half the world was to be fought and the destiny of a continent decided."

On that fateful July morning when Champlain and his companions went ashore to face the Iroquois, we have the explorer's own quaintly graphic account of his part in the fight. Never before, in all probability, had these dusky warriors of the Five Nations seen a Euro-

pean. "I looked at them," Champlain says, "and they at me. When I saw them getting ready to shoot their arrows at us, I leveled my arquebuse, which I had loaded with four balls, and aimed straight on one of the chiefs. The shot brought down two and wounded another. On this, our Indians set up such a yelling that one could not have heard a thunderclap and, all the while, the arrows flew thick on both sides. The Iroquois were greatly astonished and frightened to see two of their men killed so quickly, in spite of their arrow-proof armor. As I was reloading, one of my companions fired a shot from the woods which so increased their astonishment that, seeing another of their chiefs dead, they abandoned the field and fled into the forest."

Thus was fought and won that significant skirmish in the wilderness that was to be so determinative a factor in the still distant conflict between the French and English races for the possession of this continent. "The shot from Champlain's arquebuse," says Elihu Root, "had determined the part that was to be played in that approaching conflict by the most powerful military force among the Indians of North America. It had made the confederacy of the Iroquois and all its nations and dependencies the implacable enemies of the French and the fast friends of the English for all the long struggle that was to come."

The curtain falls on the history of Crown Point for more than a century. In 1731, it rises again. That year, Marquis de Beauharnois built a fort there, and, in honor of the French Secretary of Foreign Affairs, Frédéric Maurépas, named it Fort St. Frédéric. A village grew up around the fort, and there was another

CHAMPLAIN IN THE INDIAN BATTLE

French settlement across the lake on what is now called Chimney Point. This name was, in after years, given the place by the English because of the many chimneys that remained standing long after the abandoned houses of the first settlers had fallen into ruin. Indeed, as late as fifty years ago, some of these chimneys were still standing, and there were other remains of the French occupation — cellar walls and street pavements on both sides of the lake extending up its shores for several miles. Some few vestiges are still to be seen. All that now remains of Fort St. Frédéric are scattered heaps of stone and earth along the line of the ancient ramparts. The French, in 1759, blew up the fort and retreated before the advance of the English to make their dramatic and final stand on the heights of Quebec.

We are told that it was with deep regret and sorrow that the French colonists left the upper Champlain country. All the way from Crown Point to Ticonderoga the valley had become settled. There were farms, orchards, vineyards and gardens. All these were deserted, and the land became again a savage wilderness, except where English settlers moved in and took possession of the abandoned homes.

In 1759 the British commander, Lord Jeffrey Amherst, took possession of Crown Point and built a new fort near the site of the old one, naming it after himself, Fort Amherst. This stronghold cost the English government the enormous sum of ten million dollars and became one of the most impregnable fortified positions in America. Its ruins are still an imposing pile, and are the best preserved example, in America, of the military architecture of the eighteenth century. The

grounds on which they stand and for a considerable area about them are now owned by the state of New York and constitute a State Park. In the park stands the beautiful Champlain Memorial Light Tower, erected as a monument to Samuel Champlain on the supposed site of his battle with the Iroquois in 1609.

In 1909 the states of New York and Vermont united in a Tercentenary Celebration of the discovery of Lake Champlain. It was a noteworthy event, or rather series of events, as there were five distinct celebrations, — at Crown Point, July 5; at Ticonderoga, July 6; at Plattsburgh, July 7; at Burlington, Vermont, July 8; and at Isle La Motte, Vermont, July 9. This series of celebrations was attended by President Taft, the governors of the two participating states, famous foreign ambassadors and diplomats, distinguished military officers and men of letters of international fame.

Although Crown Point became one of the most strongly fortified outposts of the British Empire, it never was the scene of great military operations. The French had withdrawn without giving battle to the English in 1759. In 1775, Seth Warner, with a little band of Green Mountain Boys, took possession of the place without striking a blow. The next year, however, the Americans abandoned Crown Point and, in 1777, Burgoyne, leading his great army up Lake Champlain, occupied it. After the decisive battle of Saratoga, the mighty fortress once again fell into the hands of the Americans, where it has ever since remained.

Quite otherwise has it been with Ticonderoga. Here have been enacted some of the most dramatically spectacular scenes in the military annals of America. I

ALONG THE SHORE OF ISLE LA MOTTE, LAKE CHAMPLAIN

have space to notice only the two most famous. The English government, under the leadership of the brilliant and energetic Pitt, planned, for the year 1758, a series of vigorous campaigns against the French in America. One of these expeditions was against Ticonderoga and Crown Point. At the former stronghold, Montcalm was in command of the French, with a force of less than four thousand men. At the head of Lake George assembled the English army, consisting of nine thousand provincial troops and seven thousand British regulars, the largest army that had ever gathered there. The descent of this host down the beautiful lake on a fleet of more than a thousand boats, laden with men, artillery, ammunition and all necessary military stores, was an imposing sight. From front to rear, the line was six miles long, and for that distance and across the broad width of the fleet, so close were the boats to one another that, from a distance, no water could be seen. Parkman says:

"The spectacle was superb. There was the brightness of the summer day; the romantic beauty of the scenery; the sheen and sparkle of those crystal waters; the countless islets, tufted with pine, birch and fir; the bordering mountains, with their green summits and sunny crags; the flash of oars and glitter of weapons; the banners, the varied uniforms and the notes of bugle, trumpet, bagpipe and drum, answered and prolonged by a hundred woodland echoes."

Such was the dramatically pompous prelude to the tragedy that was to be enacted at the other end of the lake, where its waters meet those of Lake Champlain under the shadows of Ticonderoga, called by the French,

Carillon, from the chiming sound of some cataracts in the near-by rocky forest. Behind a hastily constructed barricade of fallen trees and brush at some distance in front of the fort, Montcalm and his men, outnumbered four to one, awaited their foe. The French commander had hesitated in his plans between making a stand at Ticonderoga, in the face of the overwhelming numbers coming against him, or falling back to Crown Point. A series of misfortunes that befell the English and the incredible stupidity of their commander saved the French. The British advance became entangled in the thick forest between the two lakes. Disorder ensued. They were attacked by a party of French and Indians, and Lord Howe, the ablest officer among the English, and the soul and inspiration of the entire army, was killed.

General Abercrombie, the commander-in-chief, was one of the most inefficient generals that has ever disgraced the military service of Great Britain. His blunder at Ticonderoga made inevitable the defeat of his heroic men. It has been said that four plans for attacking the French that fateful day were possible, three of which could not have failed to result in Montcalm's defeat and the capture of Fort Carillon and the probable surrender of the French army; only one plan presented to the British the certainty of a terrific sacrifice of life and a disastrous defeat. Deliberately, and in opposition to the advice of his officers, Abercrombie chose the course that insured ruin. Without even waiting to bring up his cannon, he ordered the French position to be carried by a bayonet charge, and the dense column of the English, with the ringing British cheer, surged forward to the assault. Their officers led them on into what they

knew was the very jaws of death, but iron discipline held them firm. Entangled in the network of fallen trees before the French position, the infuriated troops could not go forward, and they would not go back. A murderous front and cross fire thinned their ranks, yet, for six successive times, at Abercrombie's order, they charged with dauntless and despairing heroism, only to be swept back shattered and broken. When that hot July day came to an end, two thousand men, dead or wounded, a number larger than half of Montcalm's entire army, had paid the terrible price of Abercrombie's stupidity and headstrong self-conceit.

After this bloody repulse, the English retired from the Champlain country, but the respite to the gallant French defenders was but short-lived. The following year, the British again appeared before Ticonderoga, this time led by the brave and capable Amherst, as cautious and skillful as Abercrombie had been rash and dull. The French recognized the futility of resistance. They partially destroyed Fort Carillon, fell back upon Crown Point and, when Amherst approached that post, they blew up Fort St. Frédéric and retreated to Canada, leaving the Champlain Valley in the possession of the English.

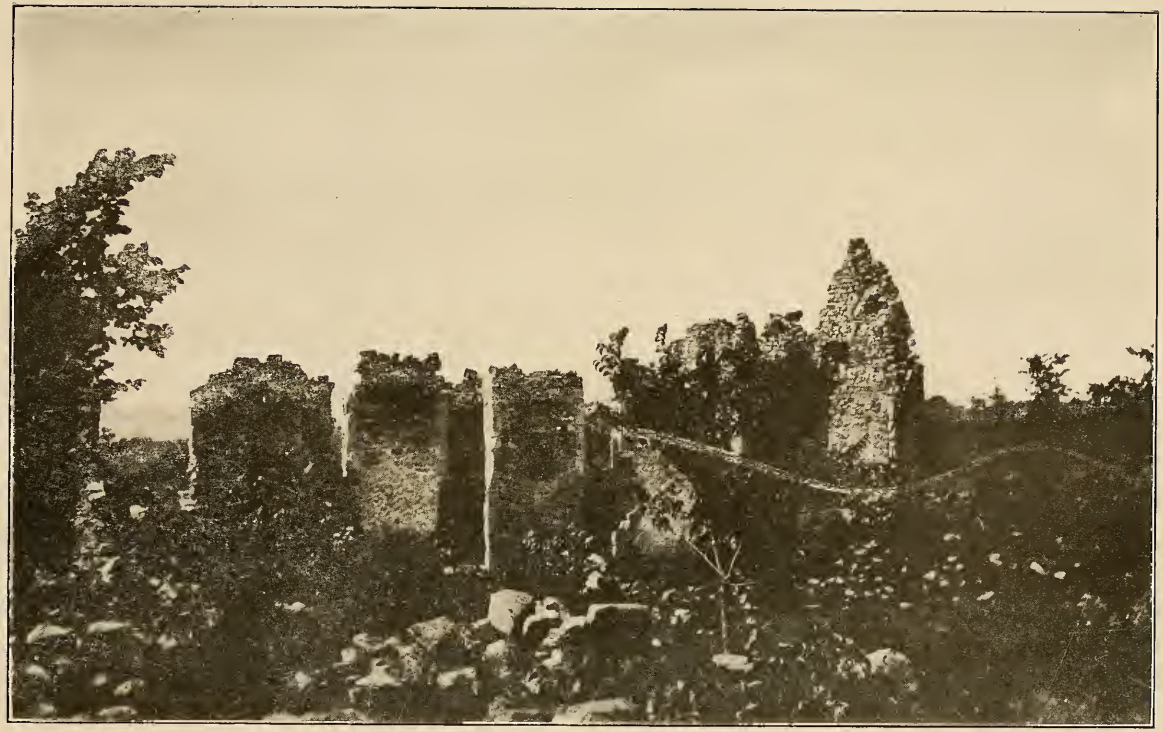
The second dramatically spectacular episode in the history of Ticonderoga is its capture by Ethan Allen and the Green Mountain Boys on May 10, 1775. Every American school boy and school girl is familiar with the thrilling story and it need not be recited here. Percy Mackaye, one of the Champlain Tercentenary poets, has, on the subject, some lines that ring like the rattling of sabre and drum:

"We're marching to take the fort
With Ethan — Ethan Allen,
Who, when with fight he fills a quart,
He ups and gulps a gallon.
Double-quick-it! faster! hep!
Lord, his blood is brandy.

. . . . . .

"They thunder through the barrack's court
And ram the British mortars, —
What rag-tail rebels make such sport
In great King George's quarters?
King George's style is over, sir,
You red-coats wear the wrong dress;
Ground arms to the Great Jehovah, sir,
And the Continental Congress!
Their arms they've handed over, there,
And, rueful in their wrong dress,
They've bowed to the Great Jehovah, there,
And the Continental Congress."[1]

[1] Reprinted from Percy Mackaye's poem "Ticonderoga," in "The Sistine Eve and Other Poems," with the permission of The Macmillan Company, copyright, 1909, by The Macmillan Company.



RUINS OF FORT TICONDEROGA

CHAPTER IX

A BATTLE-GROUND OF NATIONS — THE VIEWS FROM THE BENNINGTON AND THE SARATOGA MONUMENTS — THE WONDER LAKE OF THE WORLD

Between the point on the Hudson River where the Mohawk mingles its waters with that stream, and the head of Lake George, and Whitehall on Lake Champlain, lies a triangular shaped piece of country, in area smaller than the average-sized New York State county. If Lake Champlain was the Gateway to the Country through which rushed back and forth hostile expeditions, making it a pathway of nations, the small area just described was the battle-ground of nations, where frequently these hostile forces met in conflict. Scarcely is there a square mile of this triangle that has not its story of some heroic deed, some hairbreadth escape, some council of war, some massacre, some skirmish or more sanguinary conflict. With the upper Hudson River, Lake George and Lake Champlain, the American has no need to go abroad in order to see places made memorable by deeds of epic valor or to visit fields where were fought battles decisive in the destinies of mankind.

A glance at the map of Eastern North America will show the strategic importance, from a military standpoint,

of the triangular battle-ground above described. It lies along a great natural cross-roads. We have here the north and south waterway connecting the St. Lawrence with the Middle Atlantic seaboard by means of the Richelieu River, Lake Champlain, Lake George and the Hudson River. The parts of this highway that have to be made by land oppose but slight obstacles to transportation, obstacles which, in our day, are entirely overcome by artificial waterways. From the west comes in the greatest of the Hudson's tributaries, the Mohawk. Beyond it, a short carry reached waters that flowed into Lake Ontario. Eastward, valleys opened up passes through the Green Mountains and the more southerly Berkshire and Taconic ranges to the Connecticut River and the regions beyond. With this brief notice, the part that this battle-ground of nations played in the wars of the red men, prior to the coming of Europeans, and in the struggle between French and English and, later, between Americans and English, must be sufficiently obvious for the purpose of this volume.

The whole country from Lake George and Whitehall southward to Albany, on both sides of the Hudson, is exceedingly picturesque. The Green Mountains and the Taconics fence it in on the east, while, to the west, rises the easternmost range of the Adirondacks, continued by the Charlton and Galway hills to the Helderbergs. Between lies a beautiful rolling country with far-reaching landscapes visible from every high piece of ground. The district east of Troy and Albany is especially scenic as the highways climb the western slope of the Taconic range or run through the foot-hills from Hoosick to New Lebanon. Good roads are found everywhere. The

motor-tourist could easily spend a week at some central point, as, for example, Saratoga Springs, and daily make round trips to charming beauty-spots and various points of historic interest, each day's tour different from the preceding ones. Living on the southern border of this beautiful and interesting region, I am, of course, familiar with it, having traversed it frequently in all directions. I have visited the Bennington, Saratoga and Lake George battlefields a number of times, and on each successive trip I have never failed to find something unnoticed before and well worth seeing. The battle monument at Bennington, Vermont, commemorating a battle fought just across the line in New York State, is an imposing shaft, three hundred and two feet high, the loftiest battle monument in the world. From the top one has a climb-repaying view. Parts of four states are within the range of vision — all Southern Vermont with its mountains, valleys, lakes and streams; Southwestern New Hampshire and, further north, the distant peaks of the White Mountains; all Massachusetts west of the Connecticut River, and Mt. Monadnock east of that stream; and a broad section of New York, from the mountains enclosing Lake George down as far as the Catskills.

The view from the Saratoga battle monument at Schuylerville (Old Saratoga), a shaft somewhat similar in design to that at Bennington, and one hundred and fifty-five feet high, is also one of extreme beauty and of even greater historic interest. The monument stands on the site of Burgoyne's intrenched camp on what was known in the Revolution as the Heights of Saratoga. On every side, for miles around, are scenes of colonial

and revolutionary events of surpassing significance. The battlefields of September 19 and October 7, 1777, are in plain view, as likewise all the other scenes connected with the great and decisive struggle. Farther off are seen the church spires of a number of cities and villages, the whole lovely picture enframed in magnificent mountains. "To the north are the mountains about Lake George and Lake Champlain and, peeping over their tops, are the peaks of Marcy and McIntyre and other monarchs of the Adirondacks, eighty miles away; to the east are the Green Mountains of Vermont, with Mt. Equinox and Mt. Saddleback right abreast of you; to the south are the Catskills, seventy-five miles distant, with Black Head, Black Dome and Thomas Cole mountains looming up, three in a row, making saw-teeth with the horizon; and, to the west, are the Palmerston and Kayadrosseros ranges, foot-hills of the Adirondacks. But it is not because of the scenery — hill and dale, sparkling water, beauteous wood, ethereal vault of blue and misty mountains of enchantment — that this locality allures and holds the vagrant vision. This monument is the cynosure of patriotism."

Amid such entrancing scenes was fought the decisive battle for our independence as a nation. I never drive over the Schuylerville-Stillwater road, through the heart of the Saratoga battlefield with its monuments and markers along the wayside, but I look abroad on this lovely landscape and try to imagine how the prospect must have fired the hearts of the patriot army as it battled for the liberty of such a glorious, mountain-encircled land. The beauty of its sparkling river, the calm of its soft, dreamy fields and forests, the majestic

From the Painting by Chappel.

THE BATTLE OF SARATOGA

grandeur of the distant hills, — who can say what sources of strength these were, seen through drifting clouds of battle smoke and amid the tumult of arms, to the heroic fathers of our freedom on the field of Saratoga?

"For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, — our fathers' God;
Thou hast made thy children mighty
By the touch of the mountain sod;
The rocks yield founts of courage,
Struck forth as by thy rod;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, — our fathers' God.

"For the shadow of thy presence
Round our mountain camp outspread,
For the stern defiles of battle
Where lie our fallen dead,
For the snows and for the torrents,
For the free heart's burial sod,
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, — our fathers' God."

Thus far, in this volume, I have studiously avoided comparing American scenery with foreign scenery, even when equally familiar with both. In the case of Lake George, I mean to make an exception. I have heard and read so many comparisons in which this most beautiful of all American lakes is likened now to this and now to that European water, that were all these likenesses true, Lake George would have no individuality of its own. I have seen all the famous lakes of Europe, many of the most beautiful of them several times — Italian, Swiss, English, Irish and Scottish. I admire the superb beauty of all of them. Many of them admit

comparisons with one another. Thus there are strong points of resemblance between, say, the Swiss and the Scottish lakes, the English and the Irish. The Italian Maggiore, Como and Garda are more in a class by themselves. But Lake George stands wholly apart from these lakes with which we hear it superficially compared. It forms a class of which it is the solitary member. It is the first of the world's lakes, and there is none other that approaches near enough to it in beauty to be, in the same breath, mentioned as second. The one that does most nearly resemble it is another American body of water, the glorious Lake Tahoe in the California Sierras, but the difference between the two is the difference between sun and star; each has its own glory, but the glory of Lake George is of the first magnitude, loftily elevated above all other like glories, the wonder lake of the world.

Here is one place where the motor-tourist should leave his car in the safe-keeping of some garage, go aboard one of the trim, natty-looking steamboats that sail the lake from one end of it to the other, and make the round trip. There is no other way to see and appreciate fully the almost super-terrestrial beauty of this matchless lake of lakes. Everything here is of perfect balance of form and color. The whole scene is a picture without flaw. It is beauty uplifted to perfection.

Many descriptions of the scenery of Lake George have been written. The best are hopelessly inadequate. Its loveliness is indescribable. Poets have likewise written well of Lake George, but its charm is as inexpressible in verse as it is in prose.

Lake George is thirty-two miles in length and varies

Paradise Bay, Lake George.

in width from three-fourths of a mile to four miles. Its islands are popularly supposed to correspond in number with the days of the year. The easternmost range of the Adirondacks border it on both sides, the close embrace of the mountains giving it the name by which it was most generally known among the Indians, *Andiatarocte,* "The Lake that Shuts Itself In." Cooper's attempt to popularize another Indian name, *Horiconi* or, as the novelist has it, *Horicon,* has never secured any following outside the language of poetry and romance. Father Jogues, the Jesuit missionary, the first white man to gaze upon its waters, named it Lake St. Sacrament, which, a century later, in 1755, was changed by General Johnson to Lake George, in honor of the reigning English sovereign. It is to be regretted that Cooper's picturesque and appropriate title, *Horicon,* did not receive a general and official adoption.

The historic associations of the lake are almost as captivating in their hold upon the imagination as its scenery, and in significance equal, if indeed they do not surpass in interest, those of Lake Champlain. The country between the head of Lake George and Fort Edward on the Hudson, a distance of only thirty miles by highway, was the darkest and bloodiest section of this centuries-old battle-ground of nations.

In 1609, when Champlain first saw the lake that bears his name and Hudson discovered the river that bears his, this battle-debated ground was in the hands of the Iroquois. With the coming of the French into the north and of the English into the south, there sprang up, at once, a bitter rivalry between the two races for the possession of this narrow bit of ground that was the key

position to both north and south. Here centered the struggle between Frank and Briton and the savage allies of both sides. In this small area hostile recruiting parties were continually skirmishing, and regular forces, reaching into the magnitude of organized armies, met in hotly contested battle. Every kind of hostility known to civilized and to savage warfare was here of almost daily occurrence during the long and desperate struggle for supremacy. Bands of Indian scouts, Rogers and his provincial rangers, Marin and his French partisans, with many other leaders, equally daring and pitiless, roamed the forests by day and by night, intent on surprising and annihilating straggling parties of the enemy. Some of the men who were destined to become the heroic leaders of the patriotic armies of the Revolution received their military training in this perilous bush warfare.

The site of the village of Lake George, and the low ground between the head of the lake and Bloody Pond, have been the scenes of two memorable military operations. In 1755, Sir William Johnson led a force of provincials and Iroquois, for the most part Mohawks, on what was designed to be an effort to drive the French out of the Lake George and Lake Champlain country. By the time Johnson reached Lake George, he had under his command fully three thousand men. Dieskau, the French commander at Ticonderoga, advanced up Lake Champlain to where Whitehall now stands, and with about fifteen hundred men — regulars, Canadians and Indians — plunged into the forest with the intention of attacking Johnson's army in the rear. Meanwhile, Johnson, having learned of Dieskau's advance, called a

council of his officers and the Indian chieftains to decide upon a course of action. The leading chief present was the great Mohawk sachem, King Hendrick, as he was known among the English. When Johnson proposed sending one thousand men in two detachments against the enemy, the Mohawk chief showed his protest against such a course by picking up a stick which he easily broke, and then taking two and putting them together showed how they could not be broken. The hint was taken and the two detachments were united in one column. The veteran warrior still demurred. "If they are to be killed," he said, "they are too many; if they are to fight, they are too few."

The chief then mounted a stage and began to harangue his people, recounting in their ears the great and glorious deeds of the Mohawk warriors of the past and appealing to his followers to acquit themselves in the coming battle in a manner worthy of their sires. Hendrick was himself a renowned warrior and was then between sixty and sixty-five years old. His head was covered with heavy white locks, quite unusual for an Indian. Like so many Indian chieftains of that day, his fame as an orator equaled his renown as a warrior. An eye-witness of the scene that day at Lake George afterwards described it to President Dwight of Yale College.

"Lieutenant-Colonel Pomeroy, who was present and heard Hendrick, told me (Dr. Dwight) that, although he did not understand a word of the language, yet such was the animation of the speaker, the fire of his eye, the force of his gestures, the natural appearance of his manner and the apparent propriety of the inflection of his voice that he himself was more deeply affected with this

speech than with any that he had ever heard in his own language."

Colonel Ephraim Williams led the provincials and King Hendrick the Mohawks of the forces sent forward to meet Dieskau's French, Canadians and Indians. Believing that they were still a long way off, Colonel Williams and Hendrick led their men carelessly up the road toward the Hudson and fell into an ambush which the wily Frenchman had laid for them. The fight that ensued is known in history as "The Bloody Morning Scout." Both Williams and the Mohawk chief were killed. The former's name lives in one of the most beautiful of American colleges, the latter's is still cherished by his descendants in the home of their Canadian exile at Caughnawaga, near Montreal. It is said that when Chief Hendrick's son was told of his father's death, after giving the Indian mourning groan, usual on such occasions, he placed his hand over his heart saying: "My father is not dead, he still lives here; henceforth I stand in his place."

Although completely taken by surprise and suffering heavy losses, the provincials and their Indian allies succeeded in rallying and making an orderly retreat. Johnson heard the sounds of battle and soon, as the tumult rolled nearer to the camp on the shore of the lake, he was apprised that Colonel Williams' detachment was falling back upon the main body of the army. A hasty barricade was erected, cannon were planted, and fifteen hundred colonial farmers, wholly destitute of any military training, many of whom had never fired a gun except in sport, stood waiting the assault of the veteran troops of France, who came proudly marching out of

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DEATH OF COLONEL EPHRAIM WILLIAMS, IN "THE BLOODY MORNING SCOUT," SEPTEMBER 8, 1755

the woods, driving the survivors of the Bloody Morning Scout before them, while Canadian yell and Indian war-whoop burst from among the trees and dense under-growth on both sides of the road.

Johnson held his fire until the French were close to the barricade, and then he swept their ranks with grape and well-aimed rifle volleys that sent the white-coated regulars to the shelter of the forest. But the battle had only begun and, for an hour, it raged in maddening fury. Dieskau again and again charged, only to be flung back each time with confused ranks and with heavy losses. Emboldened by their success in beating off the desperate assaults of the French regulars, the sturdy provincials leaped from their defenses and, like a whirlwind, fell upon their foes, driving them broken, scattered and routed into the depths of the forest. Dieskau, wounded, was taken prisoner. Johnson was also severely wounded. The dead who had fallen in the early morning catastrophe were thrown into a pond near the scene of the skirmish, and ever since this water has been known by the name of Bloody Pond. It lies near the railroad, the trolley line and the motor highway between Lake George and Glens Falls, and can easily be seen from all three.

Johnson did not follow up his success as he might have done. His expedition against Crown Point is characterized by Parkman as "a failure disguised under an incidental success." He lingered at Lake George, building, for its defense, Fort William Henry, which was to become the scene of one of the most tragic events in all the long and bloody drama of the French and English war in America.

A period of comparative inaction followed the battle of Lake George, and the French improved this lull in hostilities by setting two thousand men at work to build Fort Carillon at Ticonderoga. Then, in the summer of 1757, Montcalm, at the head of about eight thousand regular French troops, Canadians and Indians, advanced against Fort William Henry at the head of Lake George. Some traces of the old fort still remain in the grounds of the superb modern hostelry that to-day occupies the site and bears the historic name, Fort William Henry Hotel.

Again the lake of many warlike pageantries beheld another scene of military pomp and splendor. Sixteen hundred savages in a multitude of birch canoes glided close in along the western shore past headlands and islands like a flock of restless waterfowl. Farther out in the lake moved the more stately bateaux, a fleet of two hundred and fifty of them, bearing the regiments of the regulars from Old France and the Canadian militia. Thus, under the bright sunlight of an August day, in the rich glow of its sunset and beneath the soft, soothing dimness of the starlight, the French host swept up the enchanting lake all day long, and all the night, until, just before the evening of another day, the flotilla reached a little bay not far from the English fort, and canoes and bateaux were drawn up on the shelving beach. The army went into camp and the siege of Fort William Henry was begun.

After a spirited resistance of eight days it was apparent to the gallant commander of the English, Lieutenant-Colonel Munro, that further resistance was useless. His garrison had, at the beginning of the siege,

numbered only twenty-two hundred men, and the continuous fighting had cost him three hundred of these. All his heavier guns and his mortars had either burst or had been ruined by the enemy's fire. The earthen ramparts of the fort had been broken down. Small-pox raged among the soldiers and the casemates were crowded with the sick. At a council held by Munro and his officers it was decided, provided honorable terms could be secured, to surrender fort and garrison. Nothing else save an unwarranted sacrifice of life by further resistance was possible. Terms of surrender, acceptable to the English, were soon agreed upon. Montcalm called together the chiefs of his Indian allies, explained to them the duties that conquerors owe an enemy that honorably surrenders, and exhorted them to keep their warriors in control and allow no barbarities to be committed on defenseless prisoners. They promised all he asked of them. They were, however, either powerless to keep their promise or they made no attempt to do so. Immediately after the garrison had marched out and surrendered their arms, the Indians, with blood-curdling war-whoops, rushed into the fort. There they murdered all the sick who had been left in charge of the French surgeons.

One of the agreements of the surrender was that the English were to be escorted by a French force to Fort Edward under the stipulation that they were not to serve against the French for a period of eighteen months. When the English assembled to march, the savages began to plunder them, snatching whatever pleased them and tomahawking all who resisted. Soon they secured rum and became entirely uncontrollable. It is said that

Montcalm threw himself among them and implored them to kill him but to spare his prisoners. Many of the English officers and men had their families living with them at the fort, and the women and children now became frantic with fear. Suddenly, and as if on some preconcerted signal, the terrible war-whoop arose on all sides of the trembling prisoners, who were without arms and utterly unable to defend their wives and little ones or themselves.

Thus began the most shameful massacre of all Indian warfare. The French were themselves probably terror-stricken at the demoniacal fury of their savage allies, and feared that any effort to save their prisoners would enrage the murderers against them. But they vastly outnumbered the Indians and they were well armed. No restraint was put upon the lust for blood that transformed the fierce savages into ferocious fiends, crazed by strong drink into a ten-fold more cruel fury than was their bloody wont. For the horrors of that awful day, a blot must forever rest upon the name of Montcalm, his officers and his troops. They should have protected their helpless prisoners or, in their defense, should have died with them. How many were killed during the massacre will never be known. After they had glutted themselves with the shedding of blood, the savages deserted the French army and set out for Canada, carrying off about two hundred English prisoners. What the terrible fate of those poor wretches was may easily be imagined.

In the seventeenth chapter of "The Last of the Mohicans" Cooper gives a brief but vivid account of the massacre of Fort William Henry. The other scenes of

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THE SURRENDER OF FORT WILLIAM HENRY, AUGUST 9, 1757

this great masterpiece of historical fiction are also laid in the vicinity of Lake George and in the country between the Hudson and Schroon Lake. Indeed Lake George may be said to be to "The Last of the Mohicans" what Otsego Lake is to "Deerslayer."

CHAPTER X

A SIDE TOUR TO THE FINGER LAKE DISTRICT OF CENTRAL NEW YORK

Any book dealing with the lakes of New York would be singularly incomplete that omitted a description of the beautiful group of lakes in the central part of the state, generally known as the Finger Lakes. The district which they occupy might well be included in A Wonderland of the East were it not that it has no mountains, and the Wonderland is restricted to the sections of New York and New England that are distinctively both lake and mountain regions. For this reason, it is better to admit this fascinating central district as an "extra," and speak of a visit to it as a side tour. Their superb scenic attractiveness is, in itself, ample justification for devoting a chapter to these long, narrow bodies of water, close together and paralleling one another in a north to south direction, the principal ones, five in number, resembling the fingers of an outspread human hand.

Named from west to east, these five principal lakes are: Canandaigua, Seneca, Cayuga, Owasco and Skaneateles. They all, like nearly the entire number of our northern lakes, owe their origin to the erosion caused by the continental glacier of the Great Ice Age. They are beautifully clear, their long, narrow surfaces having the

scintillating brightness of highly polished silver. Their setting is in the depths of broad valleys. The slopes of these, for the most part, break down gently to the edge of the water and are covered with rich fields and orchards, dotted here and there with prosperous-looking farmhouses, furnishing a succession of idyllic landscapes of soft and dreamy pastoral loveliness.

I had been stopping for several weeks at the Clifton Springs Sanitarium, about ten miles north of the outlets of the two westernmost of the Finger Lakes, Canandaigua and Seneca. Just before leaving the sanitarium, my wife joined me, and we decided, before returning home, to visit all five lakes. We planned, for the first day, a trip to Watkins Glen, seeing Canandaigua, Keuka and Seneca lakes on the way and returning to Clifton Springs for the night.

I had the man in charge of the garage where I kept my automobile leave me a key, and I had my car out and we were on our way before the people of the drowsy little village were astir. Instead of following the hard-surfaced state road to Geneva, and thence westward over the Albany-Buffalo trunk line, I took a much shorter cross-country dirt road that would lead me to Canandaigua. I never had been over this route before, but the directions which had been given me by the garage men were easy to remember and rather unique. They ran: "First left, first right; first left, first right; first left, first right, then straight ahead into Canandaigua." We had no difficulty in keeping the first-left, first-right route, and the sun was scarcely in sight over the eastern hills when we ran into the broad tree-shaded streets of the pretty town. Many of the people seemed to be already

setting about their labors of the new day. Industrious housewives could be seen through open windows bustling about their morning tasks, store employees were scrubbing the steps and sidewalks before their places of business, and some workmen with their dinner pails or baskets were on the street. On every side we saw evidences that, early as was the hour, Canandaigua was a wide-awake little town.

We passed down through the broad main thoroughfare of the village to the lake, and there, turning to the left, we circled the end of the lake and drove southward a few miles until, from the top of a hill, we had a splendid panoramic view of not only Canandaigua Lake but the entire ring of heights that encompassed it. It was a lovely landscape that unrolled itself before us that calm, bright morning. The Indians called the lake by the pretty and poetic name, "The Sleeping Beauty." We spent nearly a half-hour enjoying the scene and watching the play of light and shade upon the water as the sun rose higher and the shadows cast by the hills along the eastern shore gave place to the sheen and sparkle of its rays, while, beyond the lake, the sides and summits of the higher and more distant hills came into greater distinctness of outline with constantly changing opalescent hues. It was a picture that well repaid us for our early morning start, a picture such as even the best landscape painters seldom succeed in catching at its most entrancing moment and transferring its radiant beauty to their canvas.

We retraced our course to the village and from there took the cross-state trunk-line highway until within a short distance of Geneva. Turning southward, we fol-

lowed a fine smooth road as far as Penn Yan, where we made a side trip of a few miles to get a view of Keuka Lake, celebrated for the vineyards that cover the hillsides round about its shores.

As we drew near the lake we had to descend into a ravine through which a small stream found its way to Keuka Lake. Over the creek extended a bridge thirty or forty feet, perhaps, above the water, and protected on either side of the roadway by post and board guards. An automobile was coming down the opposite side of the ravine. Evidently the driver was a tyro in the art of managing an automobile, for, either through loss of control of his own machine or confused at my approach, he ran his car with great force into the bridge guard, breaking the boards and bending one of the stout posts. For a moment, I expected to see the automobile and its occupants plunge into the boulder-strewn bed of the creek, where it would be a miracle if any escaped death; but the post held, and the car was stopped on the edge of the bridge. A lady in the car had sprung to her feet, and continued to sink down into the seat and to rise again, not uttering a sound, but with outstretched arms and such an expression of ghastly horror on her countenance as showed how deeply she was affected by the accident. The sight of her rising and falling reminded me of the like behavior of the lady in De Quincey's essay on "The Vision of Sudden Death." Happily, in this case we were spared any such gruesome vision; nevertheless the sudden death of at least some of our friends of the other car had been escaped by a very narrow margin.

Like all the lakes of the Central New York group,

Keuka is a very pretty body of water, enclosed with vineyard-clad hills. Perhaps it was because of the near-accident at the bridge, or it may have been because of the glorious prospect that we had had of Canandaigua Lake earlier in the day, the mild beauty of Keuka Lake seemed a little tame. Returning to the handsomely laid out town of Penn Yan, and there replenishing our well-nigh empty gasoline tank, we proceeded on our way to Watkins. At Dundee, we turned into a country road that we might avail ourselves of the scenic attractions which a route lying along the shore of Seneca Lake would afford. We found it rough going and, in places, very hilly, but the views that we had were superb.

Seneca is called the "Gem of the Finger Lakes" and is a really remarkable body of water. It is the largest of the group, being thirty-six miles long and from two to five miles wide. It is fed mainly by deep springs, issuing low down its sides and along its bottom, and, at a depth of two hundred feet, a uniform temperature of 70° above zero is maintained throughout the year. The lake has frozen over but twice during the past one hundred years. The uniform temperature of the water has a marked effect on the climate of the district adjacent to its shores, rendering it, considering the latitude in which it lies, remarkably mild and equable, with no extremes of summer heat or winter cold.

From the summits of some of the hills that we had to climb we commanded an outlook over nearly the entire length of the lake and could see miles upon miles of the gently sloping highlands on the opposite shore. Seneca Lake is well deserving of its title, "The Gem." The poet, James Gates Percival, sings its beauty:

"On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
And round his breast the ripples break,
As down he bears before the gale.

"On thy fair bosom, waveless stream,
The dipping paddle echoes far,
And flashes in the moonlight gleam
And bright reflects the polar star.

"How sweet at set of sun to view
Thy golden mirror spreading wide,
And all the mists of mantling blue
Float round the distant mountain-side.

"At midnight hour, as shines the moon,
A sheet of silver spreads below,
And swift she cuts at highest noon,
Light clouds like wreaths of purest snow.

"On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
Oh, I could ever sweep the oar,
When early birds at morning wake,
And evening tells us toil is o'er."

It was just noon when we reached Watkins, very beautifully situated at the head of Seneca Lake on a little plain at the foot of an escarpment of rocky hills into which is cut the wonderful gorge that we had come to see. Watkins Glen extends back into the hills about two and one-half miles and covers an area of a trifle over one hundred acres, the whole now maintained as a state park. Its entrance opens off the main street of the village and is through a handsome arch of stonework.

A short walk from the entrance brings one to the first of the many beautiful waterfalls with which the glen, or, more properly speaking, the series of glens rising one

above another, abounds. Entrance Cascade, Minnehaha Falls, Frowning Cliff, Sylvan Rapids, The Pools, Curtain Cascade, Cavern Cascade, Whirlwind Gorge, Glen Cathedral, Rainbow Falls, Elfin Gorge, Artist's Dream and the Fairy Pools are the fanciful names given to some of the points of interest in this really remarkable natural wonder. By a most complete system of concrete bridges, stairways, tunnels and galleries along the face of precipitous cliffs, the State has, at great expense, made all these various attractions easily accessible. The number of people, from every section of America and even from abroad, who, every summer, visit Watkins Glen, is very large, and it has come to take its place, with Niagara, the Mammoth Cave, the Natural Bridge of Virginia, Ausable Chasm and the Franconia Notch of the White Mountains, as one of the chief wonder places east of the Mississippi.

There are also other noteworthy attractions in the neighborhood: Excelsior Glen with its Sullivan Falls two hundred feet high, Havana Glen, Hector Falls, Montour Falls, and many more picturesque beauty-spots. The motor-tourist could easily spend a fortnight at the pretty little village of Watkins and every day take a trip to some place worth seeing. I know of no other town in Central New York, excepting possibly Ithaca, at the head of the neighboring Cayuga Lake, more attractive in itself and which could be more advantageously used as the center of so many beautiful one day trips as Watkins.

It is likewise in the midst of a district replete in historic interest. Seneca Lake forms part of the eastern boundary of the territory occupied by the Seneca tribe

RAINBOW FALLS AND THE TRIPLE CASCADE, WATKINS GLEN

of the Iroquois Nations, and a short distance to the south of Watkins is the site, still marked by a few remains and some very ancient apple trees, where once flourished one of their principal towns, Shequaga, called by the white men Catherinestown from the fact that here the celebrated half-breed queen, Catherine Montour, had her residence. This famous, or perhaps more correctly infamous, woman was one of the picturesque and romantic figures of the heroic eighteenth century. Born in Canada about the year 1700, her father a governor of New France and her mother a Huron squaw, she was carried away into captivity by the Iroquois and was adopted into the family of a chief of the Senecas. The captive grew up to be a beautiful young woman. She was given in marriage to a young chieftain of the tribe, to whom she bore several sons, all of whom became distinguished warriors. After her husband's death, she remained a widow. She succeeded in securing for herself a very good English education, and her superior mind gave her great influence among the Senecas, over whom she reigned, for more than fifty years, with all the ascendancy and authority of a queen, actually receiving the name Queen Esther from both Indians and white men.

The life-story of this remarkable woman reads like a romance and is an illustration of the saying that truth may be stranger than fiction. Queen Esther frequently accompanied delegations of the Iroquois to Philadelphia and elsewhere to attend conferences with colonial governors and with the commissioners charged with the administration of Indian affairs. Her personal attractiveness, her refined manners and her queenly dignity

gained her admission into the best circles of society. In Philadelphia, where she was known as Madame Montour, she was paid particularly marked attention by the society women of the city.

As she became advanced in years, her attitude towards white people underwent a change. She gradually broke off social intercourse with them, and grew to hate them with a bitter vindictiveness for which no adequate reason has ever been found. She lived among her people, revered and obeyed by them still, though the rest of the world, particularly her former white friends, complained of her "retirement and sullen majesty." In the Revolution, she became a violent partisan of the British and exhorted the Senecas to take up the hatchet against the Americans, for whom her unrelenting animosity had no bounds. She ceaselessly urged against the frontier settlements a war of extermination, and no doubt the ferocity of the Senecas from which the Americans suffered so much was, in no small part, due to the evil influence of the aged queen. When the Senecas and Tories, under the Butlers, perpetrated that crowning atrocity, the massacre at Wyoming, which constitutes the reddest of all the red chapters of eighteenth-century history in America, Queen Esther accompanied her sons and their warriors on the expedition. One of the sons was killed in a preliminary skirmish with the Wyoming militia, and his death seems to have maddened the mother into a frenzy of mingled grief and rage which, for the sake of human nature, let us try to believe, must have made her insane, and not rationally accountable for the deed of horror attributed to her. She was then nearly eighty years old.

From the Painting by Chappel.

THE MASSACRE AT WYOMING

Let the historian, Benson J. Lossing, tell us of Queen Esther's part in the Wyoming massacre. The day had been one of desperate battle between the militia force of men too old and youths too young to serve in the Continental Army, whither all the able-bodied men of Wyoming had gone. The defenders were, besides, outnumbered four to one. The result could not be doubtful: it was victory for the merciless savages and their still more merciless Tory allies.

"Whoop after whoop with rack the ear assailed,
As if unearthly fiends had burst their bar;
While rapidly the marksman's shot prevailed
And aye, as if for death, some lonely tempest wailed."

Darkness came, but added only to the bloody horrors. In the light of the burning buildings, men, women and children suffered the martyrdom of savage torture. Lossing thus describes the scene:

"Prisoners were arranged in circles around large stones and, while strong Indians held them, they were dispatched with a tomahawk. One of these stones, called to this day Queen Esther's Rock, is still pointed out to the curious. Around it sixteen persons were arranged in a circle, each held by a savage. Queen Esther assumed the office of executioner, using a maul and a tomahawk alternately. As she passed around the ring, singing the death song, she deliberately murdered the prisoners consecutively as they were arranged. The time was midnight, but the scene was lighted up by the fires of burning homes. She appeared like a very fury from Pandemonium while performing her bloody work. With the death of each victim, her fury increased and

her song rose clearer and louder on the midnight air."

What contrasts of character does this strange being present us! First, the beautiful captive maiden, awakening our pity; next, the refined, winsome and queenly Madame Montour, admired by the ladies of Philadelphia; and finally the gray-haired fiend of Queen Esther's Rock, deserving the detestation and the execrations of the world.

It was a fitting, though very inadequate vengeance that overtook the murderess when her Catherinestown was the first Seneca town to be destroyed by Sullivan's army in their expedition of retaliation in the following summer, 1779. History tells us the story of the extent and the thoroughness of this retaliatory devastation of the beautiful land of the Senecas and the Cayugas, a devastation that laid in ruin a broad extent of country and reduced to ashes more towns than had ever been destroyed on the continent before.

The automobile highway between Watkins and Ithaca is replete with beautiful scenery all the way. A short distance out of Watkins, we passed the picturesque Montour Falls, named after the Catherine Montour a sketch of whose life I have just given. There were other falls along the way to Ithaca, for the whole region lying along the heads of these Finger Lakes abounds in wonderful glens and cascades. With such scenic attractions as abounded on both sides of us we passed over the twenty-eight miles of magnificent macadam highway, and our interest was kept so thoroughly aroused and so great was our delight that time passed quickly, and the shimmering surface of Cayuga Lake, and the

stately buildings of Cornell University on the heights overlooking Ithaca, gleamed on the horizon before us ere we realized that we were nearing the second major objective of the day's trip.

Ithaca, located at the southern end or head of Cayuga Lake, is one of the most delightfully situated cities in the State of New York. It contains about sixteen thousand resident and between six and seven thousand student population. The mention of the name of Ithaca at once everywhere suggests the name, likewise, of Cornell University, to which the beautiful little city owes its cosmopolitan fame. This great institution is a city in itself. Formally opened in 1868 with an attendance of four hundred and twelve students and twenty-eight members of the teaching staff, the university has grown to an annual enrollment of over seven thousand students in 1915, drawn from every state in the Union and many foreign countries. The war affected Cornell, as it did all of our educational institutions, considerably reducing the number of students. The staff of instructors numbers about nine hundred. There are between thirty-five and forty main buildings and the campus and other university grounds include nearly fifteen hundred acres. The motto of the university, as expressed on its seal, is the words of Ezra Cornell, the founder, "I would found an institution where any person can find instruction in any study." The wish of the founder has been realized. The whole domain of human knowledge is covered in the courses of study offered at Cornell University. The university is located on what is known as East Hill. The views from some parts of the grounds, particularly the prospect from the top of the Library

tower, embrace wonderful panoramas of the surrounding country. The campus is universally conceded to be the most beautiful in America.

The entire region around Ithaca is a veritable wonderland of beautiful lakes, picturesque glens and gorges and waterfalls without number. The Taughannock Falls and gorge rival Watkins in beauty. The falls themselves, sometimes called the Bridal Veil, are two hundred feet high, the highest straight fall east of the Rocky Mountains.

We found Ithaca and its surroundings so interesting that we tarried there longer than we had planned. It was after five o'clock before we set out on our return to Clifton Springs, eighty miles away. We took a road that, for a time, gave us a beautiful view of Cayuga Lake. This sheet of water is about forty miles long and three wide. So far as we could see, it is the peer of Seneca, though, as I have already had occasion to say, the latter is generally considered the "Gem of the Finger Lakes." The road we were following was somewhat rough, and our progress was correspondingly slow. By the time we had reached a little village boasting the classical name of Romulus, darkness, hastened by dense masses of black clouds rolling up from the west, had overtaken us. My head-lamps were of low candle-power, and one of the purposes that I had in view in getting so early a start in the morning was to avoid travel after dark. Now, however, I saw I was in for it, with whatever additional difficulty the swiftly approaching storm might bring.

By the time we reached Waterloo, the storm was upon us. What torrents of rain! What roaring blasts of

wind! These drove the rain in almost horizontal sheets of spray, and threatened to bring down some of the wayside trees upon us. What appalling inky blackness through which my headlights cast only a feeble gleam, and even that was lessened to my sight by the rain-drenched windshield. I have driven my car in some very trying times and places, but never before or since in anything approaching the difficulties and dangers of that dreadful night. Of course what we ought to have done was to search out the nearest hotel and to stop there for daylight and better weather, but, somehow, the thought of this never once occurred to us. Our minds were obsessed with the question of how we were going to get over the twenty odd miles that still lay between us and Clifton Springs, to the exclusion of every other consideration. To add to my difficulties, in answer to my inquiries as to the route, a passing motorist informed me that the regular state road was under repair and that I would have to take what he called the old road for the eight miles between Waterloo and Geneva, and he tried to reassure me by saying that, though somewhat miry, the old road was nevertheless passable and, as he himself was bound for Geneva and knew the road well, all I had to do was to follow his tail-light. That red tail-light gleaming dimly in the blackness before me was my guidance and my salvation over those terrible eight miles of rain-soaked clay road that night. Without its help, I never could have kept the road and, even with its assistance, I yet wonder how I got through.

The climax of the perils of the night came just as we were crossing some railroad tracks on the outskirts of Geneva. I knew nothing about them and, of course,

could see nothing and had taken no precautions to be on the lookout for any possible train. It was not until I felt the wheels passing over the rails that I realized that there might be danger. Hastily pushing aside the car curtain, I looked out. There, not more than fifteen feet away, I dimly saw the end of a freight car moving down upon me. Evidently a train, or a section of one, was being backed down the track. The engineer was, perhaps, ringing his bell, it may be was giving frequent blasts from his whistle, somewhere in yonder inky blackness, but the dashing of the rain and the howling of the wind drowned all other sounds. I pressed down on the accelerator and my car shot off the track. We had escaped, but by how close a margin I do not know. The next morning I read in the newspaper how just about the same hour, and within twenty miles of where we had had our escape, an express train had struck an automobile containing a family of five persons, killing two and injuring seriously the others.

We reached Clifton Springs shortly after midnight. A beautiful trip, it had been, until marred by the storm. A visit to one of the finest beauty-spots of the East and two near-accidents summed up our experiences of the day.

The next morning dawned bright and with cloudless sky. It was nine o'clock before we got off, going back to Waterloo, but by a different route from the one followed the night before. From Waterloo we proceeded to Seneca Falls, thence down the east side of Cayuga Lake for a considerable distance, then across the dividing ridge of land to Owasco Lake, made a circuit of its northern end, drove down its eastern side a few miles, turned eastward again to Skaneateles Lake, rounded its northern end in

much the same way as we had done in the case of Owasco, and then we struck off southward along the lake shore in the direction of Homer and Cortland.

For hours that day we were within sight of one or another of the Finger Lakes, and sometimes we could see two of them. The scenery was very pretty, the quiet and dreamy pastoral type of prettiness, with rolling uplands separating lake from lake, all under a high state of cultivation, with nowhere an acre of waste ground. Although there was a sameness in the views that we everywhere had of neatly kept farms, green groves and lake backgrounds, yet there was such an infinite variety in the grouping of the features of the landscapes as to make them not in the least monotonous. Perhaps the most picturesque scenery of the day was along the twenty-four miles between the villages of Skaneateles and Homer, part of the way along a range of heights overlooking Skaneateles Lake and then through a valley flanked on either side by lofty hills. I think that this particular valley is altogether the prettiest one that we saw on our tour of the Finger Lakes. True, there was no longer any lake to add to the charm of the background; but this element of beauty was not needed. The valley itself, with the gently sloping hills that walled it in, the fields of waving grain, the dark green of the orchards alternating with the lighter greens of the groves of woodland, the red barns and the white farm dwellings, these in themselves were enough to make a perfect pastoral landscape.

At Homer, we were on the eastern border of the Finger Lake district, and our tour of that picturesque and delightful country could be considered as finished.

CHAPTER XI

LANDSCAPES AND LEARNING

My favorite route between the Hudson River of the New York section of A Wonderland of the East and the Connecticut River in the New England part of the same begins in Troy, leaves that city by the climb up Hoosic Street, then over the hills, in whose folds slumber Troy's picturesque reservoir lakes, through the villages of Center Brunswick, Pittstown and Potterhill, and thence down into the Hoosac Pass. Some twenty-five miles from Troy, the New York-Vermont state line is crossed. Less than ten miles further, you are in Massachusetts. A few more miles and you are on the famous Mohawk Trail, which winds its curving course up the steep western slope of Hoosac Mountain, east of North Adams, throws the gray ribbon of its roadway over Whitcomb Summit and down the wild precipitous glen of Cold River into Deerfield Valley, and through this to the Connecticut River, which you may reach, as fancy may please you, at Greenfield, South Deerfield or Northampton.

All the way from Troy the scenery is of great attractiveness. There are wide-stretching panoramas of beautiful rolling country between the Hudson and the beginning of the descent into the Hoosac Valley which, in its

COLD RIVER BRIDGE, MOHAWK TRAIL

turn, is far-famed for its lovely landscapes. As for the Mohawk Trail, what motor-tourist is there who does not know that its scenery is unsurpassed in Eastern North America? It is, also, one of the most ancient and historic highways of the continent. For immemorial ages before the coming of the European, this route marked the great trunk-line trail over which passed to and fro the Indian tribes of the Hudson, Mohawk and the Connecticut River valleys on their migratory movements, their hunting excursions and their expeditions of plunder and conquest. The hardy pioneers from the New England coast, later on, used it, climbing and descending the rugged slopes of Hoosac, from the well-nigh impassable character of its trail, called by the Indians "The Forbidden Mountain." Later came the rough stage-coach road and finally, in 1912, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts undertook to build a motor-highway over Hoosac Mountain. The work occupied more than two years and cost approximately three hundred and forty-five thousand dollars.

The road from Troy to the Mohawk Trail is excellent, with the exception of the few miles where it crosses a bit of the southwestern corner of Vermont. Westward from Troy, you can connect with New York's great cross-state trunk-line highway at Schenectady, and, from the eastern portal of the Mohawk Trail, you have a magnificent motor-road all the way to Boston. The best and most scenic route between Buffalo and Boston is the one that I have just described.

So much for road conditions from the Hudson River to the Connecticut. The western part of the Hoosac Valley is sometimes spoken of as the Hoosac Pass, for

it is here that the Hoosac River breaks through the Taconic Range of mountains on its way to join the Hudson. I shall use the latest approved form of spelling the name of these mountains, though any one of several others would answer. In the archives at Albany are found, it is said, fifty different spellings of the word.

The geological story of the Taconics is interesting. Grace Greylock Niles, in her "Hoosac Valley: Its Legends and Its History," devotes a chapter to the subject. On good scientific authority, she avers that, contrary to popular belief, the Taconics are not a part of the Green Mountain system, but differ widely from the latter in structure and have forests that are peculiar to themselves. Granite abounds in the Green Mountains, marble in the Taconics. These latter mountains, now only a ruined fragment of their original size and height, extend from Fishkill-on-the-Hudson to Brandon, Vermont. Their slopes and summits are clothed in forests prevailingly of hardwood, — beech, birch, maple, oak and chestnut. The trees most commonly found on the Green Mountains are pine, hemlock, cedar, and fir, and there are also forests of mixed growth.

Picturesque as are the landscapes which unfold themselves in the Hoosac Pass, at every turn of the road and near-by river, the historical associations give fully as fascinating a charm to this delectable region. Not that the Muse of History has written here in so large a hand as she has in the Mohawk Valley, and the Lake George and Lake Champlain country; but the story of the Hoosac Valley is one of historic men and events, some of these of epic interest.

I have already mentioned the importance of the Mo-

hawk Trail in ante-Columbian ages. The Hoosac Valley and Pass were but a continuation eastward of that famous trail, and shared, to an equal degree, its value as a route of travel. In the French and Indian Wars of the colonial period, and, later, in the Revolution, the Hoosac Valley was the theater of many a thrilling event. No less than ten different forts have occupied the portals of its main war-paths, and forty more have flanked its borders.

Edward Everett, in an address before Williams College, likened the Hoosac Pass to the Pass of Thermopylae. He had reference to the heroic defense of Fort Massachusetts by Sergeant Hawks and a handful of New England yeomen against General Rigaud and his French and Indians, August 19-20, 1746. The fort was situated near the highway between present-day North Adams and Williamstown. All traces of the rudely constructed log fortress have long since disappeared, but its site is marked by an elm tree, planted many years ago by Professor Perry and some of his Williams College students. Every motor-tourist, passing over the splendid concrete Williamstown-North Adams highway, should take heed to note the stately wine-glass elm monument of New England's Thermopylae. Indeed it may be fairly said that Hawks and his little band outdid Leonidas and his Spartans in valorous achievement. The Greeks were three hundred in number, while Hawks and his men were only ten. Yet, for twenty-seven hours of constant fighting, these immortal ten defended their poorly built and ill-equipped defenses against the furious assaults of one thousand foes. Outnumbered one hundred to one, they held out until their

ammunition was reduced to a single round and, even then, surrendered only after the foe had granted them terms of honorable capitulation, terms which, let it be said to the credit of the chivalrous French commander, were faithfully observed.

Among the heroic men associated with the history of Hoosac Valley, none are more picturesque or significant than Colonel Ephraim Williams, Jr., the builder of this same Fort Massachusetts, and, for several years, its commandant. He figures largely and always heroically in the stormy days of the French and Indian Wars, and was killed in the Bloody Morning Scout at Lake George, September 8, 1755. He left his small fortune to found a "Free School" in the Hoosac Valley. This eventually became Williams College, and the town in which it was located was also named Williamstown in his honor. The college students at Williams sing in memory of the founder, and in the honor of Professor Arthur Latham Perry, the historian of Williamstown and Williams College:

> "Oh, here's to the health of Eph. Williams,
> Who founded a school in Billville."
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "And here's to old Fort Massachusetts,
> And here's to the old Mohawk Trail,
> And here's to the historical Perry,
> Who grinds out his sorrowful tale."

The defense of Fort Massachusetts is only the most illustrious of the many illustrious deeds that took place, during the eighteenth century, within the Hoosac Valley. Chief among the other noteworthy events was the

IN THE VALLEY NEAR NORTH POWNAL

gathering of the Western New England militia, in the summer of 1777, among them the redoubtable fighting Parson Allen of Pittsfield, and the march of many of these recruits through the Hoosac Pass and up the steep heights to Bennington to take part in the decisive battle on the near-by hills. Bancroft considered the victory of the Americans at Bennington one of the most heroic and brilliant strokes of the Revolutionary War. In all the glorious achievements on the northern battlefields of the conflict for independence some Hoosac Valley men were present and won for themselves imperishable renown.

One early summer morning, my wife and I made a start from Schenectady, headed towards the summer home, the Ridge Farm, in the mountain and lake country of New Hampshire. Our daybreak get-away enabled us to reach the New York-Vermont boundary line before the long, sunny forenoon was yet half spent. We now began to follow the course of the Hoosac River in its graceful windings through the Taconics. Despite the rough character of Vermont's portion of this great thoroughfare, which necessitated slow and careful driving, we enjoyed the beautiful scenery of the Hoosac Pass. It was a veritable out-of-doors gallery of landscapes that we leisurely motored our course through, that day, all the way from the Hudson to the Connecticut River, an eighty-mile drive that cannot be surpassed for scenic splendor anywhere in A Wonderland of the East, or, in fact, anywhere else.

North Pownal and, three miles beyond, Pownal are picturesquely situated close to the steep slopes of the mountains on the northern side of the valley. As we passed through them, our chief interest consisted in re-

calling their associations with some of the great men of our history. In the brown school-house, still standing at North Pownal, during the winter term of 1852, were two teachers whose lives and fortunes were destined to become closely, even tragically, interwoven. James A. Garfield, while a freshman at Williams College, taught penmanship in the evenings, and Chester A. Arthur, the son of the Baptist clergyman of the place, taught the day school. After President Garfield's assassination in 1881, Vice-President Arthur succeeded him to the Presidency of the United States.

Pownal is the oldest settlement in Vermont, and among the early pioneers was the Westinghouse family of whom the celebrated George Westinghouse of electrical and manufacturing fame is a descendant. James Fiske, Jr., the great financier and "The Prince of Erie," was born in Pownal.

From Pownal on to Williamstown we found the road much better than it had been through Vermont, and the scenery became increasingly grand and majestic, the dominating feature being the Greylock range or cluster of summits, straight ahead of us, with the spires and towers of finely situated Williamstown, "the village beautiful," as its people love to call it, rising above the green foliage of the trees in the foreground. Soon we were climbing the steep grade that leads to the intersection of North and Main Streets, with the pretty village park on our right hand, and on our left, the pride of the town, the sixteen-rod-wide Main Street, more like a long, narrow, beautiful park than a street, with four rows of great, outspreading elms running the full length of it and on either side the stately buildings of

Williams College, their facades and roofs partly visible through the openings among the trees. The entire village, indeed, is embowered in a splendid overarching canopy of green that enhances the beauty of its wide streets and the quiet, restful dignity of its many lovely homes.

The town spreads over the top and slopes of a low hill that rises almost in the center of a broad, bowl-shaped valley, with a high rim of purple mountains almost entirely encircling it.

"I had a view of Williamstown," writes Hawthorne in his "American Notes," "from Greylock summit, a white village and a steeple in a gradual hollow with huge mountain swells heaving up like immense subsiding waves far and wide around it." Elsewhere, Hawthorne calls the beautiful college town "a day-dream to look at."

As the mountains round about Jerusalem, so are the mountains round about Williamstown, making it, like the Mount Zion of old, beautiful for situation, the joy of all beholders. The fascination seizes upon every one. President Garfield spoke often of the influence which mountain-encircled Williamstown had had upon his life, and Presidents Hayes, McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft and Wilson, when they visited the college, found this "village beautiful" the most charming of towns. It has elicited from scholars and literary men from all parts of the world, who have seen it, the most superlative praise, and poets have sung the quiet loveliness of it and the wonder of its glorious mountains. The favorite song of the Williams College students has the mountains for its theme:

"O, proudly rise the monarchs of our mountain land,
With their kingly forest robes to the sky,
Where Alma Mater dwelleth with her chosen band,
Where the peaceful river floweth gently by.

"The Mountains! the Mountains! we greet them with a song,
Whose echoes rebounding their woodland heights along,
Shall mingle with the anthems that winds and fountains sing,
'Til hill and valley gaily, gaily ring."

Most striking of all that has been said about Williamstown are the words, written many years ago, by President McCosh of Princeton College. "I have been to Williamstown," he writes. "It is placed on a knoll in the heart of a capacious hollow, surrounded with imposing mountains. It struck me as a spot where the last judgment might be held, with the universe assembled on the slopes of the encircling hills."

We had visited Williamstown several times already, had looked through the beautiful Gothic Thompson Memorial Chapel, with its superb windows, and some others of the more important college buildings, and we now contented ourselves with a visit to the Haystack Monument in Mission Park, adjoining the college campus behind the chapel. This monument is unique, the only one in the world that commemorates a prayer meeting. On a pedestal rests a huge marble world, on which the five continents are traced in outline, and beneath is the inscription: "The Field is the World." Here, in 1806, Samuel J. Mills, Jr., and four classmates held a prayer meeting, dedicating themselves to the work of carrying the gospel to the heathen world. This was the birth of Foreign Missions in America. To what marvelous magnitude the work, here begun, has since grown, every in-

THOMPSON MEMORIAL CHAPEL, WILLIAMS COLLEGE

telligent American knows. The Haystack Monument has become a Mecca among religiously minded people all over the world and is annually visited by thousands.

The beginning of the great modern movement to Christianize the world is, perhaps, the chief glory associated with Williams College, but it is not the only one. The institution has been prolific in the production of great men, William Cullen Bryant, Mark Hopkins, David Dudley Field, William Dwight Whitney, John Bascom and James Abram Garfield, to mention only a half-dozen of the many Williams College graduates who have achieved national and international renown.

Mark Hopkins, for thirty-six years president of the college, was the greatest educator of his generation in America, indeed, one of the greatest teachers of any age or nation. It was of him that President James A. Garfield said: "Give me a simple cabin with a log inside, Mark Hopkins sitting upon one end of the log and myself upon the other, and that is college enough for me." During the period of more than a generation that Mark Hopkins was at Williams, no graduate of the college went forth into the world that did not, in some measure, bear in himself the impress of the great teacher-president, and thus the influence of this master personality was diffused among well-nigh every people of the earth. The Centennial of Williams College was celebrated October 8, 1893. Dr. Washington Gladden read a poem in which he says:

"A hundred years their gifts have brought
To crown the work that day begun;
And flames off this altar caught
Light every land beneath the sun."

Nay, there were two altars, the haystack, in the shelter of which Mills and his classmates knelt in prayer, and the recitation-room rostrum of Mark Hopkins.

It is five and a half miles from Williamstown to North Adams. About two miles beyond the latter place the climb up the face of Hoosac Mountain begins. The grade is not over seven and a half per cent, and the elevation attained at Whitcomb Summit is nearly twenty-three hundred feet above sea-level. From the iron observation tower parts of five states are visible, but to say this conveys nothing of the grandeur of the cycloramic landscape presented to the beholder. It must be seen in order to be understood; it cannot be described in its most significant features, and I shall not attempt to do so further than to say that nowhere else in New England, excepting from the top of Greylock Mountain, is there anything quite so grandly beautiful as the sweeping views that you have from this observation tower and from different points along the highway that traverses the summit plateau before you begin to descend into the Deerfield Valley through the most romantically picturesque glen accessible to motor-tourists east of the Rocky Mountains.

Twelve hundred and more feet beneath the highest point on the Mohawk Trail runs another great highway for four and three-fourths miles through the rocky heart of Hoosac Mountain, the celebrated Hoosac Tunnel, one of the world's wonders in engineering. The story of this mammoth enterprise reads like a romance. After nineteen years spent in the work of excavation, which was carried on simultaneously from both ends of the tunnel, the two drilling parties met in the center of

the mountain on Thanksgiving Day, November 27, 1873. So accurate had been the calculations of the engineers that, when the final blast broke away the last barrier of rock, it was found that a variation of only five-sixteenths of an inch existed between the two headings. Passenger trains began making regular runs through the tunnel in the autumn of 1876. The work of construction had cost over twenty million dollars and one hundred and ninety-six lives. The line of the tunnel is marked by telegraph poles over Hoosac Mountain that may be observed from the Mohawk Trail.

We stopped to eat our noonday lunch in the shade of some trees near a little cluster of houses some distance beyond Whitcomb's Summit, but still on the higher section of the plateau-shaped mountain-top. While we were eating, we were the witnesses of an automobile accident that narrowly escaped fatal results. We observed a small Chevrolet car, with a man and a young woman in it, coming up the road from the hamlet at a rapid rate of speed. Just opposite us, the driver suddenly lost control of the machine, which dashed off the road and crashed into a tree. So violent was the impact that the gasoline tank was torn from its position under the front seat and flung a half-dozen feet beyond the tree. The whole car was crumpled up into a mass of broken and twisted iron. Strange to relate, the driver, an Italian, escaped injury, for he was able to run away and, while we remained at the scene of the accident, no one could locate him. The young woman had been flung from the car and was seriously hurt, but, though in great pain, remained conscious. Some men from the near-by houses were at the scene of the accident almost

as soon as we were. They placed the woman in the tonneau of my car and I drove her to a dilapidated-looking house back some distance in a field behind the hamlet. It was a sad and dreary-looking place, giving unmistakable evidence of shabby poverty. An aged woman, whom I took to be the mother, gray-haired and unkempt-appearing, stood in the open doorway, regarding our approach with an expression of dull, stolid horror on her worn features. The frightened face of a young girl peered out from the shadows of the dingy interior, and a big, lean dog came shambling forward to meet us. The three coarse-looking men who had placed the young woman in my automobile, and who had supported her while I drove to her home, now bore her gently from the car to the house. As they neared the door, the whole group of these humble folk unconsciously fell into a strikingly artistic pose that could not fail to attract attention, — the three rough but kindly-hearted men that were carrying the moaning victim of the accident, whose face had grown ghastly in her suffering; the horror-stricken old mother in the doorway; the pale, frightened sister in the shadows of the squalid room; the slouching figure of the big dog following his injured mistress to the door; and the drearily dilapidated appearance of yard and house combined to form a setting from which Rembrandt could have painted a world masterpiece.

The shock from the accident which we had witnessed cast a shadow over our spirits which neither the brilliant sunshine of the summer afternoon nor the glorious scenery of the Deerfield Valley had the power to lift. About a mile before reaching Charlemont, we saw a man with

a traveling-bag, who signaled to us to stop. He asked if I would give him a lift to the Charlemont station and try to get him there in time for the Boston train, which was due in exactly three minutes. The train was on time, but my car was there first, and the last we saw of our friend was as he rushed around the railway station, shouting back his thanks to us over his shoulder. About seven miles beyond Charlemont we turned off the trunk-line highway and took a road that would bring us to the Connecticut River at South Deerfield, by the way of Ashfield and Conway.

During the four years that I spent in the Graduate Department of Harvard University, I had taken considerable work, both regular and special, under Professor Charles Eliot Norton, and I had often heard him speak of Ashfield, where he and George William Curtis and other philosophers of our own and foreign lands, including Matthew Arnold, were wont to assemble in summer and hold feasts of reason and high thinking. I wanted to see the place so closely associated with the memory of a revered teacher and master; hence this Ashfield detour.

Conway is the birthplace of one of our great merchant princes, Marshall Field of Chicago, who has honored his parents and enriched his native town by the gift of one of the most exquisitely beautiful little library buildings to be found anywhere. Especially dainty and artistic is the interior of this architectural gem. The Field Memorial Library was my particular reason for stopping at Conway.

The road from South Deerfield to South Hadley leads through the fertile and pleasant intervale bordering both

banks of the Connecticut River between Sugar Loaf and Mt. Tobey on the north and Mt. Holyoke and Mt. Tom to the southward. It is a glorious bit of country, opulent with comfortable-looking homes, heavily freighted orchards and well tilled and luxuriant fields of tobacco and grain. Over all lay the bright splendor of the radiant late afternoon sunshine. I had taken my freshman year at Amherst College, I do not intend to say how long ago. I had not visited Amherst since then, and, as we drove about the campus, I enjoyed myself to the full, seeing again the familiar-looking buildings, little changed from " the days of auld lang syne." Then we resumed our way, passing through the picturesque Holyoke Notch, and just as twilight began to dim the landscape, we halted our car at the entrance to the campus of Mount Holyoke College in South Hadley.

I have had occasion to speak in this chapter and elsewhere in these pages of the unflinching fortitude and heroism with which the men of the eighteenth century in America upheld the highest ideals of human rights. But there were other ideals as dear to their hearts as those of civil liberty. These were religious and intellectual. The church and the school were to them as sacred institutions as was the free state, and, in order to foster religion and to advance the cause of learning, they counted no sacrifice too great, no labor too arduous. With them, the two went hand in hand, and in every New England settlement, the first care was to erect a church and the second to establish a school, often an academy, and not infrequently provision was made looking to the founding of a college. This Puritan passion for religion and learning came over, as a precious in-

heritance to their descendants of the half-century or more following the Revolution. Nowhere is this consuming, all-dominating passion better exemplified than in the founding of the two neighboring institutions, Amherst College for men and Mount Holyoke for women. The former was opened for instruction in 1821, the latter in 1837. The ideals that inspired the founders of both were the same. The earlier Amherst Academy had been dedicated to the promotion of "morality, piety and religion," and the immediate object of the succeeding college was declared by Noah Webster in 1820 to be "that of educating for the gospel ministry young men of indigent circumstances but of hopeful piety."

The motive that inspired Mary Lyon, easily the woman of greatest brain and greatest heart in America in the first half of the nineteenth century, when she founded Mount Holyoke Seminary, was the same promotion, through education, of an intelligent morality, piety and religion, among young women. And to the present day the highest Christian ideals and standards of life have dominated Amherst and Mount Holyoke.

A paramount aim of both institutions has been to bring the advantages of a liberal education within the reach of the poor. "Young men of indigent circumstances," with a proper exercise of thrift and energy, can still find it possible to secure an education at Amherst, and young women in like circumstances find yet to-day the same thing possible at Mount Holyoke. Mary Lyon's ideal in this respect, expressed in her own words, was an institution which should "put within the reach of students of moderate means such opportunities that none can find better." And again: "My heart has

yearned over the young women in the common walks of life till it has sometimes seemed as though a fire was shut up in my bones."

It was the common people, the hard-working men and women "in the common walks of life," who gave of their poverty to found Amherst and Mount Holyoke. Mary Lyon "went from house to house, often on foot, and from town to town over the rugged hills, in winter's cold and summer's heat," to create an interest in the education of girls. A contribution of a few cents encouraged her, of dollars inspired her to more heroic efforts. When her seminary building was taking form, she is remembered as being everywhere about the cherished structure. A workman declared that she saw every single nail that was driven. She had appealed to the common people for help; they had responded according to their slender means, and Mary Lyon was determined that, under her watchful eye, every hard-earned, consecrated dollar should contribute its full value to the purpose to which it had been dedicated.

At Amherst, the support of the same common people had, fifteen years before, found a more picturesque and spectacular expression. When the original college was erected, the people of the village turned out with great enthusiasm to build it. They gave the materials, they did the work with their own hands. Many of them camped on the ground and labored almost day and night. "The scene," we are told, "was more like a romance than a reality. It was only ninety days before the work was done from corner-stone to roof-tree." That building, old South College, is still in service to-day.

After such examples of the passion of the New Eng-

land Puritan for learning, we are ready to believe almost any other recital of the devotion and consecration of the men and women of that generation of plain living and high thinking. Both institutions aspired to give the highest possible education at the lowest possible cost. It seems incredible, but it is true, that, for a number of years, Mount Holyoke gave board, room and tuition for sixty dollars a year, and for a long period the amount was less than twice that sum. Mary Lyon would never accept a salary of more than two hundred dollars a year, and a good share of this found its way back into the work. The trustees raised the salaries of the teachers, but these protested and refused the advance, declaring that the money could be better used in improving the equipment of the institution. Of course, this was sacrifice carried to the *nth* power, but it was nothing more than a full expression of Puritan idealism at its highest and its best. Amherst College and Mount Holyoke College are to-day among the greatest and most honored institutions of learning in America.

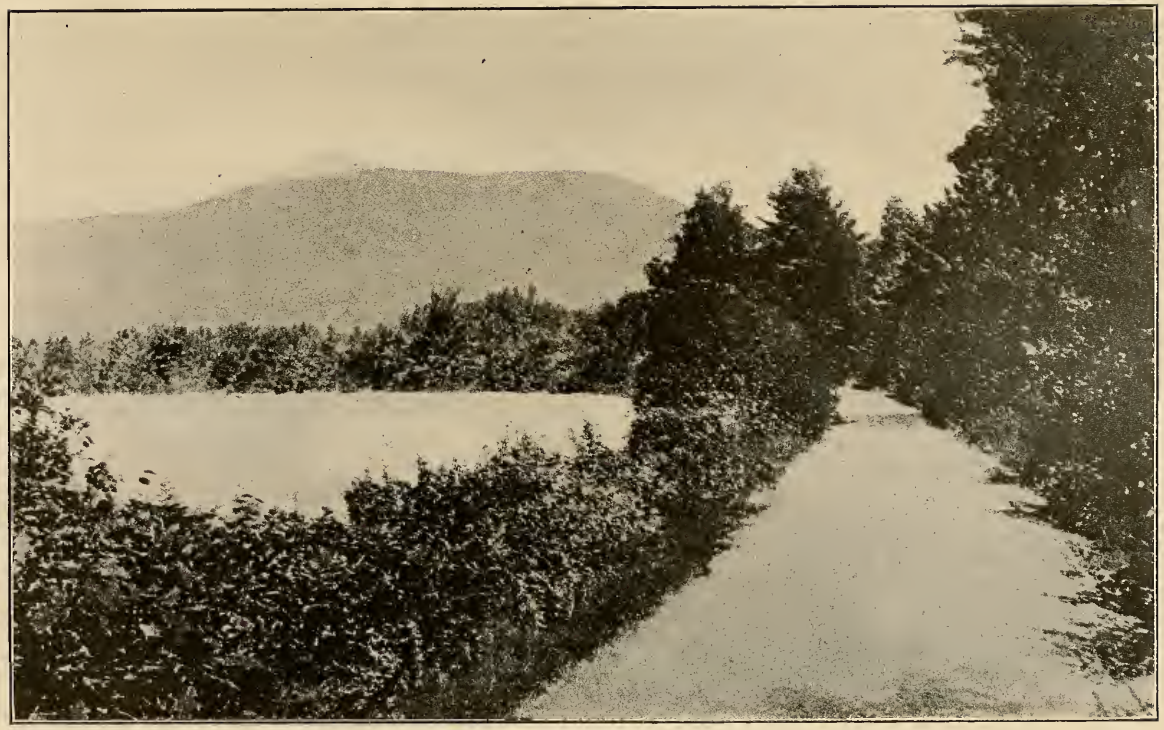
It was such spiritual ideals, such a passion for service and sacrifice that have made America great. The World War has shown that these ideals and this passion have lost none of their power in our schools and colleges. Woe to the day on which they may ever vanish from our country's halls of learning! That day will mark the beginning of our decline and fall as a people.

CHAPTER XII

MOUNTAINS, WHITE AND GREEN

From South Hadley we had proceeded to Worcester and Lowell, thence down the Merrimac River to Newburyport and along the coast to Portsmouth. From there we turned towards the White Mountains, up the east side trunk-line highway through Dover and Rochester to Sanbornville, where we left the main road and betook ourselves across country towards Wolfeboro on Lake Winnepesaukee. A few weeks of rest and recreation in the summer home, Ridge Farm, on the ridge overlooking pretty Lake Wentworth, and we were ready again for the road. This time, we contemplated a tour of the principal sections of the White Mountains, the southern half of the Green Mountains, and the highland and lake district of Southwestern New Hampshire, with just a little dip into Massachusetts. The tour would take us through some very scenic country, and along the way we would touch some points of great historic interest. We looked forward to the trip with keen anticipation of pleasure.

As usual in setting out on a long tour, we made an early start so as to get over as much ground as possible the first day. We had come the five miles from the Farm, and were on the state road at Sanbornville, by six o'clock. The Portsmouth-Bretton Woods highway



CHOCORUA MOUNTAIN AND LAKE CHOCORUA

is, next to the Merrimac River Boulevard, the most picturesque approach to the White Mountains. It leads you up through the Ossipees, past Chocorua Lake and Mountain, and through the Conways to Glen, prettily situated in the broad intervale that narrows westward towards Crawford Notch and northward in the direction of Pinkham Notch. The mighty Presidential Range, with Mt. Washington as the crowning summit, heaves its huge bulk above both passes, and you can reach the heart of the White Mountain country either way, for there are good roads through both Crawford and Pinkham notches. We chose the latter route because we were planning to return through Crawford Notch.

The most scenic bit of country between Sanbornville and Glen is the region about Lake Chocorua. Here you have a magnificent view of the Sandwich Range, a noble line of lofty peaks, several of them bearing the names of ancient Indian chiefs, Passaconway, Paugus and Chocorua, and, to the left of these, the slide-scarred Whiteface and the huge mass of Sandwich Dome. Chocorua is the easternmost of these peaks. The poet, Whittier, regarded it as the most beautiful mountain in New Hampshire. It is a favorite with artists, and many are the poets who have celebrated it in verse. Thus, Lucy Larcom:

"The pioneer of a great company
That wait behind him, gazing toward the east,
Mighty over all, down to the nameless least,
Hoary Chocorua guards his mystery well,
He pushes back his fellows, lest they hear
The haunting secret he apart must tell
To his lone self, in the sky-silence clear: —
A shadowy cloud-cloaked wraith, with shoulders bowed,
He steals, conspicuous, from the mountain crowd.

John Greenleaf Whittier and Lucy Larcom are to the White Mountains what James Fenimore Cooper is to Otsego Lake and Washington Irving to the Hudson River. Both Whittier and Miss Larcom were ardent lovers of the lake and mountain country of New Hampshire, and the inspiration to much of their best work came to them during their summer sojourns in this beautiful region. In their splendid pictures of this mountain land they have "enriched American poetry with exquisite descriptions of New Hampshire scenery." How exquisitely beautiful some of these descriptions are may be judged from Whittier's lines, picturing the Chocorua country at sunset on Bearcamp River:

"A gold fringe on the purpling hem
Of hills, the river runs,
As down its long, green valley falls
The last of summer's suns.
Along its tawny gravel-bed,
Broad-flowing, swift and still,
As if its meadow levels felt
The hurry of the hill,
Noiseless between its banks of green,
From curve to curve it slips;
The drowsy maple-shadows rest
Like fingers on its lips.

"Touched by a light that hath no name,
A glory never sung,
Aloft on sky and mountain-wall
Are God's great pictures hung.
How changed the summits vast and old!
No longer granite browed,
They melt in rosy mist; the rock
Is softer than the cloud;
The valley holds its breath; no leaf
Of all its elms is twirled;
The silence of eternity
Seems falling on the world."

Mt. Chocorua is associated with a legend of the Indian chieftain whose name it bears. There are several forms of the story, but the one thought to be nearest to historical fact relates how an active supporter of Oliver Cromwell, named Campbell, upon the restoration of the Stuarts, fled to America with his beautiful and high-born wife and his children and sought asylum in the New Hampshire wilderness. The chief of the Pequawkit tribe of Indians, Chocorua, became the friend of the lonely refugees. When the tribe withdrew to Canada, after Lovewell's battle in 1725, Chocorua refused to go with them, but continued to live between the lake and the mountain, both of which to-day bear his name. He had a son in whom all his love and hopes were centered. It happened that Chocorua was called to Canada to a conference with his tribe, then settled near St. Francis. Wishing to spare his son the long journey, he left him in the care of Campbell and his family. One day the Indian boy found a bottle of poison that Campbell had prepared for a fox that was killing his chickens and, with an Indian's curiosity, he drank enough to kill him. On his return from St. Francis, the heart-broken father heard the story of his son's death. He disbelieved it and, secretly in his heart, he charged Campbell with the boy's murder. The savage nature of the chief was aroused and he planned a bloody vengeance. One day, Campbell, on returning from his work in a distant field, found the dead and mutilated bodies of his wife and children on the floor of his log cabin. He tracked Chocorua to the mountain and found him near the summit. The chief drew back, but not with fear, as the muzzle of the avenger's rifle touched his naked breast. There was

a deadly purpose in the white man's eyes as he forced the chieftain, step by step, back to the highest point of the mountain.

"Chocorua will go no further," said the Indian haughtily.

"Die, then, like a dog, thou destroyer of my family. I have been in your wigwam and have counted their scalps, the mother's and those of her little ones. I have tracked you to this mountain-top. Now shall you die by my hand."

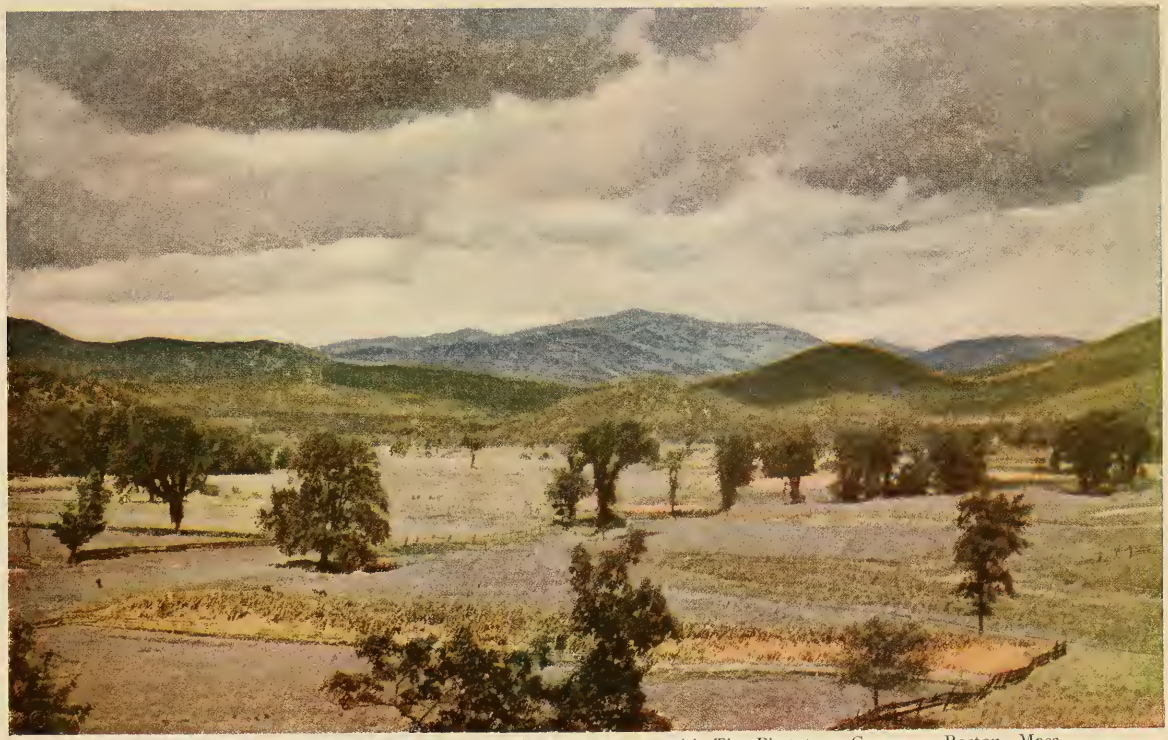
Chocorua saw no escape. He knew that his last moment had come. The savage heroism of his race filled his heart. Like a statue of bronze upon the mighty pedestal of the mountain that was henceforth to bear his name, he stood proudly defiant, the black eagle plume in his scalp-lock fluttering in the breeze. Drawing himself to his full height and raising his bare arm with a gesture of superb disdain, he exclaimed:

"Chocorua had a son and the paleface killed him while the sky looked bright. Chocorua, also, will die and go to his son. He laughs at death. Go, tell your people that Chocorua died like a chief."

The Indian turned, uttering the ancient war-cry of his tribe, and, rushing to the brink of the precipice, he leaped into the unfathomable abyss below.

The scenery from Lake Chocorua on to Glen is beautiful. As the Sandwich Range drops behind you, the great Presidential Range, the culminating mass of the whole White Mountain system, draws nearer, as if coming forward to meet you. What a wonderful fascination the sight of mountains has for the lover of the sublime in nature! As some one has said: "No one

The Presidential Range, from Intervale.



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can pretend to analyze the sensation produced by looking at mountains. The bare thought of them causes a flutter of enthusiasm."

Unfortunately for us, just as we arrived at a point where we should have had a magnificent sweep of the great northern peaks, the whole line of them gathered about their heads and shoulders fleecy mantles and stoles of pearl gray clouds, through the folds of which peered the rocky summits like the countenances of cowled monks. Then these soaring great stone faces also disappeared, and there remained to our sight only the mighty bases and titanic out-jutting props from the waist down, so to speak, to the feet.

For the remainder of the day it was a disappointing succession of "should-have-hads." As we passed through Pinkham Notch we should have had the most striking view of Mt. Washington to be had anywhere in the White Mountains. As we passed up from Gorham to Lancaster, a wonderful drive of twenty-five miles, we should have had, in addition to splendid vistas of the towering monarchs of the Presidential Range to the left and of Mt. Starr King and adjacent peaks on our right, the famous twenty-five-mile mountain view at Jefferson. As we passed from Lancaster to Bethlehem, we should have had broad landscapes of the lovely Ammonoosuc River Valley, fringed with the whole encircling chain of summits, from Mt. Hayes, overshadowing Gorham on the northeast, to Mt. Moosilauke, the southwestern-most sentinel of the whole area of the White Mountain land.

We should have had all this wonderful wealth of bewildering beauty unrolled to us in a succession of stu-

pendous peaks, wildly savage ravines splitting the steep mountain walls, undulating valleys overhung with the draperies of the forests clinging to the tops of beetling precipices, and filled with alternating shadow and sunshine. We should have had the sheen and sparkle of winding waters fed by cascades leaping down shaggy slopes, or falling like soft, filmy bridal veils from the dizzy heights of craggy ledges. All this we should have had and had not. A pall of low-hanging clouds lay heavily over this world of beauty, occasionally lifting just sufficiently to give us tantalizing glimpses, and then swiftly falling again as might fall a theater curtain upon some stage scene, too tensely posed and transitory for more than a moment's showing. We comforted ourselves with the reflection that, on our returning way, we should again pass within hailing distance of some of these scenes, and we hoped it would be beneath clear skies. In this, our hope was not disappointed, as I shall have occasion to relate further on. Down the Ammonoosuc to near its junction with the Connecticut, and thence down that river to the old academic town of Hanover made up the remainder of the day's run.

I have touched but lightly on this journey, but let no motor-tourist think that, under favorable weather conditions, the route which we had followed is not worth while. As a matter of fact, it is one of the most grandly scenic trips that the White Mountain country affords.

I love college towns. There is, for me, a fascination in their quiet dignity and intellectual atmosphere and traditions. Many of them are beautiful places, the sort of town in which you would like to live. Such a town is Hanover, wholly a residential village, picturesquely

situated on the east bank of the Connecticut River, here a real river in size. Hanover has not the glorious mountain setting such as makes Williamstown an earthly paradise, nor has the Dartmouth College campus the wide, sweeping outlook which makes the Cornell campus the most beautiful in America; but Hanover and its college grounds are, both of them, neat and pretty and, in the interest and the romance of its history, few institutions of learning in America, not even the Amherst and the Mount Holyoke of the last chapter, surpass Dartmouth College.

Dartmouth is among the oldest of the New England colleges, the date of its foundation being assigned to the year 1769. By a rather odd coincidence, just as I am penning this account of this old institution, October 17, 1919, her alumni and friends are gathering at Hanover to celebrate her one-hundred and fiftieth anniversary.

The college was the outgrowth of Moor's Indian Charity School, which the Rev. Eleazar Wheelock established at Lebanon, Connecticut, in 1754. One of Dr. Wheelock's students, Samson Occom, an Indian preacher, made, in 1765, a tour of England and Scotland for the purpose of awakening interest in the school and securing funds for its maintenance. He was successful in making many wealthy and influential friends for the school, among them the Earl of Dartmouth, who became the president of a board of trustees to administer the endowment of ten thousand pounds which Occom had been instrumental in securing.

Meanwhile the school had become a powerful influence in the American colonies in educating the sons of Indian chiefs and bringing about their conversion to

the Christian faith. Among Dr. Wheelock's students were some of the half-breed sons of Sir William Johnson of the Mohawk Valley, and, destined to become the most famous of all, Joseph Brant, Sir William's Indian brother-in-law. In after years, Brant sent two of his sons, from the home of his exile in Canada, to Hanover to study under the son of his own old teacher, Dr. John Wheelock, then president of Dartmouth College.

The successful campaign of Occom, in England and Scotland, for an endowment, coupled with gifts received from private individuals and from the General Courts of Massachusetts Bay and of New Hampshire, led Dr. Wheelock to enlarge the purpose of his school in order to reach "a greater proportion of English youths," and, for this purpose, he decided to move his school to a more central point. The place finally chosen was the township of Hanover in the Province of New Hampshire, because, as Dr. Wheelock declared, Hanover was the natural center of "more than two hundred towns, chartered, settled or about to be settled." It may be said, in passing, that the greater part of these towns fell under the last category, "about to be settled." The school took the name of its great English patron and received its charter as Dartmouth College. We are told that the institution came up the Connecticut River Valley from Lebanon to Hanover in a rough wagon drawn by an ox team. Think of it, ye university presidents of the twentieth century! the migration of an entire college, — equipment, president, faculty and students, — for more than two hundred miles through a well-nigh trackless wilderness, behind one ox team! For his first college building at Hanover, Dr. Wheelock helped to

fell trees from the pine forest that then covered the plain, and with them to build a log hall of learning.

But Dartmouth's chief claim to historical distinction grows out of the famous "Dartmouth College Case," perhaps the most important suit that has ever come before any American court of law. Dissensions had arisen among those in management of the college, the matter was dragged into politics, with the result that the state stepped in and took possession of the institution. The original board of trustees brought action against the State of New Hampshire to recover control. The lawyers engaged on both sides were among the ablest of the American bar of that day. The great Daniel Webster was the counsel for the trustees, when the case finally came up before the United States Supreme Court at Washington, Chief Justice Marshall presiding, March 10, 1818.

Webster's speech on this occasion was one of his greatest, a masterpiece of forensic eloquence, fit to be ranked with the best orations of Demosthenes, of Cicero, of Pitt, of Mirabeau or of Gladstone. Webster had graduated from Dartmouth in 1801, and was then in the prime of his matchless power, a power that no other orator of the nineteenth century ever equaled. His whole heart, mind and soul were in the cause of his beloved Alma Mater. Beginning in a calm tone of easy and dignified conversation, for more than four hours he went on with a chain of reasoning so easy to be understood that he seemed to carry with him every man in his audience. He contended that the acts of the State of New Hampshire were invalid and repugnant to both the State and the Federal Constitution. He showed that, if

these acts were allowed, then no institution, founded for particular uses by private persons, would be safe if State Legislatures were allowed to take what was not their own and to turn it from its original use and purpose. Here, indeed, was the kernel of the entire contention, and it is this that has made the Dartmouth Case the most referred-to decision in the whole annals of American jurisprudence. "It is the case," Webster declared,[1] "not merely of that humble institution (Dartmouth College); it is the case of every college in our land. It is more. It is the case of every eleemosynary institution throughout our country, of all those great charities founded by the piety of our ancestors to alleviate human misery and to scatter blessings along the pathway of human life. It is more. It is, in some sense, the case of every man who has property of which he may be stripped."

When the speaker came to his peroration, in which he dwelt upon the institution in whose defense his whole argument had been made, his feelings broke forth. An eye-witness thus describes the scene: "Mr. Webster's lips trembled, his firm cheeks quivered with emotion, his eyes filled with tears, his voice choked and he seemed struggling to the utmost to gain the mastery over himself which might save him from an unmanly burst of feeling. Every one saw that it was wholly unpremeditated, a pressure on his heart that sought relief in words and tears. The court presented an extraordinary spectacle. Chief Justice Marshall, his tall, gaunt figure bent over as if to catch the slightest whisper, the deep furrows of his

[1] From Lee's "World Orators," courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers.

cheek expanded with emotion and his eyes suffused with tears; Mr. Justice Washington, at his side, leaning forward with an eager, troubled look; Judge Story, pen in hand, as if to take notes, but taking none; the remainder of the judges pressing, as it were, forward to a single point, while the audience below gathered round in closer folds beneath the bench to catch each look and every movement of the man who, after making such an argument, had melted into the tenderness of a child."

As soon as Webster had gained his composure, he proceeded with his peroration, in itself a masterpiece of emotional eloquence. He fixed his keen eyes on Chief Justice Marshall's face and, in the deep, rich tones that always thrilled his audiences, he spoke his concluding words:

"Sir, you may destroy this little institution; it is weak; it is in your hands. I know that it is one of the lesser lights in the literary horizon of our country. You may put it out; but, if you do, you must carry through your work. You must extinguish, one after another, all those great lights of science which, for more than a century, have thrown their radiance over the land. It is, Sir, as I have said, a small college, and yet there are those that love it. Sir, I know not how others may feel, but, for myself, when I see my Alma Mater surrounded, like Caesar in the Senate House, by those who are reiterating stab upon stab, I would not, for this right hand, have her turn to me and say: 'Et tu quoque, mi fili! — And thou too, my son!'"

February 2, 1819, Chief Justice Marshall, after a delay of nearly a year, announced the decision of the court, sustaining the college.

The Dartmouth buildings are unusually substantial, costly and beautiful for a small college, but the campus is not large enough and gives the whole a crowded effect. The auditorium, Webster Hall, built by the alumni, and named, of course, in honor of Dartmouth's greatest alumnus, struck me as particularly fine. It is devoted, among other purposes, " To preserve the honorable and inspiring traditions of the college, to bring our illustrious dead into daily fellowship with the living, to quicken within us the sense of a common inheritance, to enlarge our knowledge of men and of the world through the spoken word, to give us contact with one another, of each with all and of all with those who represent the interests, the intellectual wealth and the moral necessities of the world."

Every college and university in America should have a building devoted to such high purposes as these.

The clouds that had overshadowed us all day long, during the night broke into a heavy downpour of rain, but the morning dawned bright and beautiful, with not a cloud in the sky. The atmosphere, after the cleansing showers, was brilliantly clear and we knew that we were going to be favored with a glorious day for sightseeing.

One of Vermont's principal highways traverses the state from north to south through Burlington, Vergennes and Rutland, terminating at Bennington. There are several ways of reaching this highway from the Connecticut River, the most central one of which is the White River Junction-Rutland road, which winds up the valley of the Ottaquechee River, climbs over the mountains between Sherburne and Mendon, and descends into

THE OTTAQUECHEE VALLEY

Rutland, one of Vermont's busiest and most prosperous towns, and the center of the greatest marble-producing section in the world. Travelers, familiar with all the cross-state highways, declare the above described route as the most scenic of all, going so far as to claim that, in the wild beauty of its gorges, and in the sweep of view afforded from its heights, it is altogether the equal of the more widely known Mohawk Trail. There has been an effort to popularize for it a distinctive name, "The Green Mountain Highway."

It was over the Green Mountain Highway that we proceeded from White River Junction, five and a half miles below Hanover, to Rutland. I shall not go so far as to say it is the peer of the Mohawk Trail, but I have no hesitation in pronouncing it, far and away, the most picturesque motor-highway in Southern Vermont. There are places where the Ottaquechee Valley, beautiful and romantic along its whole course, contracts, becoming a real canyon in the Western sense of the word. The fronting walls of heights overhang the narrow floor of the valley, which at times is scarcely wide enough for road and river. The former is frequently crowded up against the cliffs, and the latter, white with foam, dashes on its complaining way down the rough, rocky channel which, in the long ages of its headlong course, it has worn for itself.

As we gained the divide that separates the streams flowing eastward into the Connecticut River and the headsprings of the waters of the Lake Champlain-Hudson River valleys, we began to get commanding views of a wonderful extent of mountain ranges and deep and verdant glades. A far-off level plain that stretched

away to the shores of Lake Champlain could be clearly discerned through the notches of the hills. The climb up Sherburne Mountain to an elevation of approximately twelve hundred feet is by a gradual grade and, though the road was soft from the heavy showers of the night before, my Jordan experienced no difficulty in making the ascent. The prospect from the top is a compensating one, embracing a vast expanse of mountain and valley country, with the fringe of the distant Adirondacks as the western sky-line. Nearer at hand, Killington Peak, the second highest mountain in Vermont, lifts its lordly summit above all its surrounding fellow peaks. There is a multitude of these, heaving and swelling in long, undulating lines away to the northward. Encircling Killington, like a ring of guardsmen, is a cluster of summits almost equaling in height Killington himself. His elevation is 4,241 feet, but Little Killington is 3,951, Pico Peak 3,967, Mendon Peak 3,837, and Shrewsbury Peak 3,737. This is, beyond all other districts of like area, the mountain region of Vermont, the neighboring township of Chittenden alone having fifty peaks over two thousand feet high.

We had driven slowly in order to enjoy the scenery, and it had taken us three and a half hours to cover the forty-five miles between White River Junction and Rutland. We stopped here only long enough to replenish our gasoline tank and to lay in a supply of "eats" for our lunch, still an hour distant.

There is a little circular tour from Rutland that I strongly advise all motor-tourists, unfamiliar with Western Vermont, to take. To fail to take it is to miss some of the finest lake and hill scenery of the state. I have

LAKE DUNMORE

been over the route twice and, therefore, speak from personal knowledge. Go north on the Burlington road as far as Middlebury, thirty-three miles, not forgetting to turn aside at Salisbury for a short side trip to Lake Dunmore, one of the most beautiful of all the lakes of New England. Around its lovely shores are laid many of the scenes in the famous story, "The Green Mountain Boys." Brandon, through which you pass on your northward way, is an exquisitely pretty village, and Middlebury is quite as fine, with the added dignity of being an academic town, the campus and marble buildings of Middlebury College being beautifully situated on an elevation in the west outskirts of the village. From Middlebury your road is southward, in places, along a ridge of hills, with superb views of the Champlain Valley and the Adirondacks westward and, toward the east the Green Mountains. You pass through Sudbury, with its one long, shady street and, a mile further on, you can spend the night, or merely lunch, at Hyde Manor, a delightful hostelry that has dispensed hospitality to five generations of travelers. You are now in what is known as "The Rutland Lake Region," and the scenery is delightful. The road runs near to the shores of Lakes Beebe, Hortonia and Bomoseen, the last the largest lake situated wholly in Vermont. Surrounded by hills and mountains, its western shore overhung by cliffs, Lake Bomoseen is very attractive and is far-famed as a summer resort.

At Castleton Corners, thirty miles from Middlebury, you turn eastward and a drive of thirteen miles through a beautiful gap in the mountains brings you back to Rutland, your round trip having approximated seventy-

six miles, exclusive of the short side tour to Lake Dunmore, an easy day's run, with ample time for sight-seeing by the way, and something exceptionally worth while.

The fifty-eight miles from Rutland to Bennington is over a road that skirts the base of a high range of mountains which, as already noted in the last chapter, belong, geologically, not to the Green Mountain system at all, but to the Taconic formation. The real Green Mountains lie off to the east, where they form a long rampart of softly rounded summits, hemming in, on its eastern border, a broad, deep valley of low hills and lesser valleys between us and them. We stopped and ate our lunch on the top of a broad, flat rock by the wayside, and, while we ate, our eyes had, likewise, their feast of league upon league, north and south, of the great wide valley that I have just been describing.

Manchester-in-the-Mountains is the star town on this route, a summer resort known all over Eastern North America, particularly among golf enthusiasts; for Manchester has one of the most celebrated golf links in the United States, and hither come annually the greatest players of the country to contend with one another for championship honors. Over the town towers Mt. Equinox, nearly four thousand feet high, and there are beautiful drives and views in all directions. The village has all the distinguishing marks of a fashionably aristocratic resort, elegant summer residences, imposing hotels and a long shady avenue with a broad thoroughfare and marble walks.

Bennington had, for me, however, greater attractions than fashionable Manchester. Here was history, vol-

MT. EQUINOX AND THE BATTENKILL RIVER, FROM NEAR ARLINGTON, VT.

umes of it, written into the lofty Battle Monument and into the Catamount Monument near by. I have already described the view from the top of the former. We stopped for a short time here, and how I longed to climb the three hundred feet of its height and revel in the wonderful cycloramic prospect! But my infirm feet that in years agone had gaily scaled Alps of Europe, lofty mountains of Japan and rock pinnacles in Colorado's Garden of the Gods, said no, and so it was by proxy that I had the view. My wife went to the top. Fortunately the previous night of rain had washed the atmosphere clear of all mist and haze and the view was at its best.

Any motor-tourist arriving at Bennington and wishing to proceed to the Connecticut River will do well either to go to Manchester and then, turning east, go over Peru Mountain and thence by either one of three routes to the Connecticut, or, better yet, pass over the hills by a picturesquely beautiful road to Williamstown and thence over the Mohawk Trail to the Connecticut River. In any case, let him avoid the direct cross-state highway from Bennington to Brattleboro. The road conditions are none of the best and the scenery is about the poorest of any mountain route in Our Wonderland of the East. The distance, however, is much less than by either of the other routes suggested, and this is the only redeeming feature of forty-two miles of a narrow, winding road, for the most part, through a desolate region of abandoned farms and decaying hamlets, with few views of any value, but with long stretches of wooded country where, for miles, the forest crowds in on the road from both sides, making any out-

look impossible. It was with a sigh of relief that we drove into the pretty streets of Brattleboro just about an hour before sunset.

We had been looking for a place to camp before reaching town, but had found none that just satisfied us. There was nothing for it now but to drive on until we came across a suitable location. Taking the highway that ran down the west side of the Connecticut River, we came upon a promising place some three miles below Brattleboro. It was a farmer's orchard. Answering my wife's knock, a little, timid-looking old lady came to the door. Could we drive our car into the orchard and put up our tent for the night? A look of perplexity and distress overspread the little old lady's countenance. It was evident that she wanted to be hospitable but — she might not be entertaining angels unawares.

"Yes. Oh, yes. I guess so," she finally acceded in a tone of weak reluctance. She hesitated again, and then more in mild entreaty than in mandatory prohibition: "You won't go into the corn, will you?"

The humor of this was too much, yet how was the kindly intentioned, good old dear to know? But we flatly declined to take upon our souls the sin of keeping her awake all night watching us and her cornfield. About a mile further down the road, a still better site came into view, a big, fine farmhouse and its group of outbuildings a good distance back from the road and, in front, two or more acres of elm trees, a grove of great, big, wide-topped beauties, and, underneath them, a thick green carpet of velvety sward. Again, could we drive in under the trees and put up our tent for the night? The plump, good-looking housewife smiled:

"Of course, drive in. That place down there in the corner will be just fine."

It was "just fine" and on it quickly arose "Camp Under-the-Elms."

CHAPTER XIII

OVER THE HILLS TO THE MERRIMAC — THE PEMIGEWASSET AND UPPER AMMONOOSUC AND SACO VALLEYS

THE location of Camp Under-the-Elms was so altogether delightful that when, after supper, it started in to rain, and the drippings from the over-hanging trees began pattering on the roof of our tent, we decided that, should the morrow prove to be cloudy, we would remain in camp. We had had one day of mist-enshrouded scenery and that was enough. What was the use of burning gasoline in order merely to plow our way through fog-banks?

Morning came and still the rain was with us. We were cozily comfortable and we made up our minds to remain so. So we turned over and slept on. It was high noon that day when we rose from the breakfast table. The rain had ceased, but heavy, trailing clouds were still dragging themselves across the sky and banking up against the hills. By evening, however, they had disappeared; we had a brilliant sunset succeeded by a star-lit night, and the following morning was bright and fair. When motor-touring for days and, perhaps for weeks, at a time, you become a close student of the sky; clouds and fogs are your special subjects of study. You buy the daily newspaper, if you are fortunate enough to

run across a newsstand on your route, not for its reports from the stock market, not for the news even, but to read the weather forecast. You know that your enjoyment for the coming day, or your discomfort and disappointment, are contingent upon the weather even more than upon the roads.

There was every indication of fair weather and we made haste to get away. The crystalline air of the morning brought out clearly all the features of the country about us, the knolls and groves and fields of the broad valley, and the line of hills that enclosed it on either side, their outlines vividly etched against the background of blue sky. It was a pretty, pastoral picture, of the milder type of natural beauty which the eye welcomes as a restful change after a surfeit of the wild, rugged grandeur of mountain scenery.

Our first objective was Northfield, Massachusetts, across the Connecticut River and only seven miles away. The annual session of the General Conference of Christian Workers was in progress, and we stopped long enough to hear a sermon by the celebrated divine, Dr. G. Campbell Morgan of London, England. Northfield is a beautiful town, situated on a plateau above the meadows that here border the east bank of the Connecticut. The Main Street is over two miles long, very wide and shaded by two rows of trees on either side. From different points along this street you have charming glimpses of the lovely river valley below and of the hills beyond. Scenes of tragic events in the old Indian wars and massacres abound, and the places where these occurred are designated by markers.

The greatest man Northfield has given the world is

the well-known evangelist, Dwight L. Moody. His body lies on a spot, chosen by himself, in the midst of the great monuments that he reared in his own lifetime. These monuments are the two schools he founded which now enjoy a nation-wide reputation, the Northfield Seminary for girls and the Mount Hermon School for boys. Both institutions are of the best high school grade. The purpose of the Mount Hermon School is, in Mr. Moody's own words, "to help young men of very limited means to get an education such as would have done me good when I was their age." The intention of the founder is strictly carried out. There are three terms in the school year and the charge for tuition, room and board is one hundred and five dollars for each of these terms of fifteen weeks, less than half the actual cost to the school. But the aim of Mount Hermon is to make an education possible to those who could not otherwise obtain it, and to help those who are earnestly striving to help themselves. The school campus is large and beautifully laid out and commands magnificent views. There are about forty buildings, some of them very fine, and the number is constantly increasing.

From Northfield, our route was northward to Keene, New Hampshire, and thence, still in a northerly direction, up to Newport over what is called the West Side Boulevard, a comparatively new state road. So long as we were in sight of the Connecticut River, the scenery was superb, but along the Ashuelot River, from Keene to Newport, the road lay through a sparsely settled region, winding among hills with sharp curves hidden in the woods. On the whole it is rather uninteresting, very similar to the country between Bennington and Brattle-

boro, of whose desolate character I spoke in the last chapter.

It is remarkable the amount of waste land you see in New England, land absolutely useless for tillage or even pasturage. You can motor for miles over lonely roads through scrubby forests with huge boulders everywhere protruding above the scanty soil covering the solid rock two or three feet below the surface. Here and there, you run across a clearing in the woods, with a poor-looking house and a few still poorer outbuildings. Many of these are deserted, evidence of the abandonment of a hopeless effort to wring a living from the soil.

This question of the abandoned farms of New England has been much discussed during the past quarter of a century. No doubt, the gravity of the situation has been much exaggerated by those who would have us believe that the young people are all moving away from rural New England, the old folks are all dying off and vast areas of country are fast relapsing into the condition of a savage wilderness, strewn with the melancholy ruins of abandoned farm buildings, of broken-down stone fences and of even deserted churches and schools. Now, there is, sad to say, too large an element of truth in this. I have seen such ruined farm buildings, fields covered with wild, worthless growth, once fine stone fences tumbled down, abandoned school-houses and church buildings going fast to decay, and even cemeteries in which trees, larger round than my body, were sending their roots down into graves and overturning tombstones. There are such areas of desolation, but they are not large, nor are they numerous.

To get some official and trustworthy information on

this matter of abandoned farms, I wrote to the Department of Agriculture of each of three New England states. The answers I received from Commissioner Andrew L. Felkner of New Hampshire goes straight to the point. Mr. Felkner wrote:

"In the true sense of the word, I know of no abandoned farms in the state. There are farms, located in certain sections, the owners of which have left them. The buildings, in some instances, are falling down; bushes and wild, worthless stuff are growing thereon. Yet they have not been abandoned, for the owners receive certain revenue from them, either for pasturage or from the sale of the grass which is removed from the farm or for growing timber. Therefore, as I have said, relative to abandoned farms in the state, I know of none in the true sense of the word."

From Newport, we turned eastward for a run of thirty-five miles to Franklin, passing beautiful Sunapee Lake at the apex of the water-shed between the Connecticut and Merrimac rivers. The lake has outlets into both. It is over eleven hundred feet above sea-level, is ten miles long and its shores are encircled with graceful hills, wooded to the water's edge. The Indian name of the lake was *Soo-nipi,* "Wild Goose Water," and, from time immemorial, it has been the resting place of migratory waterfowl, — geese, ducks, etc., — on their way back and forth between their summer home in the Arctic regions and their winter quarters on the Gulf of Mexico. Lake Sunapee is one of New England's most charming inland waters.

There are many other pretty lakes in this highland district of Southwestern New Hampshire. We passed

THE FRANCONIA RANGE, FROM NORTH WOODSTOCK

several of them and caught the silvery flash of others off among the hollows of the beautiful hills. On the shores of one of them, Crystal Lake, we camped for the night. The following day, just before reaching Franklin, we skirted the shores of Lake Webster, named after the great statesman and orator, Daniel Webster, who was born on a farm not far away. Lake Webster seemed to me to be even more picturesque than Sunapee. The road over which we were passing, is cut like a terrace into the steep slopes of the heights bordering the lake on the south, a hundred feet, perhaps, above the water, over which we had beautiful views extending to the southern peaks of the White Mountains, far to the north. To North Woodstock, in the shadow of these peaks, we made our way that afternoon over the fine highway, the Merrimac Boulevard, the exceedingly scenic section of which, between Franklin and Meredith, I shall describe in another chapter.

Meredith is a sort of double gateway to the White Mountains, for from it are two routes, the one, bearing to the right and following the shores of Lake Winnepesaukee through Center Harbor and Moultonboro, thence northward to either Crawford or Pinkham Notch; the other, turning sharply to the left and leading through the beautiful district of the Asquam chain of lakes up to Plymouth and North Woodstock in the Pemigewasset Valley, thence to Franconia Notch. This is the most beautiful of the several beautiful approaches to the White Mountains and is the one I strongly advise every motor-tourist who is taking his first journey to this mountain wonderland to follow. From the time you have your first glimpse of Lake Winnisquam, south of

Winnepesaukee, the splendid Merrimac Boulevard leads you through a world of scenic wonders, culminating in the matchless glories of the mountains and lakelets of the Franconia Notch. Several towns with interesting historical and literary associations are passed through. Plymouth figured prominently in the old Indian wars. Hither in May, 1864, came Nathaniel Hawthorne, accompanied by his college classmate and lifelong friend, Ex-President Franklin Pierce, in the hopeless search of the former for a restoration of health. Here America's great novelist passed away in his sleep, his death not being discovered until several hours afterward.

Hawthorne had done some traveling among the White Mountains and to inspiration, there imbibed, we owe three of his most beautiful tales: "The Great Carbuncle," "The Ambitious Guest," and "The Great Stone Face."

The Pemigewasset Valley and its enclosing mountains were favorite summer haunts of Lucy Larcom and here she wrote some of her best work. Even when far away in her city winter home, the alluring loveliness of river and mountain rise in her mind like a beautiful dream. The name of her dream mountain she refuses, however, to tell.

"I shut my eyes in the snowfall
And dream a dream of the hills,
The sweep of a host of mountains,
The flash of a hundred rills.

"For a moment they crowd my vision;
Then, moving in troops along,
They leave me one still mountain picture,
The murmur of one river's song.

"'Tis the musical Pemigewasset,
That sings to the hemlock trees
Of the pines on the Profile Mountain,
Of the stony Face that sees.

. . . . . .

"Then up comes the radiant morning
To smile on their vigils grand;
Still muffled in cloudy mantles
Do their stately ranges stand.

. . . . . .

"Now rose tints bloom from the purple;
Now the blue climbs over the green;
Now, bright in its bath of sunshine,
The whole grand Shape is seen.

"Is it one or unnumbered summits,—
The Vision so high, so fair,
Hanging over the singing river
In the magical depths of air?

"Ask not the name of my mountain!
Let it rise in its grandeur lone;
Be it one of a mighty thousand,
Or a thousand blent in one."

Twice already I have entered the White Mountain wonderland by the Pemigewasset Valley and the Franconia Notch and I mean, hereafter, always to enter by this sublime portal. One might as well speak of growing weary of Paradise as tiring of this path of glory to the hills.

We stopped by the wayside near Plymouth to eat our lunch. A spring of deliciously cold water from some point up the hillside gushed from a pipe and fell into a

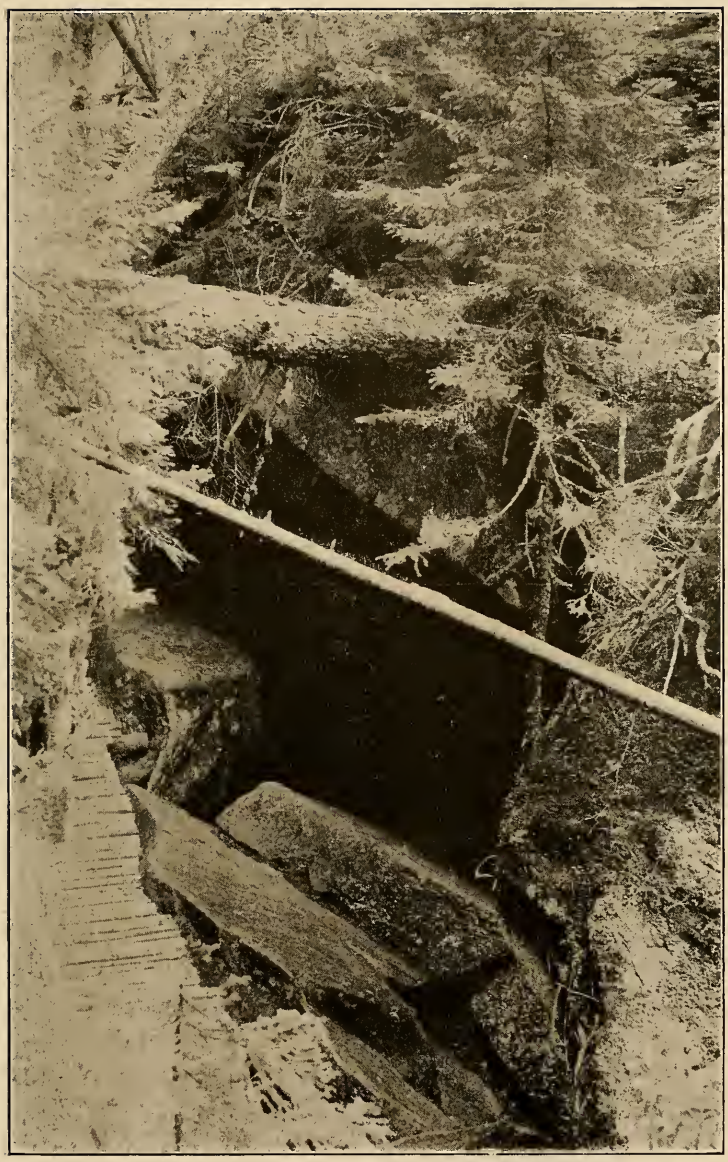
watering-trough. Some one had posted above the spring the following lines:

"Traveler, stay thy weary feet,
Drink from this fountain pure and sweet,
It flows for rich and poor the same;
Then go thy way, remembering still
From the wayside spring beneath the hill,
The cup of water in His name."

Very pretty and appropriate the sentiment, is it not?

We reached North Woodstock in the late afternoon. Here branches off the road to Lost River. Three years ago, when I passed through North Woodstock, I was told of Lost River and advised by no means to go further before making the six-mile side tour necessary to reach it. This time, on stopping at an art store to purchase some photographs, the praises of Lost River were again sung in our ears.

"I was among the first to visit the place some ten years ago," declared the proprietor of the store. "Few knew of Lost River then. It took a whole day to get to it and was just about all your neck was worth at that, so dangerous was the exploration of the caves and waterfalls. Now a fine automobile road has been opened up to it. There is a place to park your car; there are ladders and galleries and pathways so that even ladies can safely and easily see all the points of interest. This summer the weekly number of visitors is sometimes in the hundreds. Do not pass on without visiting Lost River. It is the greatest natural wonder of the White Mountains. All the time, it is becoming more and more popular."



"THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH," LOST RIVER

Of course, we could not pass by such a marvel. We turned into the road, at the entrance of which was the sign "Lost River," drove up the valley of the Moosilauke Branch some three miles, when we came upon a deserted and ruined village, a former lumbering hamlet evidently. The road-bed of a railroad was yet to be seen, some half-rotten ties still in place. The houses, a score or more in number, originally had been substantial in character, all of them frame buildings, but were now fallen into various degrees of decay and ruin. Some had tumbled down into flat heaps of frame timbers and boards. Others had sagged over, their roofs fallen in, and the whole structure too near a complete collapse to make a close exploration of them safe. A few were still erect and in apparently good state of preservation and, with a moderate amount of repairs, might again be habitable. The surroundings of valley, river and enclosing hills were wild and romantic. We noticed near the stream, where were still the ruins of a foot-bridge, a level, grassy space, once probably the front lawn of a house which had practically disappeared save its cellar. We made up our minds to camp here for the night. In the morning, we would visit Lost River.

In the morning we saw that another tent had been put up under the shade of some trees only a short distance from us. The lady of the camp came over to see us and, a little later, I made a call on her husband. We learned that our neighbors were Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Hayward, of Boston. They had been to Lost River the afternoon before and were very enthusiastic over it. They described it to us and, from what they said, I had, to my dismay, to conclude it was no use for me, in my

present physical condition, to dream of going through Lost River. I never could do it. Then, an inspiration came to me. Would not Mr. Hayward write me a description of this wonderful place? Of course he would. In due time I received a charmingly written account of his visit. I am going to put my readers as well as myself under obligation to Mr. Hayward by quoting largely from his description of what he saw. Speaking of the chief attractions of Lost River, Mr. Hayward writes:

"We came to the head of a ladder, went down it, came to another, down that, a short walk on close-laid poles, turned a corner — and were in another world. No green mountain-sides, no sense of elevation. We were underground and under rock, — such immense boulders, enormous ledges, dim light and darkness.

"And ever the plash of running water, sometimes visible as well, more often heard from mysterious distances and gloom. The friendly path, as indicated by the ladders, the bridges, the footprints, wound over and under, in and out, round and about this mighty, tumbled chaos of rock. Occasionally, as our progress brought us nearer the surface, we would round corners where we could look up to the sky and catch glimpses of the verdure-clad slope of the gorge away above us, then downward into twilight again. As the way became more open toward the lower end, the most beautiful ferns and mosses were at our elbows. From the impressive and mysterious to green and beautiful daintiness was a frequently repeated transition.

"You know what a pot-hole is? Imagine standing at the bottom of one and looking up to the top, which you could not reach, were you five times your height, no,

Paradise Falls, Lost River.

Reproduced from an original Phototone Print by arrangement with
The Phototone Company, Boston, Mass.

not if you were ten times as tall! Think of the swirling, sediment-laden waters that, through the ages unnumbered, carved this massive bowl, 'The Giant's Pot-Hole!'

"See 'The Hall of Ships,' where the prow of a dreadnaught is outlined in stone! Go under 'The Guillotine' and wonder what would happen if those tons upon tons of rock should fall upon you! Visit 'Pluto's Judgment Hall' and, in the midst of murky shadows, catch fleeting glimpses of the thin mist of waters which veil his throne! Go into 'The Cave of Silence' and *listen* to the silence! Visit other caves where the dark water comes babbling out of the blackness — babbles but never tells the things it knows! If you are adventurous, go through 'The Lemon Squeezer;' if you are adventurous *and* stout, take the detour!

"And, finally, leave the awe-inspiring mystery of the caverns for the delicate, dainty, lacy beauty of 'Elysian Land' and the lovely 'Paradise Falls.' Standing on the last bridge, and looking up and over where you have just come under, allow your eyes to feast on the rare beauty of the scene, the tumbling water, the tall, straight-trunked trees, their interlaced branches outlined against the sky, the wonderful greenness and freshness of the leaves, the marvelous mosses — in short, the charm of it all!

"You have seen Lost River.

"A friend had told me that, in his opinion, it was the most wonderful thing in all the mountains. And I had thought it only a place where a river plunged out of sight and, three-quarters of a mile away, came to the surface again! Now my friend's opinion is mine.

"I have given you only isolated impressions, for this is my first trip and one would need to go through Lost River many times to gain an orderly sequence of impressions. I'm going again — and again.

J. Frank Hayward."

North Woodstock is the gateway to the White Mountain paradise of the Upper Pemigewasset, Ammonoosuc and Saco valleys. A paradise of the grandest mountain scenery to be found anywhere east of the Mississippi, it surely is. No better proof of such a claim need be given than the number and character of the hotels that give this wonderful region the appearance of one vast hostelry with attendant pleasure-grounds. Where else in the United States, within a like area, can there be found another mountain district with so many hotels, some of them of such immense size and of such luxurious appointments? Take the comparatively small area bounded by North Woodstock on the south, Bethlehem on the west, Jefferson on the north and Bretton Woods on the east, not much larger than a good-sized township, yet notice the number of hotels, their size and character. Bethlehem, alone, has over thirty, an entire village of them. North Woodstock and Franconia have a large number. Then there are those great palatial edifices, frequently with an entire hamlet of cottages connected with them. I mention only a partial list of them, — The Flume House, The Profile House and Cottages, The Maplewood Hotel and Cottages, the Waumbek Hotel and Cottages, the Twin Mountain House, the Fabyan House, the Crawford House, the Mount Pleasant and the Mount Washington, — the last, representing an investment of

about three million dollars, is the finest hotel of its kind in the world. Besides hotels, there are a great number of private homes that do a thriving business in entertaining summer vacationists. There would never, of course, have been put up such a vast number of hotels and boarding-houses had there not been a demand for them by multitudes of tourists and summer sojourners, and the large number of these is sufficient proof of the popularity of the White Mountains as a great playground and sight-seeing center.

On the morning that we left the ruined village on the banks of the Moosilauke, we had before us a beautiful spectacle. There were bands of clouds across the eastern sky and, through the open spaces between, the sun was flinging his rays over the line of summits beyond the Pemigewasset Valley. It must have been such a radiant scene as this that inspired Whittier's lines:

"You should have seen that long hill range
With gaps of brightness riven, —
How through each pass and hollow streamed
The purple light of heaven:

"Rivers of gold-mist flowing down
From far celestial fountains;
The great sun flaming through the rifts
Beyond the wall of mountains!"

It may be safely said that between North Woodstock and Echo Lake lie the most wonderful ten or twelve miles of scenery in the White Mountains. I am going to refrain from any detailed description. It would be easy to heap up a collection of adjectives, applicable to mountains, ravines, lakelets and streams, putting them,

for greater emphasis, in the superlative degree. But the language of prose, however strongly expressed, is inadequate. A writer, who has traveled long and widely, declares that "this is the first place one has ever been where things equal in actuality the pictures one has seen of them. The fact is that the best descriptions of places here are photographs."

I beg to differ. Photographs are to scenery what death-masks are to faces. We are glad that the death-masks of great men have preserved for us their lineaments. From them, the imagination can reconstruct what the once living, soulful features may have been. From the cold, hard, lifeless outlines of a photograph, we may imagine what some radiant landscape, tremulous with light and shadow, or some sparkling river or flashing, wavering waterfall in reality is, and we are thankful to have before us such faithful reproductions of outlines and proportions. But they are not descriptions. Landscape paintings are much nearer being descriptions. In them we can have the colors and the life of natural beauty. But for the best pictures of scenery, for the most adequate and satisfying descriptions, we must go to the poets. I have only to refer to the poems quoted in these pages, in number sufficient to form a sizable little volume on the anthology of A Wonderland of the East. In them we have the most faithful and artistic descriptions, the ones that make the highest appeal to the imagination and best satisfy our love of the beautiful in nature.

A little beyond North Woodstock we saw the Indian Head, the profile of a human face, high up on a craggy mountain brow, with the features of an Indian. We ate

THE INDIAN HEAD, NEAR NORTH WOODSTOCK

our lunch on the shore of Profile Lake, seated on a rustic bench that commanded a splendid view of the Old Man of the Mountain, the most distinctive as it is the most celebrated natural wonder of the White Mountains. Here is the spot, above all other places, to have your Hawthorne with you and, in the presence of those impassive, adamantine features, to read "The Great Stone Face." Another less known yet very remarkable story has, also, this uncanny similitude of the human countenance as its subject. Mr. Frederick W. Kilbourne, in his "Chronicles of the White Mountains," gives a summary of this legendary tale, which came from the pen of Professor Edward Roth and is entitled "Christus Judex."

"The theme is the search of an Italian painter, Casola, for a suitable model of Christ sitting in judgment which he had resolved to paint for the altar-piece of the church in his native town. Having failed, after much seeking to find a satisfactory countenance in the Old World, Casola is much discouraged until he hears from his mother that a dying missionary has told her of having seen a face in the wilderness of America, such as might belong to a judging Christ. Acting upon this report, the painter crosses the sea and has himself conducted to the land of the Abenakis, where the missionary had labored. He finds, among the converted Indians of a village on the Kennebec, some one to guide him to the region of lofty mountains to the westward, where he, at length, attains the object of his search and finds in the Profile the fulfillment of his conception of ideal grandeur."

The Profile, as is generally known, is set on the south-

east end of Mt. Cannon, some twelve hundred feet above the Profile Lake, "than which," the traveler, Dr. W. C. Prime, declares, "there is nowhere on earth a lake more beautiful." The face is produced by the position of the edges and points of three disconnected ledges, which, together, form severally the forehead, the nose and upper lip, and the chin. It is only as seen from one point that the ledges take on the form of a face. Move a little way from this point, in either direction, and the likeness vanishes and what you see is only the jagged cliff. John Townsend Trowbridge, in his "Old Man of the Mountain," describes this metamorphosis from face to jagged crag:

"O Titan, how dislimned art thou!
A withered cliff is all we see;
That giant nose, that grand repose,
Have in a moment ceased to be;
Or still depend on lines that blend,
On merging shapes and sight and distance,
And in the mind alone can find
Imaginary brief existence."

Echo Lake, a short distance beyond the Profile House, is, in my opinion, fully the equal in picturesque beauty of Profile Lake. Certainly the views of Franconia Notch and the enclosing mountains are much finer. Echo Lake is the artist's ideal and many have been the landscape painters who have found their way hither. The famous echo is one of the show things of the place and exhibits nature as a master ventriloquist. A man blows a long, strong and clear blast on an Alpine horn, and the sound is flung back, not once, but again and again, in re-echoing blasts that continue to be tossed

ECHO LAKE AND EAGLE CLIFF

back and forth from one mountain-side to another, growing fainter the longer they are repeated, and at last dying away on the delighted ear in the rapturous modulations of far-off bugle notes.

Our course, after leaving Echo Lake, was a gradual ascent, mostly through woods and rather tame in scenery, until the heights overlooking the Ammonoosuc Valley, broad and open, was reached, and here a superb view of the great Presidential Peaks suddenly burst upon our vision in front of us, while, behind us, loomed up, grand and stately, the monarchs of the Franconia Range. The prospect was so comprehensive, so widespread, so sublime, that I stopped the car, we alighted and stood there, for some few minutes, drinking in the view eagerly, thirstily. A little cloud capped the summit of Mt. Washington; otherwise every one of more than a score, it seemed, of giant peaks stood silhouetted against the blue, unclouded sky. It was a picture worthy to linger long in the memory, as one of the supreme spectacles of a lifetime.

Following the course of the Ammonoosuc, here little more than a good-sized brook, our road led us up the valley, by a course as winding as the stream itself, past Twin Mountain House, Fabyan House, Mount Pleasant House, with the mammoth Mount Washington Hotel over against us across the meadows at the base of Mt. Washington. Up the sloping side of the mountain we could discern the cog-wheel railway train slowly climbing toward the summit.

Crawford Notch is not as grandly beautiful as the Franconia, but is wilder, the mountains on either side are more rugged and savage in appearance, and the road

that leads through it has a much steeper grade and, before reaching Bartlett, twists and winds through a dense forest in whose depths there broods a deep twilight even at noonday. We found it a very charming drive, once we were through the ordeal of the long, steep, curving descent, which called for all the power our two brakes could exert, coupled, also, to the assistance which the engine, thrown into low speed, could give, to hold the car.

Some distance beyond the Crawford House, we saw a number of automobiles parked by the side of the road, their occupants gathered in little groups just beyond. At first I could not surmise what had brought these people here, and then I suddenly recalled what the attraction was. Near the place where they were gathered was the scene of a tragical occurrence that happened nearly a century ago. Somewhat below the eminence on which these groups were standing is the site of the Willey House of the first quarter of the nineteenth century, one of the earliest hotels of the Crawford Notch region. On the night of Monday, August 28, 1826, after a furious downpour of rain, lasting for several hours and memorable ever since for its violence, came an avalanche of earth, rocks and trees from the overhanging mountainside, dislodged by the storm, which buried the entire household of the little dwelling in the notch. The bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Willey, two hired men and the eldest child of the family were found. The bodies of four other children have never been found. This melancholy event has made a deep impression upon the imagination of all who, now for nearly a century, have visited the place. The number of people we saw there

From an old Engraving.

THE WILLEY HOUSE

is evidence that this deep interest, perhaps, better, in the case of the majority of the visitors, merely a morbid curiosity, still exists. A literature has grown up about the story of the catastrophe. A novel has been written upon it. Mrs. Sigourney and Thomas W. Parsons, the Dante translator and "the Poet" of Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn," are among those who have written poems upon it. Ever since the sad event, travelers, particularly foreign travelers, who have published accounts of their tours, have devoted considerable attention to the sublimity of the scenery of Crawford Notch as a setting to their story of the Willey family, who met their death so tragically amid surroundings so wildly beautiful. But the chief literary memorial of the disaster is Hawthorne's allegorical tale, "The Ambitious Guest."

CHAPTER XIV

THE TWO GREAT NORTHERN NOTCHES

"For weeks the clouds had raked the hills
And vexed the vales with raining,
And all the woods were sad with mist,
And all the brooks complaining.

"At last, a sudden night-storm tore
The mountain veils asunder,
And swept the valley clean before
The besom of the thunder.

"Clear drawn against the hard blue sky
The peaks had winter's keenness;
And, close on autumn's frost, the vales
Had more than June's fresh greenness."

So then, in that early September of which Whittier writes, up here in the Ossipee country it was just as we found it in the same season of the year of grace 1919, mists converting valleys into mimic lakes, clouds canopying the skies, rain drenching the mountains, filling their watercourses with roaring rapids and flinging wildly leaping cataracts, in fume and foam, from scaur and cliff. Then, finally, a night of violent wind, of lightning, of thunder, a Noachian deluge of waters, and, lo, the morning after, new heavens and a new earth, swept clean and of transcendent splendor, — the one, an illimitable dome

CRAWFORD NOTCH, FROM ELEPHANT'S HEAD

of blue, clear as crystal, the tint of the lightest turquoise and tremulously radiant with the morning light; the other, garnished with the first intimation of autumn's gold and crimson that flecked here and there the forest-clad slopes and hills. From our eyrie at Ridge Farm, we looked out on this dappled fleece of green and gold and crimson, stretching away, east and west and north, over hill and dale, to where along the horizon

> "Clear drawn against the hard blue sky
> The peaks had winter's keenness."

For more than a week we had been impatient to get away on our final tour of the season, but ever the recurring rains and the unsettled weather brought postponement. Now, at last, bad weather seemed to have exhausted itself. The golden days of the year were due, and they who have not seen this north mountain land in the brilliant livery of early autumn have missed a spectacle. We determined to make our start after a day of waiting to allow the roads to dry. This final tour was to be an extensive one, covering in the neighborhood of eleven hundred miles. First we would dip into the woods and waters of Maine, then flit across Northern New Hampshire and Northern Vermont as far as Lake Memphremagog on the Canadian boundary. Our principal objectives to that point would be the two great northern notches, Grafton Notch in Maine and Dixville Notch in New Hampshire. Then, after exploring Northern Vermont, the return route would extend from Canada to Connecticut and thence northward through the fascinating Berkshire country, — but this will be other chapters.

In describing this tour, I am going to adopt a method different from the one hitherto followed in these pages. There may be some of my readers who contemplate a motor-tour, — perhaps, even, a motor camping tour, — of the whole or a part of the mountain and lake country of Eastern New York and New England. It will interest such prospective tourists to follow a tour, like the one they may have in mind, in its day by day progress, the little happenings incident to camp life, the number of miles in the day's run and the more intimate phases of life in the open. And withal, there will fall into the narrative the impressions of scenery and of experiences on the road, given in the form of a daily report. I shall, therefore, tell the story of this final tour of 1919, — our grand tour, I consider it, — in the shape which I gave it when, every evening, I recorded in my note book the scenes and the happenings of the day.

Monday, September 15, 1919.

It was nearly noon before we took to the road. Our route lay across country to Sanbornville, thence up the state road to Ossipee, Chocorua and Conway. It was cool even in the middle of the day, but the air was brilliantly clear and, at several points on the road, we had broad views on both sides. At one place, the great depression between the Ossipee and Sandwich ranges lay outstretched below us to the west, with the high Brookfield Ridge in the center. We could distinctly see the little white house of the Farm perched on the crown of the ridge and, beyond it, the shimmering surface of Lake Wentworth glowed like a disk of molten silver in the sunlight. Still further away, patches of Lake Win-

nepesaukee gleamed through the notches of the hills, while, against the western horizon, the purple-blue peaks were banked against the lighter blue of an unclouded sky. Eastward, the view was almost as captivating. There the Ossipee hills, Lake Ossipee and a number of lesser ponds, en-gemmed in the hollows and glowing at us through the openings and ravines, met our delighted gaze. Away, beyond hills and lakes and ravines, the great coastal plain stretched further eastward to the sea, which we could almost imagine we saw in the far, dim distance.

Near the little village of Chocorua, there is another very extensive and beautiful prospect, this time northward over the broad Conway intervale and embracing glimpses of the great northern peaks along the horizon and, in the foreground, Chocorua Mountain, seen from the south. We halted on the shore of Lake Chocorua and, in a sort of picnic ground, provided with benches for the convenience of the public, we ate our lunch. Directly across the beautiful lake, Mt. Chocorua lifted his horned head, the rocky precipices of his summit reflecting back the rays of the early afternoon sun.

At Fryeburg, we were in Maine. I regretted that we had not the time to make a side tour to Lovewell's Pond, the scene of a bloody encounter between Captain John Lovewell and a small band of rangers, and Paugus, sachem of the Pequawkit Indians. Lovewell and his men penetrated an unbroken wilderness for a hundred miles, fell into an ambush of the wily Paugus, and one of the most desperate fights of New England's border wars ensued. Lovewell and Paugus were both killed, but whites and red men still fought on with desperate

fury. It was a fierce fight at close quarters, the hideous yells of the Indians, the cheers of the rangers, mingled with the rattle of the musketry, making an indescribable din. In the midst of the tumult could be heard the voice of the mortally wounded Chaplain Frye, from whom Fryeburg derives its name, alternately praying aloud for victory and cheering on the heroic rangers. Night came on; the Indians retreated, not defeated but exhausted, and next day they began their withdrawal to Canada. Only ten or twelve of the rangers managed, after terrible sufferings, to get back to the settlements. A number of ballads and poems have been written on this bloody encounter, among them the first printed production of Longfellow. Starr King has said of historic Lovewell Pond that it is "more deeply dyed with tradition than any other sheet of water in New England."

Naples, a lovely village, is picturesquely situated on Long Lake where this has its outlet into Songo River, which connects it with Sebago Lake, one of the three largest lakes of Maine. Sebago has been long celebrated for the purity and sweetness of its water. Ship-captains, if it is a possible thing, will fill their casks for the ocean voyage with Sebago water to the exclusion of all other. The Songo River has a reputation all its own, one which, to us humans, is not to be coveted. It is said to be the crookedest of all rivers. From Long Lake to Sebago Lake is, in a direct line, only two and one-half miles; by the Songo it is six. The steamers that ply the stream and the two connected lakes during the summer, in passing through the Songo have to make twenty-seven turns. One of the peculiarities of the voyage is that, though the destination may be almost

due north, the boat, at times, has to head almost due south. Another characteristic of this river is that it has but little current, so slight is the difference in the level of Long and Sebago lakes.

We would have been glad to take the steamer trip, but the two double-decked craft were tied up at the dock. The season was over and they were no longer running. It was time to look for a camping site, and we soon found one in a school yard on the apex of a ridge, —Quakers' Ridge, we learned it was called. Soon our tent was up. We have now, in addition to the tent, a large piece of canvas that we use as a fly. It is long and wide enough to cover the entire top of the car, coming down nearly to the running-board on the side opposite to the tent, and extending quite well beyond the tent on the two sides and the rear. In case of stormy weather, it will protect both the interior of the car and the tent, besides affording us a sort of porch-like shelter in front of the opening.

The evening was clear and, away against the sunset sky, the mountains made a jagged wall, the twilight, mirroring the departing day in soft rosy light, shone through the notches, dividing peak from peak. Day's run, eighty-two miles.

Tuesday, September 16.

It is only early afternoon, but we have gone into camp for the remainder of the day and the night, and as much longer as the present weather continues. It was nearly ten o'clock when we got away from Quakers' Ridge. We are passing through what is known as Maine's "sweet corn belt." Vast quantities of sweet corn are

grown in this section of the state and canning establishments are found in great numbers. This morning, as we were breaking camp, a farmer drove by with a huge load of corn. He stopped; we had a friendly chat, in which I learned much of the extensive character of the business, and before driving on, he gave us an armful of the green, unhusked ears. We have had the corn for lunch and it was deliciously sweet. The farmer informs me that the so-called "belt" produces the best sweet corn in the United States, and that a large proportion of the canned article of commerce comes from here. Soon after starting on our way, we passed the canning house to which our friend of the morning was hauling his corn. It was a good-sized place with a shed attached, under the cover of which a number of young people were busily husking corn, chatting gaily as they worked. The farmers receive back the husks and corn-cobs, which they feed to their swine.

Scarcely had we resumed our journey to-day when a heavy mist settled down, obscuring the landscape. We passed some pretty lakes close to the highway, and how many more lay further off, hidden in the impenetrable fog, there was no means of knowing. Once in awhile the mists would roll aside and we would catch glimpses of green hills and well cultivated valley lands that formed pretty pictures seen through the rifts of drifting fog-banks. Then the curtain would fall again, veiling everything beyond a circuit of a few hundred feet, and leaving us to plod on our solitary way in an oppressive gloom. Such weather will make the most ardent motor-tourist cry out:

"Oh, but I'm weary of mist and dark,
And roads where there's never a house or bush,
And tired am I of bog and road,
And the crying wind and the lonesome hush."

About three miles beyond the village of Bryants Pond we came to the shore of a little lake. Even through the fog, which was now fast turning into a misty rain, we could see dimly the outlines of several islands. Between the road and the lake was a garage and, across the road from the garage, a farmhouse. A grove of oak trees, also, extended from the highway to the beach. I drove the car in under the shelter of the largest tree. We soon obtained permission to eat our lunch in the open garage. A father and son lived alone in the house, and my wife was importuned to go into the kitchen and prepare a hot lunch. Of course, this was possible with our camping outfit, but it could be done more quickly and easily over a range.

After lunch, the weather rapidly grew worse. The man of the house advised us to remain until the next day, when, he said, he was pretty sure the weather would clear up. We decided to do this; so here we are, having made to-day only forty-two miles, but that is enough of sight-seeing when you can see nothing.

I am happily surprised in the character of the Maine highways. I had been led to expect execrable road conditions, but thus far, such expectations have not been realized. The roads have ranged from fair to excellent, and the man here tells me that I shall find a good state road all the way to Grafton Notch. In 1913, the legislature of the State of Maine passed a law creating a State Highway Commission. Bonds to the amount of

two million dollars were issued, and this sum ought to give the state a splendid system of gravel and macadam roads along the main arteries of travel. The scarcity of labor, during the war, has, to a considerable degree, held up the progress of the work, but we found along our route long stretches of splendid, wide gravel highway, a joy to motor over, but whenever we struck a section of unimproved road, it deserved all the bad epithets that one's vocabulary can command. Along the new roads, the Commission has put up unusually large board signs warning the motorist that he is approaching a dangerous curve or grade and, on the reverse side of the sign is this:

CAUTION — MOTORISTS

Most accidents are preventable
Drive on your own side of the road
Drive carefully
Observe the law of the road
Don't make ruts
STATE HIGHWAY COMMISSION

Wednesday, September 17.

If this is, of all our tours, the grand tour in length, scenery and diversified interests, to-day will surely rank as its grandest day. Hardly can we hope for another such. It opened with a morning of doubtful weather, although the fog had disappeared and patches of blue sky could be seen beyond the masses of dark gray clouds scudding overhead. We now had an unobstructed view of our lake, with islands dotting its blue bosom and the

green hills rising from the shores. Not unbroken green, however; there were many splashes of bright scarlet where the trees were just beginning to show the many-hued dyes of autumn. The foliage formed a rich setting for the beautiful picture of lake and islands and was an earnest of what we might anticipate finding in greater abundance of loveliness when we reached the higher altitudes of the mountains.

By ten o'clock, we were on our way. Nine miles beyond Bethel we entered the defile leading up to Grafton Notch; our good state road came to an end, and a dirt mountain road, bad at best but now much worse from the heavy rain of the night before, made our going not only difficult but, in places, positively dangerous. For ten long, weary miles, we crept along up to the summit of the pass and then down the slope on the other side, the car skidding and slipping from one margin of the narrow, winding road to the other, often threatening to get beyond control and take a leap into the ravine, the brink of which was sometimes alarmingly near the side of the road. The country was wild and desolate, scarcely a human habitation in the entire ten miles, — plenty of unspoiled nature, most surely.

But the scenery, how grand, how awesome even in its majestic wildness it was! Grafton Notch bears some likeness to Franconia Notch. Take away from the latter the civilized effect given it by its great hotels and pleasure-grounds, imagine it as it must have been a century ago, clad in all its wild, natural beauty, and you have something resembling Grafton Notch, the wildness of whose primeval grandeur has not yet been violated by man. Overlooking the notch and rising in regal su-

periority of stature above all the adjoining summits, Mt. Spreckles dominates this wild region. I was informed to-day that this towering peak has recently been measured and found to be the highest mountain in the State of Maine, an honor which formerly was credited to Mt. Katahdin. My informant was unable to tell me just what these recent surveys had discovered the height of Mt. Spreckles to be, but I notice that Mt. Katahdin's height is given as 5,385 feet.

It is impossible to give any idea in words of the magical, bewildering splendor that the brilliant hues of the foliage imparted to the mountain-sides and to the floor of the notch wherever this was wide enough to afford room for groves of timber. The leaves had but recently been touched by the first frosts of the season and their colors seemed as if they had just been laid on. Imagine all the tints and hues of red which the art of the dyer has ever produced, ranging from the most fiery scarlet to the garnet's dusky brilliance, and transfer these in a mottled confusion of arrangement to miles upon miles of mountain slopes, covered with dense virgin forests of hardwoods, chiefly maple, interspersed with the dark evergreen shades of pine, hemlock, fir, cedar and balsam, and then pour over all of this the rich gold-mist of September sunshine, and you will have a still very imperfect picture of what we have to-day seen in actuality. The roads were unspeakably bad and, as I have already said, even perilous, but the gloriously magnificent spectacle that Grafton Notch presented was worth the wearying road and the threatening danger.

From Grafton Notch to Dixville Notch is some thirty miles. The chief scenic feature of this intervening dis-

tance is the fine panorama which you have, just beyond Upton, of Umbagog, the westernmost of the chain of the Rangeley Lakes. The road continued to be bad until within about one-half mile of Errol, over the line in New Hampshire. Then, for the remainder of the day, we had a magnificent state highway. Just about a hundred feet from the beginning of this better road, the Jordan bolted on the slippery, mud-coated dirt road and dashed down a slope into a pile of stones that had once been a stone fence. It was a hair-breadth escape from a serious accident. Had I not succeeded in holding the car to a course nearly parallel with the highway, we would have been precipitated into a deep ravine, where only a miracle could have saved the Jordan from ruin and ourselves from death or serious injury. As it was, we were unharmed, and the car escaped any damage to speak of. A lady living near the scene of our mishap took me down to Errol in her car to get a man from the garage there to help us out of our difficulty. With the assistance of block and tackle and a long chain, together with such help as my car could give with its own power, it was soon again back upon the road, and, when we had eaten our lunch, we resumed our journey after a delay of exactly two hours.

Dixville Notch is unique among all the mountain notches, passes or gorges that I have ever seen. The finest section of it is not over a mile in length, as measured by the highway, but this mile is replete with scenery that is the perfection of beauty. The arrangement of the various features of the notch, their size and proportions and the disposition of them, are ideal. The highway, from which you view the wonders on either side,

is about as perfect as a road can be. The ravine below is just deep enough to be romantic, without being a terrifying abyss. The notch is just wide enough to give the best effect. The mountains on both sides of you rise just high enough to charm you with the sense of towering grandeur, without assuming a savage aspect. In places, their sides are sheer precipices of naked rock; in other places, they are steep slopes, indeed, but are of a brilliant, dark green color from their clothing of firs and balsams. To-day, as we saw them, they were also spangled with the flaunting hues of autumn, interspersed with the evergreens. Some of the summits assume fantastic shapes. Italian campaniles, Gothic cathedrals and medieval castles unexpectedly confront you, as you make a turn in the road. To these picturesque formations fanciful names have been given.

Suddenly you look down on little Lake Glorietta, "a sapphire in an emerald setting," and beyond it "The Balsams," one of the finest mountain hotels in the United States, gorgeous in its sumptuous appointments, a gem of the art of the architect, and in beauty of situation unsurpassed anywhere. Dixville Notch and everything within and around it give you an impression of the artistic, of the ideal in natural beauty and in the handiwork of man. It is grandeur unmarred by the wild or savage; it is charm, loveliness, beauty raised to the sublime; in short, the perfection of all the elements that go to the creation of a gallery of landscapes that captivate and delight the eye. I went into the hotel and bought some photographs. Then we drove round Lake Glorietta, and, reluctant to turn our backs on so much beauty, we finally took our way down the valley of the

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little Mohawk River to the upper Connecticut, here a small creek. Through the very pretty scenery of the Connecticut's valley, we motored our way for the remainder of the afternoon by the way of Colebrook, Stratford and Northumberland, and here we are this evening, after a run of one hundred and three miles, encamped in the grounds of a deserted school-house, just outside the village of Lancaster.

CHAPTER XV

THE VALLEYS OF VERMONT

Thursday, September 18.

We awoke this morning to find the ground covered heavily with a white frost. In the school yard the grass blades were like so many crystal spear points that crackled under our feet. Despite the frost, the air was not uncomfortably cold, but its tonic, exhilarating freshness had the unmistakable flavor of autumn. Lancaster commands a good view of the Connecticut and Ammonoosuc valleys, which here expand and unite into a broad, undulating plain bounded by a vast semicircle of the principal peaks of the White Mountains, the line of which curves round the plain from the north to the southwest. It is a noble view, but the mountains are too far away to be very impressive. I looked out from the tent just as the first flush of dawn warmed the sky behind Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison and other giant peaks of the Presidential Range. Romeo's warning to Juliet came to my mind:

> "Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
> Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops."

It is about twenty-eight miles from Lancaster to St. Johnsbury, Vermont, and about twenty-five miles further to Lake Willoughby. The country is hilly, not

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN RANGE

mountainous. Off to the west, however, we saw the main range of the Green Mountains, their softly rounded summits making a gracefully undulating line against the horizon. The mountains were of a purple blue and the sky above them a blue of a light indigo shade. I wanted to get nearer those delectable mountains, and among them, for from among them, and from these hills through which to-day we motored our way, had come, in those long past years, many a student to my university class-room in Burlington, and, no doubt, in the hamlets, villages and larger towns, among these same hills and mountains, were living to-day those between whom and me once existed the relationship of learner and teacher. I should like to see some of them — a hopeless longing! I know not where a single one of them is.

What the sentiments were that inspired James Russell Lowell to write his poem, "The Green Mountains," I do not know, but he expresses my own feelings:

"Ye mountains, that far off lift up your heads,
Seen dimly through their canopies of blue,
The shade of my unrestful spirit sheds
Distance-created beauty over you;
I am not well content with this far view;
How may I know what foot of friend there is that treads
Your rocks moss-grown and sun-dried torrent beds!
Perchance even now some eye, that would be bright
To meet my own, looks on your mist-robed height."

The greatest scenic feature between Lancaster and Lake Willoughby is the panorama that you have after crossing the Connecticut River and climbing up out of the bottom-lands on the Vermont side to the lofty

heights beyond. I got out of the car and went into a field that bordered the road. From a knoll in the center of this field I had a view of wide compass in all directions. The entire White Mountain system lay outspread before me, not one notable peak missing. The Dartmouth Range lay to the north, the Presidential Range on the northeast, with Chocorua and his associates of the Sandwich Range showing through the notches between the Presidential Range and the Franconian Range in the southeast. All the important members of the last-named range were in plain sight, and to the west of them, the outlying sentinel of the entire host, Mt. Moosilauke, rose in lonely majesty. Westward, an ocean of billowy swells, with a far-off mighty wave heaving loftily against the sky, made up the hills and mountains of Vermont. A thin blue haze, too attenuated, too ethereal and impalpable to dim the landscape, lay outspread over valleys, hills and mountains, giving them the appearance of the vague, unsubstantial creation of some all-embracing mirage rather than that of a real earthly landscape. Mt. Vision is the name I gave, in my thoughts, to that hill-top, from which, this forenoon, I beheld that sublime panorama, and if ever any place of outlook deserved that name, this does. Some day I hope to stand on my Mt. Vision again.

Willoughby is one of New England's far-famed lakes. Willoughby Notch lies between Mt. Pisgah and Mt. Hor at the southern end of the lake. Here, in the shadow of these two beautiful mountains, we stopped and ate our lunch on a little grassy eminence that commanded a view of the entire six miles of the length of the lake. Its width is about one mile, and in some places, its depth

MT. PISGAH AND MT. HOR

is five hundred feet. Those fond of making comparisons have called it "The Lake Lucerne of Vermont," why, I do not know, because neither in size, shape nor in any other feature does it resemble the Swiss lake. Let it remain just what it is, Lake Willoughby, a most delightful sheet of water. This mania of likening everything worth while in American scenery to something in other countries is generally as inaccurate as it is silly.

The lake, without its two giant guardians, would be beautiful; with them, its beauty is heightened into ravishing loveliness. Set between these two fronting walls of green and evergreen, made more beautiful by the delicate, silvery whiteness of the many birches, the deep crystal-clear waters mirror back to the eye their beautiful surroundings of forests and mountains with a distinctness that almost makes you wonder which is the real and which is the reflected. Mt. Pisgah, on the eastern side, is over twenty-six hundred feet high, its summit a precipitous cliff, scarred and seamed by the passing years. Mt. Hor, clothed with thick forests from base to summit, is nearly sixteen hundred feet high. Both mountains have a dignity and majesty that are very impressive, whether seen from the shore of the lake or from a distance as you approach them either from the north or the south. An automobile road, narrow but with frequent turn-outs, has been cut along the face of Mt. Pisgah the whole length of the lake. It has an average elevation above the water of, I should say, one hundred feet. There are many white birches on the steep slope between road and beach, and the flashing sheen of the bright surface of the lake, seen through these graceful and beautiful trees, forms a pretty picture.

The lakeside road debouches into a fine state highway, which we followed through a broad, well-tilled valley all the way to Newport on Lake Memphremagog, a distance of about sixteen miles. We stopped in Newport for some time to lay in food supplies, and then set out on the Newport-Burlington route. Up, up, and still up we climbed for about two miles, when we came to a point that gave us a magnificent view of Lake Memphremagog, its headlands and islands, and the winding course of its waters that stretched off to the north for a long distance into Canada.. Close to its shores are several picturesque mountains, Owl's Head, Mt. Orford and Mt. Elephantine being the most prominent. They are each in the neighborhood of thirty-three hundred feet in height. The lake is about thirty miles long and from one to four miles wide. The panorama that we had of it from the heights above Newport, with the mountains on either side extending beyond the national boundary line, was a very beautiful one.

We decided that we would spend the night where we could have the sunset and the sunrise views of so alluring a scene. A farmhouse stood on the summit of the ridge, and the adjoining orchard would be an excellent site for our camp, affording a grand prospect of the lake and hills and leagues upon leagues of country beyond. To the south, we could see Mt. Pisgah and Mt. Hor, to the southwest, the main range of the Green Mountains. It was an ideal location. The occupants of the house were a French-Canadian farmer, his wife and three children. They cordially gave us permission to camp in their orchard.

We drove slowly to-day, stopped for a considerable

time at Lake Willoughby, again at Newport, and went into camp unusually early. Only eighty-one miles. On a camping motor tour, unless you are an advocate of the strenuous life, in practice as well as in theory, it is well to content yourself with making, on the average, about one hundred miles a day.

I must not close the record of this most interesting day without some mention of the beauty of the autumn foliage. We thought we had reached the climax of such glorious riot of color in the Grafton Notch country, but Northern Vermont overtops Maine. There are more maples here, whole forests of practically nothing else, and the colors are the brightest that we have yet seen. Who has never had a tasting acquaintance with Vermont maple sugar? Few indeed, I trow. None other is there of such delicate sweetness. I wonder if there is not some subtle affinity between the superior flavor of the sap of Vermont's maple and the superior beauty with which it clothes itself in the autumn days!

Friday, September 19.

Sight-seeing began early, — to be exact, at 1.15 a. m. I chanced to awake at that hour; I opened my eyes and beheld, streaming through the open doorway of the tent, a mysterious and softly tremulous light. Was I dreaming? No, for, as I looked out, I saw that all earth and sky were illuminated by the same weird glow. As soon as I got out to a position from which I could look northward, I perceived what it was. The whole northern half of the heavens was aflame with a most brilliant display of the Northern Lights, Aurora Borealis, if you prefer the more scientific nomenclature. Our pagan ancestors be-

lieved that such nocturnal phenomena were the signals from their gods that these celestial guardians of theirs sent forth to assure the earth-dwellers that the high ones of heaven were keeping watch and ward over them. A pretty and a comforting fancy, surely! This morning all the gods and goddesses must have been out and busy, for, from northwest to northeast, the horizon was ablaze with the celestial conflagration. From the glowing wall of light shot up great waving geyser-fountains of many-hued radiance, meeting from all points at the zenith, a spectacle of magnificent splendor. Little wonder that the people of Northern Europe believed such phenomena, which they could not understand, to be supernatural, divine.

Beautiful as the display was on the face of the sky, the effect of it upon the earth below was, if anything, more striking. The light shed from the glowing heavens, though soft, a blending of many hues, was intense in its power to illuminate. The whole vast landscape, which the position of our camp commanded, was plainly visible in its nearer parts, and dimly outlined even as far as the encircling horizon. Lake Memphremagog gleamed among the hills as a silver shield, lying on the ground, might in moonlight; the mountains stood forth shadowy, vague and spectral; the adjacent country all about me was lifted out of the night, revealing, in the weird radiance suffused over it, its chief contours of hill and hollow, of field and forest. The character of the light was what gave such an unearthly appearance to the scene. It was unlike the palest sunlight, it was unlike the light of either moon or stars. More than anything else, it resembled the wan light from the sun in total

LAKE EDEN

eclipse. Its distinctive feature, next to its dull color, was movement. It had all the quivering, flickering, ebbing and flowing of its source overhead. The weird color of it cast a ghostly hue over everything it touched, its ceaseless movement set the whole landscape atremble. I am glad that this brilliant display came at this particular time. I am glad that I awoke to see it. I would not, for anything, have missed the spectacle.

Morning dawned beautifully clear, and our view, at sunrise, was superb. Our breakfast-room was the all-out-of-doors, adorned with God's great pictures of lake, mountains, glade and valley. We were away shortly after nine o'clock, over a good gravel road, through a valley, generally wide, but, between Lowell and Eden, contracting to a narrow, picturesque gorge, almost as fine as any of the White Mountain notches. We were, in fact, passing through a notch in the Green Mountain Range. Beautiful Lake Eden lay upon the left of the road, and, for several miles, the scenery was romantically picturesque. Then Mt. Mansfield became the most prominent feature of the landscape, first to the southward, but gradually dropping behind us to the east, as we bore forward on our southwestward course. We reached Essex Junction, seven miles from Burlington, and found that the road from there on was under construction, and to reach Burlington, a detour would be necessary. Was it worth while? We were familiar with the city and the Lake Champlain country, and this was a tour of exploration, largely, of hitherto unvisited country. To go on to Burlington meant an additional day, and time pressed. Before we reached home, unless we abandoned our plan, hundreds of miles remained to

be covered. We had had warnings of chilly nights and mornings soon to be upon us, when life in the open might be anything but pleasant. Every day saved brought the end of our tour just so much the nearer. We decided not to go to Burlington.

But let no motorist, touring Vermont in the summertime, fail to visit Burlington. The city itself, the largest in the state, is well worth seeing, and Lake Champlain is much more worth while. From Burlington, a very beautiful circular tour of almost exactly one hundred miles can be made up through the lovely islands of the northern part of Lake Champlain, then across to St. Albans and back to Burlington. In addition to the fascinating scenery of lake and shore and island, you have impressive views of New York's Adirondacks and the Green Mountains of Vermont. For a continuous combination of the finest lake scenery imaginable and grand mountain views on both sides of you, this is the longest and most scenic tour of its kind in the United States.

From Essex Junction, we turned up the Winooski River Valley which we followed as far as Montpelier, the capital of the state. Thence we bore off to the southward, passing through Barre, famous as the center of the largest granite-producing district in the world, and the granite found here has no equal elsewhere on earth.

I wish that I had more space to devote to the wonderful Winooski Valley. Its beauty is unsurpassed anywhere in A Wonderland of the East. I regard it as the most captivating of all of Vermont's many charming valleys, for her valleys are the chief scenic glories of the little Green Mountain State. Her lakes, mountains and rivers are but the splendid appendages or acces-

ALONG THE SHORE OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN, NEAR THOMPSON'S POINT

sories of the wonderful valleys. From these, the mountains and rivers are seen to the best advantage, and the same may be said of many of the lakes. Her highest mountain, Mansfield (4,457 feet), and her third highest, Camel's Hump, the Lion Couchant (Sleeping Lion) of the old French explorers (4,088 feet), assume their most majestic appearance when seen from the floor of the Winooski Valley.

Dr. W. C. Prime was one of the most widely traveled men of his day. He knew his Palestine and Egypt, his Europe, and, to his credit be it said, his own country, particularly the Eastern and Middle States, through which, year after year, he took long driving tours. He was, therefore, qualified to speak on scenic values from the comparative point of view. Hear him. He says in his "Along New England Roads:"

"Search the world over and you will find no landscape scenery to surpass the valleys which open eastward and westward from the Green Mountains."

Now these valleys, together with the Green Mountains themselves, constitute about all there is of little Vermont, so that we may conclude that the whole state is a wonderland of natural beauty. And so it is. Speaking from a scenic view-point, if there is anywhere on earth a land of pure delight, its name is Vermont. The charm of its landscapes has laid the enchantment of its spell upon all lovers of nature who have come within its borders, and a volume could be compiled of the praises which travelers have lavished upon it. Henry Ward Beecher said of St. Albans that it is "a place in the midst of greater variety of scenic beauty than any other that I remember in America." Many have been the

encomiums pronounced on the views to be had from Burlington. Edward Everett Hale declared that, in the travels of forty years, he had never seen any "more likely to impress a traveler as remarkable and to live in his memory." William Dean Howells, dean of American men of letters, and his publisher were standing overlooking the Bay of Naples. The latter asked Mr. Howells if he considered that the finest view in the world. The novelist replied that he did with one exception, — the view of Lake Champlain and the Adirondacks, seen from Burlington, Vermont. Justice David J. Brewer of the United States Supreme Court had a summer home on Lake Champlain, and is quoted as saying that, in the whole wide world, he had never seen any landscape of "such rich and quiet charm as that which the valley of Lake Champlain gives to one standing on the western slopes of the Green Mountains." What the famous litterateur-traveler, Bayard Taylor, has to say on scenery may be taken as the opinion of a connoisseur. Of the view from one of the peaks that commands one-third of Vermont, Lake Champlain and the Adirondacks, he declared that he had seen nothing in Europe that excelled this wonderful prospect, if, indeed, he had seen anything that equaled it.

As soon as we left Barre, we began to look for a camping place. We found a very picturesquely situated one in a farmer's meadow, nearly a quarter of a mile back from the road, under a clump of huge, wide-spreading wine-glass elms. Near by, a trout brook babbled over its stony bed in a little ravine, fringed with bushes and wild grape-vines. Hardly had we put up our tent and stretched our canvas fly over it and the auto-

mobile top, when it began to rain, but we were well sheltered and comfortable, for the evening was warm. One hundred and twenty-one miles to-day.

Saturday, September 20.

We are camped to-night in cloudland, on the apex of a ridge or shoulder jutting out on the north side of Mt. Cube, about half-way between Orford in the Connecticut Valley and Plymouth on the Pemigewasset. Mt. Cube is thirty-one hundred feet high; the summit cannot be more than one thousand feet above us, and this would make our elevation something over two thousand feet. We feel the altitude in the crisp, pure air, with its decided flavor of frost. Naturally, we have some grand views. The ones to the east and north embrace a tumbled-together tangle of valleys and high hills, with the great peaks about Franconia Notch showing their summits above the intervening lesser heights. Further to the west, Mt. Moosilauke (4,800 feet) rises in majestic, solitary grandeur. I should like to visit this beautiful mountain and drive to its summit which commands, I am told, a more extensive and wonderful view than can be had from any other White Mountain peak, not excepting Mt. Washington itself.

All the wide-spread wonder which our Camp Cube commands was ours when, an hour ago, we drove into the grassy front yard of a vacant house on the very summit of the pass, but now, even as I am writing my notes for the day, clouds, damp and dense, are sweeping in heavy, rolling masses from west to east, completely enveloping us and blotting out the world. Scarcely can I distinguish objects across the road.

The old lonely brick house looms up spectrally in the midst of the swirling flood of swiftly drifting clouds. On the heavy stone lintel over the doorway are painted, by the hand of an amateur, the workmanship betrays, the words "Mt. Cube House." I asked the farmer in the vale below, to whose place I had driven to get some milk, corn and potatoes, if the old house on the summit had ever been an inn, as the name on the lintel would seem to indicate. He said that it had never been so used, so far as he had heard. Asked how old the house was, he could only reply that it was very, very old, had always been there, so far as the knowledge of any one, living within miles of it, could go. The house had been occupied until just the week before, when the family moved away to town, — the old, old story, so often repeated in these remote mountain districts, — weary of the hard life of the hills, the alluring, irresistible call of the town. The old brick house, still dignified-appearing in its loneliness, took on, in my thoughts of it, an air of romance, of mystery. How long had it been there, looking out on the wild beauty of Mt. Cube and over that broad landscape of hills and valleys? Had it been, in ancient days, a wayside inn? It had, to me, the appearance of having been built for that purpose.

Then my imagination began to weave a web of history for the old house. Once upon a time, this road from Plymouth to the Connecticut River was one of the very few trails blazed through the hill country, connecting what was then the East and the West. During the Revolution, a circuit-rider traveled these roads, once a fortnight, to carry news of the progress of the war to the wilderness settlements of Western New Hampshire

IN THE WHITE RIVER VALLEY

and Eastern Vermont. May he not have put up for the night at "Mt. Cube House?" Might it not have been within these now forlorn, deserted walls that, to hear the traveler's tale, a little company of old folk, women and children came together from all the lonesome cabins round about? Imagine the scene! the blazing hearth, if the evening was chill; the candle-lit room; the road-stained circuit-rider, standing before his spell-bound auditors, pouring into their ears the thrilling tale of the glorious deeds of sons and brothers and sweethearts on the bloody fields of Bennington and Saratoga and in a hundred other scenes of conflict. And, alas withal, his, too, would be the sorrowful necessity of breaking gently to some in that little, humble company the heavy tidings that those dear to them had made the supreme sacrifice in the cause of liberty and of human rights. Ah, had that old stone lintel a tongue, what a tale could it not tell!

We made only eighty-one miles to-day, but every mile was replete with beautiful scenery. When we awoke this morning it was raining heavily, and continued to rain until about ten o'clock, when it cleared off, and by half past eleven we were under way. Our road led us down the White River Valley to White River Junction on the Connecticut. A delightful valley this White River Valley is, such as you seldom see outside of Vermont. Sometimes it broadens out and richly fertile bottom-lands border both sides of the streams. Then the hills, beautiful green hills, draw together and the valley becomes a gorge with not much more than room enough for road and river. Particularly picturesque was the Williamstown "Gulf," where the defile is unusually narrow and the bordering hills are unusually high. The

" Gulf " reminds you, not a little, of Dixville Notch, and that is praise enough. One writer calls it the most beautiful valley in New England. That, I think, is praise overdone. I have seen at least a score of valleys in scenic charm its equal, and this is not saying that Williamstown " Gulf " is not wonderfully beautiful. It is. Indeed, I believe that the route from Montpelier to the Connecticut by way of Barre, Williamstown, the Randolphs and Hartford is what a gentleman in Montpelier, who knows his own state well, told me it was, " the most beautiful trip in Central Vermont." The uniformly good gravel road and the absence of any steep grades add to its attractions.

Of the section of the great West Side White Mountain Boulevard between Hartford, Vermont, and Orford, New Hampshire, I need only say that it would be difficult to imagine anything finer. Every now and then, you rise to the crest of some great billowy swell of land and you see the silvery Connecticut, pursuing its deviously winding way to the left below you, and, beyond it, the fair shapes of the Vermont hills, while on your right, the New Hampshire highlands, topped now and then by some distant peak of the White Mountains, meet the eye. At Orford, we turned eastward and drove, head on, straight into these New Hampshire highlands, and here we are to-night perched on the shoulder of Mt. Cube, the loftiest elevation among them.

CHAPTER XVI

CAMP CUBE TO CONNECTICUT

We spent Sunday in Camp Cube. We needed a day of rest, so we followed Whitman's injunction, invited our souls and imagined God to be in his great, beautiful temple of out-of-doors. Nay, no need to imagine; faith can grasp the fact of God's immanence in Nature and in Man. Tennyson, in "The Higher Pantheism," proclaims this immanence, first, in Nature:

> —"The hills and the plains—
> Are not these, O Soul, the Vision of Him who reigns?"

And then in Man:

> "Speak to Him thou for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet—
> Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet."

Monday, we continued in camp because we were storm-bound, shower succeeding shower, a gray fog mantling everything. Tuesday morning, high-flying clouds had taken the place of low-hanging, motionless mist and, though the weather looked doubtful, we took the gamble and made the venture. Instead of driving directly to Meredith, on Lake Winnepesaukee, by way of Plymouth and Ashland, as, like sensible folk, we ought to have done, we detoured through Bristol and

New Hampton in order to see Newfound Lake, of whose beauty I had heard much. It is a pretty sheet of water, resembling Lake Webster, further to the south, which I have already described. But we paid an exorbitant price for seeing it. For six miles of Newfound's liquid loveliness, we had sixteen miles, from Bristol to Meredith, of just the *most worstest* road, I judge, in all the United States. The triple superlative that I have coined does not begin to express the unfathomable depths of degradation to which that road has sunk, nor the depths of its water-filled ruts and chuckholes. Geysers of liquid slime spurted up high as the car top, as the wheels plunged down to the hubs in those holes. The Jordan, boiling over with indignation, succeeded, however, in wallowing through those miles of mud and mire, and finally rolled us into the streets of Meredith. There are pretty bits of scenery along those sixteen miles, some lakes, a glimpse or two of a river and I know not what else, but who has the heart to enjoy scenery under such road conditions?

From Meredith, we circled Lake Winnepesaukee, through Center Harbor, Moultonboro, Ossipee back to Sanbornville and the Ridge Farm, spending one night, on the way, in a school yard that afforded a distant prospect of Winnepesaukee's island-spangled waters. We stopped at the farm only long enough to get together a few things that we wanted to take home with us. Then we were on the road again, passing along the shore of Lake Wentworth and over the hills to Wolfeboro, a winsome-looking little town seated on the eastern rim of Winnepesaukee, thence over what is known as the mountain road to Moultonboro. Here we halted at the

LAKE WINNEPESAUKEE

town pump, in front of the village church, and proceeded to give the Jordan a much-needed washing and grooming. The mud of that fearful Bristol-Meredith road encrusted the car, as the ice might a vessel just in from a winter voyage through stormy seas. To-night, we are encamped on a little bluff above the highway in the village of Moultonboro, in the yard of the parsonage of the hospitable preacher of the place. It is a charming spot, with an attractive outlook in the direction of the lake. From Camp Cube to where we are tenting to-night we have made a run of one hundred and twenty miles. To-morrow forenoon I shall take the Jordan to a garage, have the cylinder oil drained off and fresh oil put in, the whole mechanism of the car examined, cleaned and lubricated, and then we shall begin our Schenectady-ward journey, by a rather long, fish-hook shaped route, it is true, but still ever homeward. After all, despite the pleasures of motoring through the ravishing scenery of even a wonderland:

"East, west, hame's best."

Thursday, September 25.

"Talk about your Lake George, if you want to, but give me Lake Winnepesaukee."

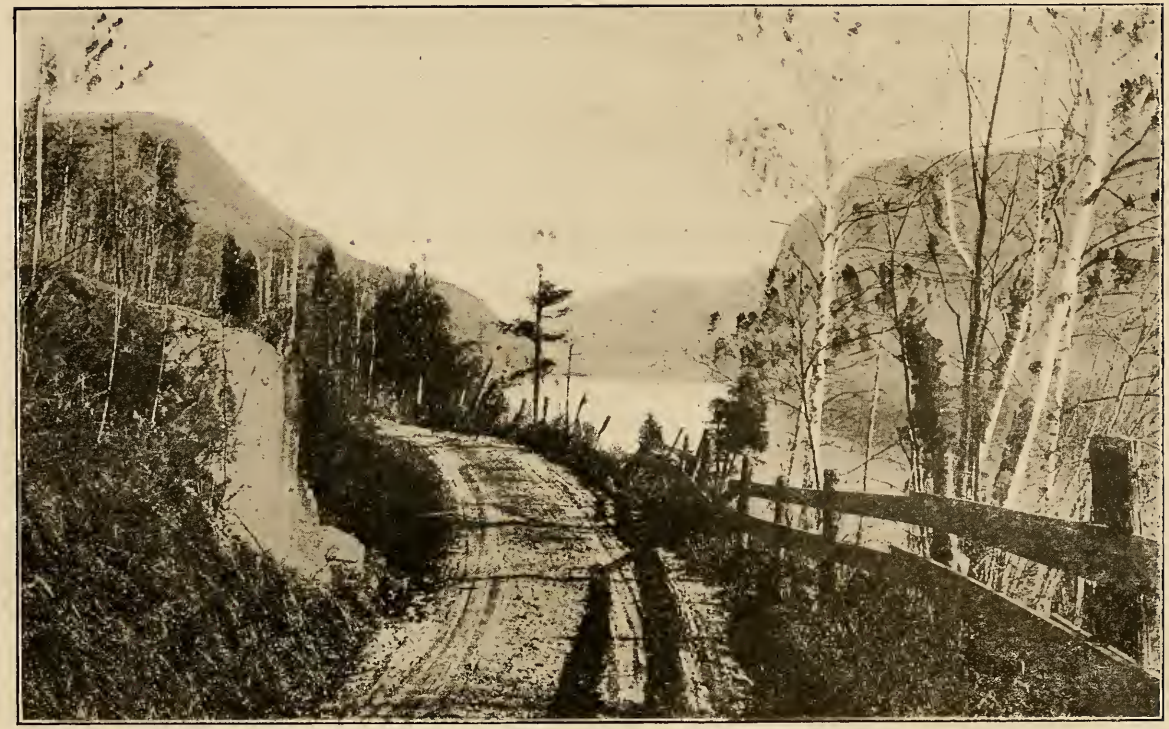
So said my wife to me this afternoon as we reached a point on the Merrimac Boulevard that gave us an uncommonly wide view of New Hampshire's largest and most famous lake. The Indians must have shared my wife's high opinion of this lake's unusual loveliness for they called it Winnepesaukee, "The Smile of the Great Spirit," a most beautiful name for a most beautiful sheet

of water. At Weirs we stopped the car and went down to the outlet of the lake, where is the Endicott Rock, covered by a canopy with iron grating to protect the historic monument from vandalism. Here, in 1638, Governor Endicott of Massachusetts Bay Colony and some associates recorded their names on this rock, as marking the source of the Merrimac River. New Hampshire was then a part of the colony. The names of the members of that expedition are still easily legible and the rock ranks with the Pilgrim Rock at Plymouth in historic interest.

Lake Winnisquam, just below Winnepesaukee, is also a charming lake. Indeed, the whole Merrimac Valley that we passed through this afternoon is a delightful land, and the towns — Lakeport, Laconia, Tilton and Franklin—are trim-appearing, pretty and evidently prosperous. Between Boscawen and Concord we went into camp in a field just across the highway from a vacant farmhouse. It had taken the garage man all forenoon to clean and lubricate the car, so our running time had been short. We made only forty-four miles.

Friday, September 26.

We were off early this morning, 8.30 o'clock. Our route took us down the Merrimac Valley as far as Nashua, passing, on the way, through Concord, the capital of New Hampshire, and Manchester, the state's great manufacturing center. The valley lands form one of New England's richest agricultural districts. Of course, we were now out of the mountains, but the scenery was still beautiful in its quiet, idyllic landscapes of level fields and groves, bordered on both sides with a



LAKE WINNEPESAUKEE, FROM THE ROAD NEAR LACONIA

wavy line of hills. The Merrimac Valley is New Hampshire at its best, industrially and agriculturally. The Merrimac is a noble river, Whittier's favorite of all streams. He has immortalized it in some of his best verse. No matter how beautiful other rivers which he saw in his wanderings might be, his heart was faithful to the well-beloved Merrimac:

"I have stood
Where Hudson rolled his lordly flood;
Seen sunrise rest and sunset fade
Along his frowning Palisade;
Looked down the Appalachian peak
On Juniata's silver streak;
Have seen along his valley gleam
The Mohawk's softly winding stream;
The level light of sunset shine
Through broad Potomac's hem of pine;
Yet, whereso'er his step might be,
Thy wandering child looked back to thee!
Heard in his dreams thy river's sound
Of murmuring on its pebbly bound."

The Merrimac Boulevard is, I think, upon the whole, the best route between Southern New England and the White Mountains. It is the most scenic, and the road conditions are kept at a high level of excellence. Naturally, the travel over it is heavy and the rules governing this travel are strict.

"25 mi. outside of thickly
settled sections, 15 mi.
inside thereof."

is a wayside warning that frequently confronts the would-be speedster. Speaking of signs, we saw one over

the driveway, leading to an inn between Manchester and Nashua, that struck us as interesting in its Dantesque suggestiveness. It ran:

> "Ye who enter this broad gate,
> Come never too early, never too late."

Between Concord and Nashua we were outside of the boundary assigned in Chapter I to the New England section of A Wonderland of the East, but we took this roundabout route for the sake of better roads. We were back again in the mountain and lake country at Winchendon, Massachusetts; Winchendon, famed all America over as Toy Town, the place where are manufactured the greater part of the toys of commerce, all those multiform and innumerable delights of childhood. Winchendon, I suppose, is the dispensary of more genuine pleasure and happiness than any other town in America. I should think that the makers of these joy-giving creations would themselves be the happiest of mortals, knowing what delight the work of their hands was giving the children of the country. Toy Town Tavern stands on the summit of a lofty eminence, overlooking the town at its northern base, a great expanse of country beyond and commanding a glorious view of Mt. Monadnock, the noblest-appearing peak south of the White Mountains. We drove into the Tavern's grounds, and had, from its veranda, a fine view of the stately peak (3,166 feet), whose graceful cone seems a reduced fac-simile of Japan's sacred mountain, Fujiyama. Monadnock is said to have inspired more and better poetry than any other mountain in America. Emerson's long poem, "Monadnoc," is the classic of this anthology. It

MT. MONADNOCK, FROM THE TOY TOWN GOLF LINKS

is a poem of very great strength and beauty. His shorter poem, "Monadnoc from Afar," appealed more to me this afternoon, for we were also looking at Monadnock from afar. I quote it in full:

"Dark flower of Cheshire garden,
Red evening duly dyes
Thy somber head with rosy hues
To fix far-gazing eyes.
Well the Planter knew how strongly
Works thy form on human thought;
I muse what secret purpose had he
To draw all fancies to this spot."

This evening we are camping in an orchard, near the great Boston-Greenfield-Mohawk Trail highway, in the upper Turner River Valley. We have to-day covered one hundred and fifteen miles.

Saturday, September 27.

I went into the farmhouse behind which was our camp to get some hot water this morning. A young mother, holding a six-months-old baby in her arms, was busily engaged in getting her own and the two older children's breakfast. The room was very clean and neat but the furniture was scanty and looked cheap. After mutual greetings and a few commonplaces, the woman held up the baby towards me, that I might, I suppose, the better admire its pretty smiling face.

"He's my flu baby," she said, and then proceeded to pour forth her jeremiad of woes, woes that evidently had been very real to her. "You see, sir, it was this way. Last March, my husband had the influenza, then, before he was well, the two children came down. We could not

hire a nurse and I had to work day and night. It was very hard. Next, I took it. Had it not been for the neighbors, I don't know what would have become of us. I was so sick and, when at my worst, along comes this little fellow. That's why I call him my flu baby. They thought I wouldn't live, but I just couldn't die and leave my husband and my little ones; I just couldn't do it, and I didn't, you see. But, my, we have had a hard time! It was three months before my husband could begin earning wages again. We are just getting on our feet once more."

Everything around me gave evidence that the getting on their feet had not yet advanced beyond a scarcely noticeable beginning. It was hard. In answer to her politely expressed inquiries about ourselves, I told her something of our motor-touring and of the things we had seen. Then it was that I discovered what innately refined sensibilities this woman had, what a love of the best things in nature and life she possessed. And so little to satisfy this love!

"It must have been beautiful; how I should like to see things so pretty; it must be nice!" There was a soft cadence in her voice, a wistful longing in her eyes. Then she added brightly: "But the leaves are just beginning to turn, and really, sir, our autumn foliage here among these hills is just beautiful. When I have time, I go out there in the front yard and just look up at the hills; it is very, very pretty. How I love to look at them!"

My conscience smote me for having told this woman as much as I had of the beautiful things that we had seen and thus awakened futile longings in her hungry

heart. Why was I favored, she deprived? It did not seem exactly fair. I wonder if there was not among those golden beatitudes, spoken two thousand years ago on a mount in the midst of the loveliness of God's open air, one that was not reported by the Evangelist, one that began: "Blessed are they that love the beauty of my Father in the face of Nature" — and ended with a satisfying promise!

Concerning autumn foliage, it has been interesting to note the varying degrees in the progress of the coloring in different sections of the country. I have described the brilliancy and the amount of this coloring in the Grafton Notch region and in Northern Vermont. In Central Vermont, to use Whittier's words:

> "Close on autumn's frost, the vales
> Had more than June's fresh greenness."

Scarcely a leaf was turned. Through Southern New Hampshire and Massachusetts, yesterday, we saw, here and there, a tree bursting into flame, but nothing approaching the glorious splendor of the northern forests.

Turner River Valley is another of the characteristically beautiful valleys of Western New England, but the climax of to-day's interest was historic rather than scenic. There is nothing in this same Western New England that so grips the heart as Deerfield, with its tragic memories of King Philip's War and French and Indian forays. The town has preserved, to a greater degree than any other places of like age, its eighteenth-century quaintness. To-day, as we wandered through the wonderful collection of rare relics of the Indian, Colonial and Revolutionary periods, which makes the three floors

of Memorial Hall three volumes of an intensely interesting history of the heroic age of New England, I promised myself that some day we would return to Deerfield and spend a week in the study of its memorial stones, its ancient houses, these relics which to-day we had only time to glance at, and visit all the sites and shrines of this quaintest of old quaint towns. I have space here to reproduce only the historical inscription at the head of the stairway leading to the second floor of the museum in Memorial Hall. It gives, in epitome, the history of Deerfield's heroic age:

"Erected A. D. MDCCCLXXXII
By the
Pocumtuck Valley
Memorial Association:
In honor of the pioneers
of this valley, by whose courage
and energy, faith and fortitude,
The savage was expelled
and the wilderness subdued;
and to perpetuate the remembrance
of the sufferings at Deerfield,
Feb. 29, 1703-4,
When before the break of day, 340 French and Indians
under the Sieur Hertel de Rouville,
swarming in over the palisades on the drifted snow,
surprised and sacked the sleeping town,
And killed or captured
The greater part of its inhabitants;
On tablets at either hand,
recorded in love and reverence by their kindred,
are the names and ages of those
who lost their lives in the assault,
or were slain on the meadows
in the heroic attempt to rescue the captives
or who died on the hurried retreat to Canada
victims to starvation or the tomahawk."

THE OLD FRARY HOUSE (1698), DEERFIELD

The tablets alluded to cover the entire wall of the wide hall and embrace many names. Some of the records are singularly pathetic. I quote one:

"Mary Field — 6 yrs. old —
Mary, adopted by an Indian,
Was named Walahowey.
She married a savage
and became one."

From Deerfield, our course lay down the west side of the Connecticut. The beauty of this fertile valley as far as Mt. Tom and the Holyoke Range, I have already described, and this beauty is continuous all the way to Hartford, with wide and beautiful views from the quaint, little village of Suffield. At Northampton, historically memorable as having been the home of the great Jonathan Edwards, we drove through the grounds of Smith College, among the best of the colleges for women in the country, and the largest such college in the world. Below Northampton, we had some magnificent views of the river, with Mt. Holyoke on the east side of it and Mt. Tom on the west, clad in their green forest robes, standing as superb sentinels over the peace of the silvery stream and verdant valley. Henry Theodore Tuckerman saw in the Connecticut Valley, at Northampton and southward to Mt. Holyoke, a resemblance to the surroundings of the Florence of Italy. There is, indeed, something of a resemblance.

"Ere from thy calm seclusion parted,
O fairest village of the plain!
The thoughts that here to life have started
Draw me to Nature's heart again.

"The tasseled maize, full grain or clover,
Far o'er the level meadow grows,
And through it, like a wayward rover,
The noble river gently flows.

. . . . . .

"And when the distant mountain ranges
In moonlight or blue mist are clad,
Oft memory all the landscape changes,
And pensive thoughts are blest with glad.

"For then as in a dream Elysian,
Val d'Arno's fair and loved domain
Seems to my rapt yet waking vision
To yield familiar charms again.

"Save that for dome and turret hoary,
Amid the central valley lies
A white church spire, unknown to story,
And smoke wreaths from a cottage rise.

"On Holyoke's summit, woods are frowning,
No line of cypresses we see,
Nor convent old with beauty crowning
The heights of sweet Fiesole."

The most beautiful view that we had on the fine highway between Hartford and Winsted was the broad panorama of the southern Berkshires and the Housatonic Hills from the summit of Talcott Mountain, some seven miles west of Hartford, and the scenery about Winsted itself and southward in the direction of Torrington is of great beauty. After passing through Winsted, we began our usual evening quest for a camping place. We found an excellent one in the yard of an abandoned church on the outskirts of Burrville, a little hamlet about midway between Winsted and Torrington. We have had exceptionally fine weather, we have seen a bewilder-

ing number of beautiful and interesting things, and now, after a run of one hundred and fourteen miles, we are ready for a night's rest.

Sunday, September 28.

"A lost day!" Such was my wife's verdict on our ninety-nine-mile drive to-day through the Housatonic or Litchfield Hills to Danbury, thence to Waterbury, and back to our little abandoned church at Burrville, through the much celebrated Naugatuck Valley. To call it a lost day is, it may be, putting it too strongly. The scenery is, in many places along the way, mildly pretty. The grandeur of the northern mountains with their far-stretched views, their dim and wildly fascinating gorges and the ravishing beauty of Vermont's valleys, have spoiled for us, I fear, the quiet charm of Connecticut's modest little wonderland. Because I pass it over with so slight an account is due more to a lack of space than to a lack of appreciation.

CHAPTER XVII

BERKSHIRE THE BEAUTIFUL

Monday, September 29.

This morning we had an early caller. An old gentleman came into the church grounds, bringing us a tea-kettle full of hot water.

"I saw you here," he said after a cheery good morning, "and thought it wouldn't come amiss to have some hot water to wash with and, perhaps, make yourselves a cup of tea or coffee."

We soon were chatting with our visitor as though he and we had been neighbors for years. He lived alone in that little house yonder, about an eighth of a mile away. He was over eighty years old, but he looked as hale and hearty and was as active, in his movements, as the ordinary man of fifty. He told us that he was a veteran of the Civil War, had served from beginning to end of it, was in nearly all the great battles, was several times wounded and once left on the field for dead. His life was saved by a Confederate Methodist preacher who had told our friend that, though he was an enemy, the orders of his Great Captain were to love an enemy and to do him good. So this Southern preacher had nursed the grievously wounded Northern soldier back to health. When he had finished his visit with us, he turned and briskly walked away, saying that he had house-cleaning

on hand, for his son and daughter were coming in a day or two to stay with him for a week, and the old face fairly beamed with happiness at the prospect of soon seeing his children.

How charmingly thoughtful of this old man thus to consider the comfort of two utter strangers! But this has been our experience from beginning to end of this summer's motor camping tour. Never once have we been refused the privilege of camping where we wished. Our hosts have often shown a positive anxiety to be friendly and helpful. They have frequently pressed upon us little gifts of food, and sometimes they have insisted that my wife cook our meals in their homes. Imagining that we might be cold at night, they have even proffered the loan of blankets. This manifestation of the goodness of human nature has been one of the choicest of our experiences and will be gratefully remembered when much of our sight-seeing is forgotten. It is worth while to run up against such delightfully interesting folk as the woman with the "flu baby" and our old friend of the tea-kettle. Then, there have been the passers-by, those that flitted past us in their cars, like ships that pass in the night. More generally than otherwise, from these have come the wave of the hand, the cheery salutation to the two wayside campers, and often, as they passed on, there would float back to our ears some kindly phrase of comment.

The character and the attractions of the Berkshire Hills is epitomized by Mr. R. DeWitt Mallary in a sort of prose-poem prologue to his "Lenox and the Berkshire Highlands:"[1]

[1] Courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers.

"Age-long, the joy of succeeding generations;
Rock-ribbed, an eternal parable of firmness;
Commanding visions that emancipate and calm;
Beauteous in the daily and seasonal changes;
Where many villas, crowning graceful slopes, deck
Nature's bosom with Art's most lavish adornments;
Whose fame in letters, joined with pastoral beauty,
Rightly names the region
'The Lake Country of America.'"

With the possible exception of the lower Hudson River country and the Catskills, Berkshire is the most widely known district in the entire domain of Our Wonderland of the East. Its fame has gone forth to all parts of the civilized world as America's inland Newport of wealth and aristocratic culture, as a district associated with more of the great names in American letters and scholarship than any other rural region in the country, and finally, as one of the most beautifully scenic sections to be found between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

Geographically, it is Berkshire County, sweeping across the whole width of the State of Massachusetts from Connecticut to Vermont, and is bounded on the west by the Massachusetts-New York state line. The county has a length from north to south of fifty miles, and a width of about twenty.

The physical features of its northern boundary have been already described in the pages of this book devoted to the Massachusetts part of the Hoosac Valley and to the Mohawk Trail. Southward from these and Greylock, Berkshire is a succession of softly rolling hills, verdure-clad mountains, winding streams with many cascades, beautiful lakes and enchanting valleys. The

altitude of these valleys ranges from seven hundred to eleven hundred feet, while the mountain elevations run from two thousand to thirty-five hundred feet. There are a multitude of hills of lesser height. The county contains no less than seventy lakes, some of very great beauty. The summer and autumn climate is delightful, the days warm and serene, the nights cool even in the hottest weather. The air is pure and invigorating. Climate and scenery combine to make Berkshire an ideal summer play and recreation paradise. As such, it has no superior, and is unsurpassed in its popularity. For nearly a century, it has been the favorite summer abode of a very distinguished *clientele*.

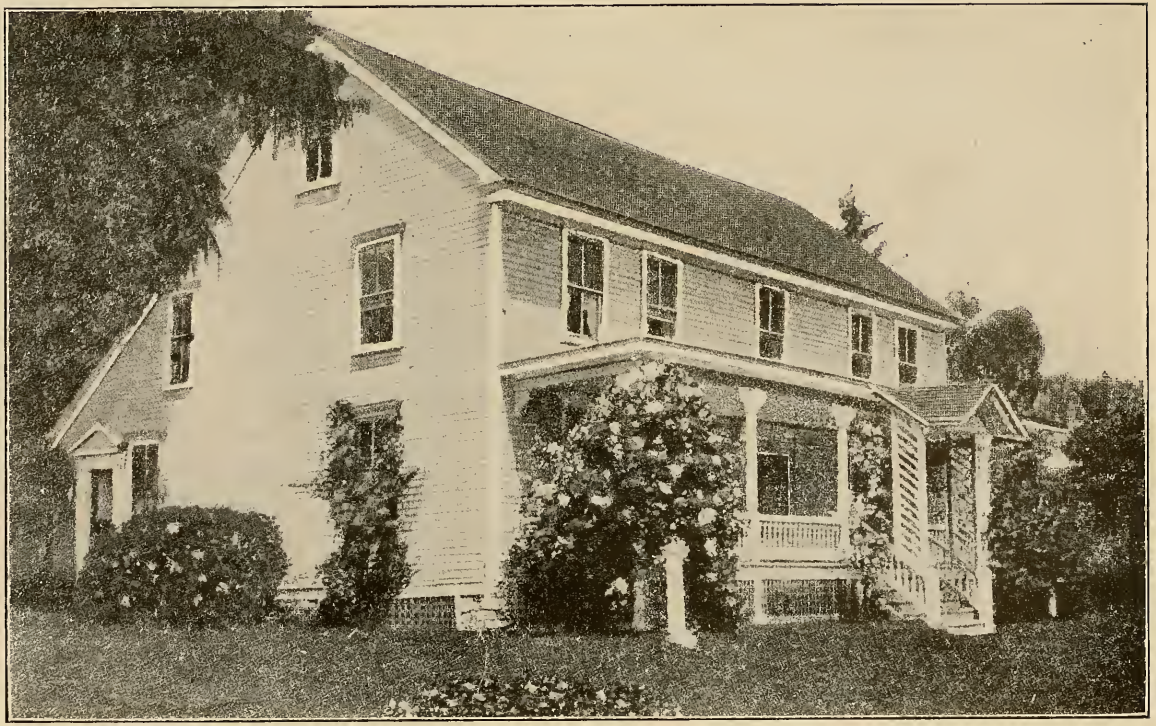
Just why Berkshire has attracted to itself such a congestion of the choice spirits of cultured wealth and wealthy scholarship, so many distinguished artists and men of letters, and such a number of merchant princes is not, perhaps, altogether clear.

No doubt, scenic nooks and corners have had their influence in making the Lenox district of Berkshire a sort of exclusive hive of choice spirits, but why this particular bit of country in preference to many another of equal attractiveness? I think a fortuitous concurrence of events has had much to do with it. Some sons of the soil went forth and won fame and fortune, but the spell of the old home in the Berkshire Hills was still upon their spirit. They came back, and, out of the wealth they had accumulated, they built themselves stately summer mansions, and added thereto vast estates, adorned with everything that money can command. They had their boon associates and kindred spirits, and to these they extolled the beauty of Berkshire until they, too, came,

saw and were won. In due time, they, likewise, possessed their broad, richly adorned acres and their palatial homes.

So the selective and exclusive process continued, resulting in the creation of a summer colony unique in American life. The magnificence of the estates created was, likewise, unique. There came into being such villas as Andrew Carnegie's "Shadow Brook," George Westinghouse's "Erskine Park," William D. Sloane's "Elm Court," Morris K. Jesup's "Belvoir Terrace," Charles E. Lanier's "Allen Winden," and, omitting names of owners, such other palaces as "The Dormers," "Under Ledge," "Windyside," "Stoneover," "Bonnie Brae," "Interlaken," and literally scores more of these vast estates, representing the investment of unknown millions, and set on hill-tops and hillsides commanding everywhere the most transporting scenery. Here, as nowhere else so extensively the wide world over, Nature is perfected and adorned by Art. Here, those able to lavish upon buildings and lands the wealth of a refined taste and of an ample purse have given the architect and the landscape gardener a free hand.

In letters the ascendency of Berkshire came about in much the same way, — through a fortuitous concurrence of events. Up at Williamstown, in Williamstown College, the great Mark Hopkins taught; in Lanesboro lived and wrote the humorist, Henry W. Shaw, known the country over by his pen-name, "Josh Billings." Pittsfield and vicinity had its attracting literary associations. Here was the home of Herman Melville, the writer of once famous romances of the sea. Oliver Wendell Holmes lived for seven summers on an old farm near



HOUSE OF WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (1759), GREAT BARRINGTON

Pittsfield, belonging originally to his great-grandfather. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow belongs to Pittsfield by marriage, and the "Old Clock on the Stairs" stood in the hall of his wife's girlhood home. But Lenox ranks supreme in literature as in all else. Here was born and lived for her lifetime, the gifted Catherine Maria Sedgwick, one of the earliest, as she remains one of the greatest, female writers of America. She numbered among her friends nearly all the American men of letters of the middle years of the nineteenth century and not a few foreign *literati.* She was the magnet that drew many scholars and authors to Berkshire. The great actress, "the queen of tragedy," Fanny Kemble, spent the summers of many years at Lenox. Greatest of all, Nathaniel Hawthorne for two years, 1850-51, had his home in a "little red house," burned down some years ago, just outside of Lenox, on the shore of the pretty lakelet, Stockbridge Bowl. "The House of the Seven Gables," one of his masterpieces, as well as some of his less known works, was written here. Significant, too, was the reputation his presence gave Berkshire, for hither to see him came his friends, embracing nearly all of the distinguished men of letters of the day. Some of these dropped into the habit of making a summer sojourn near their friend, until Lenox was facetiously called "a jungle of literary lions." Down at Great Barrington lived the young lawyer, William Cullen Bryant, who loved literature more than law, and preferred writing poetry to making pleas in court.

Our course from Burrville took us to Winsted, where we turned westward on the main highway, running from Hartford into Berkshire. We passed through Norfolk,

one of the prettiest of Connecticut's villages; next came Canaan, and soon we were over the state line and in Massachusetts. We drove into slumberous Sheffield, a dream of quiet beauty, of serene repose, admiring, as we slowly motored through it, its wide streets, densely shaded with broad-spreading elms. Sheffield is the oldest town in Berkshire, dating back to 1734. We were now on familiar roads. From the beginning of our motoring days, Berkshire has been one of our favorite touring grounds. For us, the fascination of this region is inexhaustible. Years of acquaintance with it does not wither the freshness of its beauty nor repeated visits stale the infinite variety of its charms.

On our way from Sheffield to Great Barrington we had some very impressive views of the southern ranges of the Berkshire Hills, especially of the Dome (2,624 feet). Of this beautiful mountain Matthew Arnold wrote: "The Dome is a really inspiring and beautiful mass. I have seen it in many lights and with ever increasing admiration." Our chief interest in Great Barrington was the Bryant cottage, now an annex to the Berkshire Inn, in whose rear yard it stands. Here the poet was married, and here, for some time, he lived and wrote some of his finest verse. One of the places that he has immortalized is Monument Mountain, which we passed on our way to Stockbridge. We had a superb view of the great beetling crags.

> "Sheer to the vale go down the bare old cliffs —
> Huge pillars that, in the middle heaven, uprear
> Their weather-beaten capitals."

The Indian legend runs that a Mohican maiden loved, against the law of her tribe, her warrior-cousin, and, sorrowing unto death because of this unholy love, threw herself from the cliff up yonder above us.

"And, o'er the mound that covered her, the tribe
Built up a simple monument, a cone
Of small loose stones. Thenceforward, all who passed,
Hunter and dame and virgin, laid a stone
In silence on the pile. It stands there yet,
The mountain where the hapless maiden died
Is called the Mountain of the Monument."

Monument Mountain overlooks Stockbridge, and one of the two chief points of interest in Stockbridge is a tall monolith of native stone at the end of the village street, which marks the old Indian Burial-Ground. On the stone is the inscription:

"The Ancient Burial-Place
of the
Stockbridge Indians
1734
The Friends of Our Fathers."

I wonder if it was not here that Bryant caught the inspiration to write one of his noblest poems, "An Indian at the Burial-Place of his Fathers," of which the following is the first stanza:

"It is the spot I came to seek —
My father's ancient burial-place,
Ere from these vales, ashamed and weak,
Withdrew our wasted race.
It is the spot — I know it well —
Of which our old traditions tell."

Willow and locust trees overshadow the place, which is situated on a grassy plateau commanding a beautiful view of the Housatonic Valley and Monument Mountain.

The other chief point of interest, up the street, perhaps a quarter of a mile from the Burial-Ground, is the Memorial Tower, with a splendid chime of bells presented to the village by the famous Field family. Here, too, is an historic site. The inscription on the tower tells us that:

"This Memorial Tower
Marks the spot where stood
The Little Church in the Wilderness
in which John Sergeant
Preached to the Stockbridge Indians
in 1739."

Stockbridge is, to me, with the exception of Williamstown, the most interesting place in Berkshire. The village, itself a gem of beauty with its great, wide street shaded by noble elms and beautiful homes with velvety lawns, is set amid some of the finest scenery of all this wonderful region. Lenox is beautiful, too, and with even wider and lovelier landscapes than Stockbridge, but it has not, somehow, the attractiveness of its dainty little neighbor to the south. We visited the burying-ground of the old white church on the hill. Years ago, before the trees grew so tall, this spot commanded one of the grandest landscapes in all Berkshire. It was this glorious view that called from "the queen of tragedy," Fanny Kemble, the words: "I want to lie here when I die, that on the Resurrection morning I may awake with this scene before me."

We ate our lunch just beyond the outskirts of Lenox, on a knoll that gave us a transporting view of the Berkshire Hills from the Dome, which we had passed in the early forenoon, to Greylock, looming up ahead of us, and on whose summit we were planning to sleep to-night. If we did so, we must be moving. We hastened on our way, passing through busy Pittsfield and past pretty Pontoosuc Lake, then through sleepy Lanesboro. A short distance beyond the latter place, we began the ascent of Greylock, first along a ridge through some meadows, very much like a Scottish or Irish moor, and then through woods that clothed the mountain-side, over a recently built automobile road. At no place is the grade too steep for an ordinary car, with its engine in good condition, to negotiate. About an hour before sunset, we had reached the summit (3,505 feet). The beautiful, ever-expanding panoramas that we had had in the ascent, now eastward, now westward as we wound around the mountain, at the tip-top of the peak gave place to a stupendous, overwhelming, cycloramic view towards all points of the compass. I am told that the radius of vision from the top of the iron observation tower on the summit of Greylock Mountain is one hundred miles. You cannot grasp the immensity of the spectacle as you look into five states over a vast and apparently boundless sea of mountains, rivers and their valleys, lakes and plains, cities, villages, farms and forests. And, over all, the mighty dome of heaven, on whose azure bosom there slumbered, this evening, islands of soft, dreamy clouds. This spectacle has been one of the great experiences of our motor-touring, perhaps the very greatest. I ran the Jordan into a little open space

almost surrounded by fragant balsam trees, and here we established Camp Balsam, the last camp for the season of 1919. Miles made to-day, only seventy-six.

Tuesday, September 30.

The last day of the month and the last day of our season's touring. We are about ninety miles from home, and if the same good fortune follows us for that distance that, thus far this year, has been ours, we shall have a record to our credit. Our 1919 motor journeys have approximated thirty-three hundred miles, — in all this distance, only one slight case of engine trouble, no other car trouble of any kind, and, as to tires, not even a change or a puncture.

Camp Balsam was astir early this morning. I was up at the iron tower at the first peep of dawn. The valleys on all sides below me were full of mist, which, as soon as the warmth of the sunbeams struck it, began to curl up and rise into the air in balloon-like masses which, in the sunlight, became translucent in their denser parts and a soft pink along their fleecy fringes. Then, caught by the gentle morning breezes, these broken masses of mist floated away over hills and valleys as beautiful clouds. The sun, in the meantime, had risen above the mountains bordering the Mohawk Trail, and was flooding the wonderful world beneath me with a saffron-hued radiance. It was a rare, a ravishing spectacle.

These motor-tour travelogues come to an end this morning here on the summit of Greylock Mountain — a fitting place, for it was here, before beginning them, that we stood in imagination and took that preliminary general survey of the land with which they have to do.

Maeterlinck wrote a drama to show us that the Bluebird of Happiness need not be sought afar-off. He is nigh unto us, even in our homes. May this book show Americans that they do not have to seek in far-away lands the Bluebird of Beauty — unsurpassed beauty of mountains and valleys, of lakes and rivers, of chiming waterfalls and far-flung landscapes. This Bluebird of Beauty is nigh unto them in their own country, even at their doors.

THE END.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

For the convenience of those who will want to retrace the steps of Professor Kitchin and see the Wonderland of the East with the greatest comfort and confidence, we are reproducing, in the following pages, three detail maps showing the best automobile routes in the country described by Professor Kitchin. These maps are taken, by special permission, from the Official Automobile Blue Books, 1920 edition, Volume 2, which covers New England, and Volume 1, which covers the State of New York. Numbers on the routes refer to complete running directions for every mile, to be found in the respective Automobile Blue Books, together with information about hotels, garages, service stations, points of interest, exact distances for complete routes and between each turn and landmark, automobile laws and traffic regulations, and complete information to enable even a stranger to make the complete tour without having to ask a single question.

AFTERWORD

THE WORTH-WHILE IN A WONDERLAND OF THE EAST WITH SOME SUGGESTIONS TO THE MOTOR-TOURIST ON HOW BEST TO FIND IT

THE motor journeys described in this book aggregate approximately 4,000 miles. No vacationist would probably care to drive his car so great a distance in one summer, though there are, no doubt, many who would be glad to make a mileage of half that amount, and would welcome some assistance in arranging for themselves a 2000-mile tour that would cover as much as possible of the supremely worth-while points of interest in the lake and mountain country of Eastern New York and New England. For such this Afterword is written. Then there are those who must content themselves with less than 2,000 miles. These will find here mapped out for them a 1000-mile tour which covers much of what may be termed the double-star points of interest of A Wonderland of the East. Side trips, indicated in notes, extend sight-seeing possibilities beyond the 2,000 miles of the longer tour, while suggestions are offered whereby the shorter tour may be lengthened to 1,500 miles, or, indeed, to any mileage desired between the 1,000-mile trail and the one of 2,000 miles, and its side trips added thereto, a total of 3,500 miles.

Of course, there are other routes by which the motor-

ist can tour the lake and mountain country of Eastern New York and New England, some of them excellently arranged, but, from close study of the subject and much practical experience, I believe that no other group of trails touches so many of the really worth-while places, with less mileage to be made, more systematically or over better roads.

My own motor journeys, described in this book, extended over several seasons, and no attempt was made in writing them up to arrange the routes of the various tours into a circular form, which would have been a wholly artificial arrangement, in direct disagreement with the broken character of the motor journeys themselves. Nevertheless, I believe the proper way to see A Wonderland of the East is by the circular tour, passing from left to right and, with the exception of Vermont, completing one state before entering another. I cannot too strongly emphasize the advantage of this state to state plan. By means of it, each state — in the case of Vermont, each half (northern and southern) of the state — forms a complete, unified section, which adds not a little to the historic interest, and frequently something to the tourist's convenience and enjoyment. It also gives him the feeling that he is pursuing his travels in a systematic way, which a haphazard zigzagging back and forth across state boundary lines can never afford.

The left to right direction of travel is preferable, also, to the right to left, although, in my own case, the broken character of my motor journeys compelled me frequently to follow the latter course, but never if I could avoid it. The left to right direction of progress has been followed in the circular tours here suggested,

that is, beginning with Connecticut, the motorist is supposed to pass from Connecticut into Massachusetts, from Massachusetts into the southern half of Vermont, from Vermont into New Hampshire, from New Hampshire into the northern half of Vermont and from Vermont into New York. Maine is reached by a side trip from New Hampshire. The reason for this preference of a left to right line of travel is simple yet, to my mind, adequate, — the approaches to the chief scenic climaxes in each section of the tour is much more picturesque and impressive than is met with by following a right to left itinerary. Of course, the starting point need not necessarily be Connecticut. Lakeville, in that state, is made the starting point in the subjoined tours merely for convenience' sake. Any other place in the circuit can equally well be made the beginning and the end of the tour.

As to the roads which the motorist will find along the route of these suggested tours, generally speaking, they are good, and, for much of the distance covered, they are excellent. As described in the preceding pages, I did find, in 1919, some sections of road atrociously bad, but such sections did not, all told, amount to more than 100 miles of the 3,300 traveled. In some places, roads, once excellent, had become worn and rough, but the scarcity of labor, due to the war, was largely responsible for this. With a return to normal conditions, there is no reason why, in a year or two, everywhere throughout A Wonderland of the East, bad roads should not become good and good roads be kept good, and the beautiful lake and mountain country of Eastern New York and New England become altogether what already in good part it is, the motor-tourist's paradise of perfect roads.

And the cost? That depends. The question of expense is one of personal inclination. In all sections of A Wonderland of the East are grand, palatial hotels, $20, $25, $30 and upwards. I am quoting the weekly rates of some of these from their 1919 booklets. Most of them open their doors to the transient motor-tourist for an over-night stand. Grading down from these luxurious houses are many others, less pretentious and expensive, but generally of high-grade character. Then there are village taverns, wayside inns, and farmhouses. Some of the inns and taverns are quaint with age and interesting in their historical associations. Many are modest in price.

Most healthful and vacational of all, there is the gypsy life of the highway, the tourist's own auto-tent and camping outfit, the untrammeled life in the open with the trees and the waters crooning his evening slumber song and bird notes awakening him to the dawn of a new day in the great out-of-doors. I have already in Chapter V, pp. 79 to 82, given my views on this mode of motor-touring, a mode, as I have said above, that has no equal in recreational, strength-restoring pleasures, and one that is, likewise, the most economical of all the ways of touring. I speak from several seasons' experience of the different methods. I have found that, in motor camping, our cost of living was never any greater than at home. By availing ourselves of the opportunities to buy milk and butter and eggs and vegetables from farmers along our route, the cost was frequently less than at home.

Then, the novelty, the delights of the gypsy life of the highway! Yet its growing popularity, together with

all other forms of tent life on the sea beach or beside the wilderness lake or river, is no modern invention. It is but the result of an awakening of long-dormant instincts as ancient as the race. There is in all of us a subconscious survival of a love for the free, the wild, the primitive which we inherit from our far-distant forebears of the forest. These instincts and this love are coming to the surface again in the present-day passion for life in the open air, the simple life emancipated from the tyranny of the town and made perfect in proportion as we get back to the primeval, a life lived near to Nature's heart.

Finally, fellow-pilgrims of the motor trail, * * *Take time to see things!* I both double-star and italicize this admonition. Worth-while sight-seeing is something different from a mere succession of side-long glances from a flying car. It calls for attentive gazing with keen, observing eyes. It requires leisurely progress and frequent stops along the way. Take time, therefore, to pause and to ponder upon the past in the historic places, where great men wrought great deeds and where humbler men, pioneers and patriots, paid in blood the price of what we possess and enjoy. Take time to loiter on the high places, where landscapes fling themselves abroad to charmed horizons, and over the wide prospect of woods and waters is the vagrant play of sun and shade. Take time to linger in the shut-in places—nooks and corners among the hills, valley depths, the strait and narrow ways of mountain passes, where fronting heights, forest green or granite gray, rise to soaring summits, where below in a gorge the river frets, and above from a cliff the cataract leaps. Take time to know the joy

of a night camp in the silent places, beside still waters, where is mirrored the bordering forest, the purple hills and the gold and the crimson of evening and morning skies.

Wherefore, hear the conclusion of the matter: The first and great commandment of the motor trail, be its length what it may, is this: Whatsoever things are famed in history, whatsoever things are beautiful in scenery, if there be on them the mark of the worthwhile, take time to see these things.

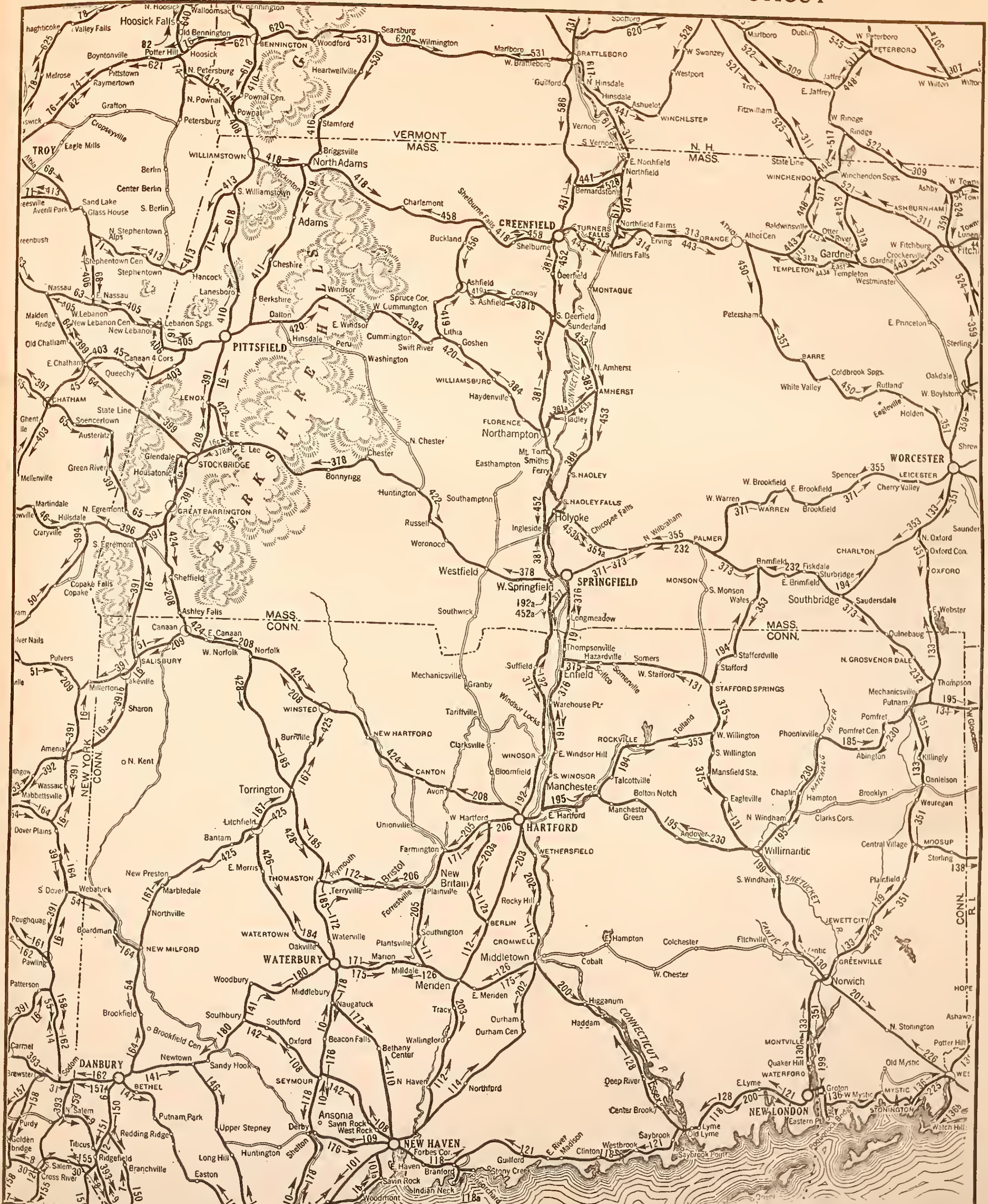
THE MOTOR TRAIL OF 2,000 MILES OF WONDERLAND

With 1,500 Miles of Side Trips

Section I — Connecticut

The 2,000-Mile Trail has its beginning and end at Lakeville in Connecticut, just over the state line from New York. Lakeville can be readily reached from the Hudson River and all points westward. It is well to begin the 2,000-Mile Trail, if possible, with Connecticut, for the reason that you have here scenery of the gentler and more restful type of beauty. As you pass on into Massachusetts, the hills become loftier and the landscapes more extended. Southern Vermont, which you next enter, is decidedly mountainous. Then come in succession the grandly sublime scenery of the White Mountains, the northern ranges of the Green Mountains and the Adirondacks. Southward from the last named, the scenery, with the exception of the beautiful

MAP OF WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS AND CONNECTICUT



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MAP OF WESTERN MASSACHU

Catskills, tapers off gradually again into the more pleasantly pastoral kind of landscape, with noble hill ranges, such as the Helderbergs, the Shawangunks and Hudson Highlands, lending infinite variety and charm to the beauty of forest and lake and river. And so the Motor Trail of 2,000 Miles of Wonderland, having run its fascinating crescendo and diminuendo of scenic charm, ends, where it began, amid the soft, dreamy loveliness of the southern Berkshires. A more satisfying arrangement for a comprehensive tour of A Wonderland of the East it is impossible to imagine.

Along the route of the Connecticut section are several interesting towns that the tourist should note carefully in passing — Litchfield, a charming old town and the birthplace of Ethan Allen, Henry Ward Beecher and his sister, Harriet Beecher Stowe; Danbury, leading hat-manufacturing city of the United States; Waterbury and Thomaston, famed for their clocks and watches; Torrington, beautifully situated in the famous Naugatuck Valley, and birthplace of John Brown, abolitionist, whose "body lies a-mouldering in the ground" but whose "soul goes marching on;" Newton, Middlebury, Winsted, and particularly Norfolk, lovely hill towns in picturesque scenic settings. Only a brief description of the Connecticut Section is given in Chapter XVI, p. 274.

Running Log and Distances [1]

Lakeville, Salisbury, Canaan, * Norfolk, Winsted. 39 miles

[1] In all of the following Running Logs and Side Trips, towns of unusual celebrity because of their beauty or their historic, literary or educational attractions or associations, and sections of

Winsted, Torrington, * Litchfield, New Milford, Danbury, Newton, Middlebury, Waterbury. 78 miles

Waterbury, * Naugatuck Valley, Torrington, *Norfolk, Canaan; Sheffield, Massachusetts. 44 miles

Side Trips

From Winsted eastward on the Hartford Highway to summit of Talcott Mountain (* beautiful panorama of Connecticut River Valley to the east, and, to the northwest and west, a wide view of the southern Berkshire country). From Winsted to summit and return, about 38 miles.

One of the prettiest circular trips in Connecticut: Start from Waterbury, go down through a most delightful section of the famous * Naugatuck Valley as far as Stratford; turn eastward to Milford, there taking the shore road via Savin Rock to * New Haven (**Yale University buildings and grounds); go north to Wallingford and Meriden (* Hanging Rocks); from Meriden westward to Marion and back to Waterbury, passing over a mountain (* view). Waterbury and return, about 100 miles. Well worth the extra day required.

Section II — Massachusetts

Read Chapter XVII, pp. 278 to 286. In the wide variety of its attractions, this section of the 2,000-Mile Trail makes a strong appeal. In it, man and his works

the trail itself where the scenery is peculiarly impressive and beautiful, are so indicated by a star; when most extraordinarily noteworthy, by a double star.

add much to the attractiveness of natural beauty. Here, if anywhere, the motor-tourist should loiter along his way, lingering here to enjoy some enrapturing landscape or the beauty of some magnificent estate; stopping now and then by some historic shrine to brood upon its storied past; pausing in the academic shades of some college yard to reflect upon what has been, and is being, there achieved in the making of American manhood and womanhood. Any vacation trip that the motor-tourist may contemplate, short of the complete circuit of A Wonderland of the East, should not fail to include the Massachusetts Section. In well balanced proportion of interests, historic, literary, scholastic, romantic, scenic, it is unequaled by any district of like size in America and is not surpassed by any region of its extent the wide world over.

Running Log and Distances

* Sheffield, * Great Barrington, * Monument Mountain, ** Stockbridge, ** Lenox, Pittsfield.	32 miles
Pittsfield, Lanesboro, South Williamstown, ** Williamstown.	22 miles
Williamstown, North Adams, ** Mohawk Trail, * Deerfield River Valley, Charlemont, Ashfield, Conway, South Deerfield, * Northampton via west side of Connecticut River.	75 miles
Northampton, Hadley, Mt. Holyoke (* view from summit), * South Hadley, * Holyoke Notch, * Amherst, Sunderland, South Deerfield, ** Deerfield, Greenfield.	38 miles

Greenfield, Turners Falls, Turner River Valley, Millers Falls, * Northfield; Brattleboro, Vermont, via Vernon and west side of Connecticut River. 31 miles

Side Trips

Instead of direct road between Stockbridge and Lenox, proceed from former place to East Lee, thence on Springfield highway over the famous * Jacob's Ladder and down the picturesque Westfield River Valley as far as Westfield, return to East Lee and then westward via Lee and Laurel Lake to Lenox. A very pleasing detour about 67 miles longer than the direct route.

From Pittsfield, two side trips: One eastward to Dalton, where is manufactured all the paper used by the United States Government for its currency. Many pretty views in vicinity of Dalton. Pittsfield and return, about 12 miles. The other side trip is westward on the Albany road through the interesting Shaker Village to the top of Taconic Mountain (* magnificent panorama of hills and valleys towards New York State; in clear weather, the Helderbergs and the Catskills are plainly visible). Return can be made by pretty Onota Lake. Pittsfield and return, about 12 miles.

From main trail about a mile beyond Lanesboro to summit of Greylock (** famous view into five states, Chapter XVII, pp. 285 to 286). Main trail and return about 18 miles. No motor-tourist should omit this wonderful trip.

A noteworthy side trip from Northampton via Easthampton to Mt. Tom (inclined railway to summit; ** view

of Connecticut River Valley, Holyoke Range and eastern Berkshires). Return to Northampton along west side of Connecticut River. Many beautiful views. Northampton and return, about 16 miles.

Turners River Valley: Eastward from Millers Falls on Boston trunk-line highway to Orange and return to Millers Falls, about 12 miles. Excellent river views.

Section III — Southern Vermont

Read Chapter XII. Southern Vermont, with the exception of Chittenden County, does not equal the northern half of the state in the rugged grandeur of its mountain scenery nor in the number of beautiful lakes, yet place this region anywhere apart from its present surroundings and it would be acclaimed a wonderland. Merely because of the shortness of the distance, the 2,000-Mile Trail strikes out from Brattleboro to Bennington directly across the southern end of the state. For the most part, the scenery along this section of the trail is somewhat tame, but everywhere else there are beautiful mountain views and wide-spread landscapes of pretty watercourses and their valleys.

Running Log and Distances

Brattleboro, Wilmington, Searsburg, ** Bennington, South Shaftsbury, Arlington, * Manchester (Equinox Mountain).	68 miles
Manchester, East Dorset, Danby, South Wallingford, Rutland (center of the greatest marble-producing section in the world), Brandon.	51 miles

Brandon, Forest Dale, Robinson, Lower Rochester, Gaysville, Bethel, Barnard, Prosper, Woodstock. (Scenery exceedingly beautiful but road, 1919, narrow, with many stretches of dirt. Until improved, a better way is to return to Rutland and proceed over the ** Green Mountain Highway via Menden, Sherburne, Bridgewater, Woodstock. Distance about the same.) 58 miles

Woodstock, North Woodstock, Bridgewater Corners, Plymouth, Plymouth Union, Tyson, Ludlow, Proctorsville, Gassetts, Chester, Bellows Falls; Walpole, New Hampshire. 58 miles

Side Trips

From Bennington a very picturesque and interesting circular trip: Southward to Pownal, with beautiful views of Hoosac Pass (Chapter XI, pp. 177 to 181); down the Hoosac River to North Hoosac; thence back to North Bennington by * Bennington Battlefield and Walloomsac. Length of circular trip about 25 miles. North Bennington is on the main trail.

Instead of following main trail into Rutland, branch off at Wallingford and proceed to Bridgewater via Tyson, Plymouth Union and Plymouth; westward to Rutland over the ** Green Mountain Highway (Chapter XII, pp. 206 to 208). Distance from Wallingford to Rutland about 53 miles longer than the direct route of the trail but the wonderful mountain views compensate for the distance.

Rutland, Brandon, Salisbury, **Lake Dunmore, *Mid-

VERMONT AND NEW HAMPSHIRE

MAP OF VERMONT AND NEW HAMPSHIRE

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dlebury, Hubbardton (* battlefield), Lake Bomoseen, Castleton Corners, Rutland. This beautiful side trip is fully described in Chapter XII, pp. 208 to 210. Inquire at Brandon for condition of road from there to Woodstock as per main trail; if not good, take this circular side trip to Rutland and then proceed from there to Woodstock over the very scenic ** Green Mountain Highway, as outlined above and described in Chapter XII, pp. 206 to 208. From Rutland back to Rutland, this side trip covers about 76 miles, every mile replete with beauty.

Section IV — New Hampshire

In not a few respects, New Hampshire tops A Wonderland of the East. In historic and literary associations it does not, it is true, offer any paramount attractions but, in scenic values, it is the climax of the lake and mountain country of Eastern New York and New England. Its lakes vie with those of New York in their beauty. The state is called "The Mother of Rivers." The Connecticut, Merrimac, Piscataqua, Saco and Androscoggin, with many tributaries of these, all have their headsprings in the "Granite State." The White Mountains have the loftiest peaks to be found in A Wonderland of the East, and the notches that cleave these, group from group, — Franconia, Crawford, Pinkham, Grafton, Dixville, — are the most impressive and beautiful mountain passes accessible to the motor-tourist anywhere in the world outside of Switzerland and the Tyrol. The 2,000-Mile Trail leaves no worth-while beauty-spot of the New Hampshire lake and mountain wonderland unvisited and fortunate is

the motor-tourist who has the opportunity to follow its sweeps and windings through this delectable region of far-flung landscapes, towering peaks, rushing streams, leaping and laughing cascades, wildly beautiful valleys and notches and silvery lakes. Read Chapter XII, pp. 194 to 200; Chapter XIII, pp. 216 to 233; Chapter XIV; Chapter XV, p. 248; Chapter XVI, pp. 263 to 268.

Running Log and Distances

Walpole, Drewsville, Alstead, South Acworth, East Lempster, Newport.	34 miles
Newport, Guild, ** Lake Sunapee, New London, Andover, * Lake Webster, Franklin.	35 miles
Franklin, Tilton, Laconia, * Lake Winnisquam, Weirs, Lake Winnepesaukee (**tour of the lake by boat), Meredith, * Squam Lake, Plymouth, * Pemigewasset River Valley, North Woodstock, ** Lost River and return to North Woodstock, *Flume, **Profile Lake and Old Man of the Mountain, Profile House.	88 miles
Profile House, ** Franconia Notch, Franconia, Sugar Hill (* views), Bethlehem, Maplewood, Whitefield, Lancaster. Wonderful scenery along this whole section.	47 miles
Lancaster, Stratford, Colebrook, ** Dixville Notch.	49 miles
Dixville Notch, Errol, Milan, Berlin, Gorham.	48 miles
Gorham, Randolph, Twin Mountain House, Fabyans, Bretton Woods (**superb view of Presidential Range).	30 miles

Bretton Woods, ** Crawford Notch, * Saco Valley, Bartlett, North Conway, Conway, ** Chocorua Lake and Mountain, Chocorua (village).	48 miles
Chocorua, West Ossipee, South Tamworth, Moultonboro, Meredith.	28 miles
Meredith, New Hampton, Bristol, * Newfound Lake, Wentworth, * Mt. Cube, Orford, * Hanover; Hartford, Vermont.	62 miles

Side Trips

New Hampshire is very well covered by the 2,000-Mile Trail, leaving nothing of particular importance for side trips except the ** Pinkham Notch, which is, indeed, very beautiful and should be traveled both ways. This can best be done from Gorham, going south as far as Jackson and coming back to Gorham. Round trip, about 42 miles.

Maine Tour: Leave Errol, going eastward to Upton, Maine; * Lake Umbagog, ** Grafton Notch, Newry, Bethel, up the * Androscoggin River Valley via Gilead, Shelburne, Gorham. This is the most scenic trip of its length through Western Maine and is only 24 miles longer than the direct route from Errol to Gorham. The Maine side trip can be extended to include the beautiful Androscoggin River Valley via Rumford Falls and Farmington Falls, the Belgrade Lakes, Augusta, the capital of the state, Lewiston and Poland Spring, a round trip that can easily be made from Bethel in two days. A very scenic tour through the loveliest part of the famous lake district of Maine.

Section V — Northern Vermont

In Northern Vermont, you cannot go astray, searching for scenery. It confronts you at every turn. The whole country is a wonderland of it. Your road, as most roads in Vermont do, leads along some stream through a beautiful valley, green heights on either side. Lakes are apparently as numerous as the streams, and, if less full of laughter, they are more benignant in their smiles. They smile up at you from the wayside, from deep hollows near at hand and from others afar off, nestling in the embracing hills and mountains. And these hills and mountains are everywhere. Now and again you wonder how you are ever going to break through them; they seem to be closing in on you and just ahead they appear to throw their huge bulks right across your way. But as you draw near to them, a gap shows itself; it cleaves the mountainous mass; rocks and precipitous cliffs on either hand rise skyward; you see a singing stream and a winding way below and you enter the open jaws of the pass. You sound your horn in warning to an approaching car for the road is narrow. The cry is tossed back and forth in multiplied echoes from one rocky wall to the other. Everywhere the hillsides and the mountain slopes and the valleys are green; the shades of it vary from the dark of the pine, fir and cedar to the lighter shades of beech and birch. When these and the omnipresent maple are resplendent in the gorgeous livery of autumn, the North Vermont country is worth going a thousand miles to see.

Running Log and Distances

Hartford, Sharon, Royalton, East Bethel via ** White River Valley, ** Williamstown Gulf, Williamstown, Barre (* largest granite quarries in the world), Montpelier.	56 miles
* Montpelier, Plainfield, Marshfield, Dansville, St. Johnsbury.	37 miles
St. Johnsbury, Lyndon, Lyndonville, West Burke, ** Lake Willoughby, Derby, Newport (* Lake Memphremagog).	49 miles
Newport, Coventry, Irasburg, Morrisville, Stowe (* Mt. Mansfield), Waterbury.	59 miles
Waterbury, Bolton (* Camel's Hump), Essex Junction, via ** Winooski Valley, * Burlington, Ferry across ** Lake Champlain to Port Kent, New York.	27 miles

Side Trip

The 2,000-Mile Trail covers Northern Vermont so completely that only one supremely worth-while district is left unvisited, the ** north island section of Lake Champlain, but this is extremely worth-while, and a tour of it ought not to be neglected. Briefly described in Chapter XV, p. 256. Here is the Running Log: Burlington, * Mallets Bay, South Hero, North Hero, Albany Center, East Albany, St. Albans, Georgia, Milton, Burlington. About 100 miles.

Section VI — New York

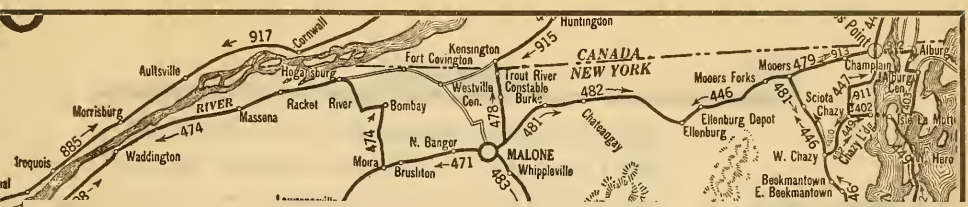
Read first ten Chapters.

The motor-tourist might well be satisfied if, in the limits of his fortnight's vacation, he covered only the regular trail and all the side trips of the New York section of A Wonderland of the East, a matter of something over 1,600 miles. In the main body of the book more attention has been devoted to the scenic and historic attractions of New York than to the entire lake and mountain country of New England. I need not, therefore, dwell upon these attractions here or emphasize their paramount value. In connection with the sections of the running log are references to the pages where descriptions of places, named therein, may be found.

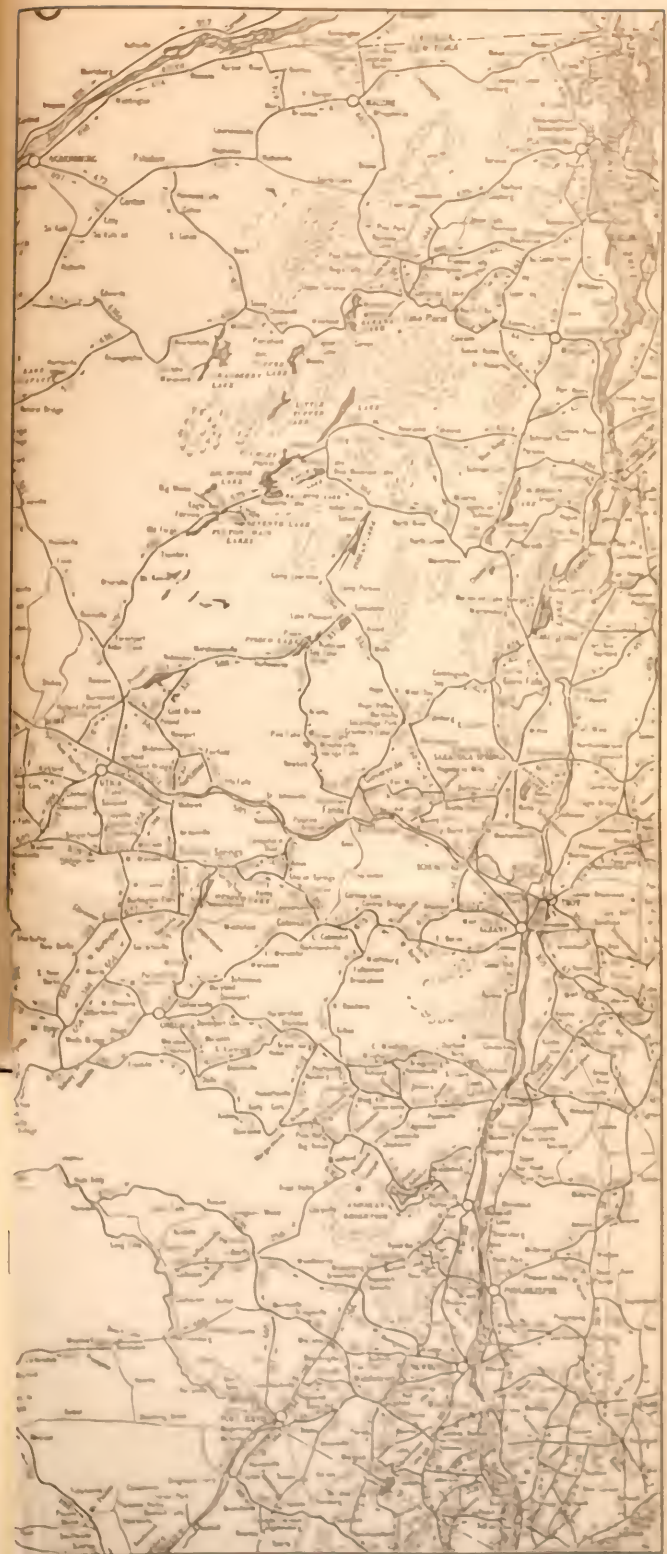
Running Log and Distances

Port Kent, ** Ausable Chasm, Keeseville, Ausable Forks, Jay, * Wilmington Notch, Whiteface Mountain (** view from summit), Lake Placid (* lake and village).	42 miles
* Circular Tour of inner Adirondack Country, embracing the Saranac Lakes, Tupper Lake and Paul Smiths (St. Regis Lakes). Estimated mileage,	72 miles
Lake Placid, North Elba (* John Brown's grave), * Cascade Lake Gorge, Keene, Elizabethtown (* mountain views).	21 miles
Elizabethtown, Westport, Port Henry (* Lake Champlain), Crown Point (** ruins of Fort	

MAP OF EASTERN NEW YORK



MAP OF EASTERN NEW YORK



MAP OF EASTERN NEW YORK

St. Frederic and Champlain Memorial Light Tower within a few miles; * Chimney Point across the lake), Ticonderoga (** ruins of fort), Hague (** Lake George), Graphite, Chestertown, Warrensburg, Lake George Village (** sites of Fort George and Fort William Henry; battlefields). From Elizabethtown to Lake George Village, the most scenic and historic drive in America. See Chapter XIII.	85 miles
Lake George, Glens Falls, * Mt. MacGregor, * Saratoga Springs, Schuylerville (* Battle Monument), ** Saratoga Battlefield, Stillwater, Mechanicville, Waterford, Cohoes (* Falls, Mohawk River), Lathams Corners, Loudonville, Albany (** State Buildings). See Chapter IX.	80 miles
Albany, * Schenectady, Amsterdam, * Fort Johnson, * Johnstown, Fonda, The Nose (* view), Palatine Bridge, Canajoharie, Buell, * Cherry Valley, Springfield, ** Otsego Lake, * Cooperstown. See Chapters II, III, and IV, pp. 21 to 74.	88 miles
Cooperstown, Oneonta, Stamford, Grand Gorge, Prattsville, Windham, East Windham (* view), Hunter, Tannersville, Catskill Mountain House (** world-famous view), * Stony Clove, Phoenicia, * Esopus Valley, ** Lake Ashokan (* aeration plant, south side), Kingston. See Chapter V, pp. 75 to 91.	150 miles

Kingston, Kerhonkson, Ellenville, Wurtsboro, Bloomingburg, Middletown, Goshen. See Chapter VI, pp. 95 to 96. 60 miles

Goshen, Monroe, Southfields, * Palisades Interstate Park, Bear Mountain, Highland Falls, ** West Point, * Hudson River and Highlands, Garrison, * Poughkeepsie, Millbrook, Amenia, Millerton; Lakeville, Connecticut. See Chapter VI. 111 miles

See Chapter VII for general description of entire Adirondack region.

Side Trips

From Ausable Chasm north along shore road to Plattsburg (* views of Lake Champlain and distant Green Mountains) and return to Keeseville via Peru road. About 26 miles.

The famous Keene Valley detour: Go north from Keene through Keene Valley Village and St. Hubert. Road narrow and difficult but not dangerous. At mileage 14½, turn north on trunk-line macadam highway and proceed to Elizabethtown. Splendid mountain views all the way. Longer than direct route, Keene to Elizabethtown, by about 14 miles.

A very beautiful circular trip through one of the most charming lake districts of the Adirondack country begins and ends at Chestertown with the following Running Log: Chestertown, Riparius, North Creek, * Indian Lake, Blue Mountain Lake (* high and densely wooded mountains), Deerland, * Long Lake, Tahawus,

Schroon River, * Paradox and Eagle Lakes, * Schroon Lake, Loon Lake, Chestertown. Round trip, about 120 miles.

No matter how hurried for time, the motor-tourist, on arriving at Lake George Village, should spend a day taking the ** steamboat trip to Baldwin and return, visiting the historic sites at the south end of the lake and driving about 4 miles up the west shore road towards Bolton Landing to get the * views of the lake and islands and mountains and to see the beautiful estates bordering the water. Automobile trip, about 8 miles.

Between Lake George and Glens Falls, note * Bloody Pond, famous for its association with the " Bloody Morning Scout " of September 8, 1755. At Glens Falls, make a side trip to Fort Edward of many thrilling historic memories (see grave and monument to Jane McCrea). Distance Glens Falls and return, about 12 miles. A pretty trip along the Hudson River. On the way to Saratoga Springs is Mt. MacGregor, with automobile road to the summit (* view), where President U. S. Grant died.

From Albany a most picturesque round trip through the New York State foot-hills of the Taconic Mountains can be made as follows: Albany, Rensselaer, Nassau, New Lebanon, Lebanon Springs, Stephentown, Alps, Glass House, Sand Lake, Troy, Defreetsville, East Greenbush, Rensselaer, Albany. About 75 miles. A very scenic trip with wide and wonderful views.

Sacandaga River Valley and Southern Adirondack Lake District: A beautiful trip with many fine views of lakes and mountains. Running Log: Johnstown, Gloversville, Mayfield, Northfield, ** Sacandaga Valley, Wells, * Lakes Sacandaga and Pleasant, Speculator, * Lake

Piseco, chain of lakes via Arietta to * Canada and Garoga Lakes, thence to Gloversville and Johnstown. Between Garoga Lake and Gloversville, wonderful * view of the Mohawk Valley. Johnstown and return, about 95 miles.

Upper Mohawk Valley: A very interesting and scenic drive. Should be taken if time permits. Westward from Palatine Bridge to Little Falls (* Mohawk River Gorge and * view from heights as you enter upon Dolgeville road). Running Log: Little Falls, Dolgeville, Middleville, Poland, Trenton Falls (** several beautiful cascades and picturesque gorge), Barneveldt, Remsen, Alder Creek, Boonville, Northwestern, * Delta Dam, Rome, Stanwix, Oriskany (** battlefield and monument), Utica, Ilion (* Ilion Gulf and return to Ilion, short side trip), Herkimer, Little Falls, Fort Plain, join main trail at Buell. Length of tour, about 161 miles.

Motor-tourists contemplating a tour through the famous Finger Lake district of Central New York (see Chapter X) are advised to begin at Cooperstown and return to the 2,000-Mile Trail route at Oneonta. The following Running Log is as good as any: Cooperstown, Edmeston, Sherburne, Smyrna, DeRuyter, Cortland, Homer, Scott, Borodino, * Skaneateles Lake, Auburn, Seneca Falls, Romulus, Lodi, Hector, * Seneca Lake, Watkins (** Watkins Glen), Montour Falls, Odessa, Ithaca (** Cornell University buildings and campus, the most beautiful in America), * Cayuga Lake, Richford, Whitney Point, Greene, Coventry, Bainbridge, Sidney, Unadilla, Otego, Oneonta. Last 29 miles through the beautiful Susquehanna River Valley. Whole trip one of great beauty. Many lakes and valleys and hills. About 284 miles.

The last of the side trips connected with the 2,000-Mile Trail through A Wonderland of the East is one of the most gently beautiful and pleasing of all. It explores the delightful reservoir district of Westchester County. See Chapter VI, pp. 100 to 102. If time allows, let every motor-tourist take this unique and altogether lovely drive. Leave main trail at Garrison, across the Hudson from West Point; proceed to Peekskill, Tarrytown and Irvington (* Washington Irving's old home, Sunnyside, here). A beautiful run along the Hudson with some grand views of the river. From Dobbs Ferry turn eastward to White Plains, * Kensico Bridge and Dam (water from Lake Ashokan in Catskills impounded here), Armonk, New Castle, Mt. Kisco, Katonah, Golden Bridge, Somers, Brewster, Carmel, * Lake Mahopac, Amawalk, Groton Dam, Peekskill, Garrison. The above itinerary calls for about 110 miles, but at least 50 more should be made circling around the beautiful reservoir lakes and among the magnificent estates of wealthy New Yorkers.

Summary of the Motor Trail of 2,000 Miles of Wonderland

	TRAIL	SIDE TRIPS ADDED
Section I — Connecticut	161	299
Section II — Massachusetts	198	335
Section III — Southern Vermont	235	389
Section IV — New Hampshire	469	535
Section V — Northern Vermont	228	328
Section VI — New York	709	1,614
	2,000	3,500

Starred Points of Interest: Connecticut, 9; Massachusetts, 12; New Hampshire, 12; Vermont, 10; New York, 44. Total 87.

Double-Starred Points of Interest: Connecticut, 1; Massachusetts, 7; New Hampshire, 10; Vermont, 9; New York, 18. Total 45.

Of these, the main route of the Motor Trail of 2,000 Miles has (exclusive of any side trips) 55 Starred Points of Interest and 33 Double-Starred.

THE MOTOR TRAIL OF 1,000 MILES OF WONDERLAND

I have intimated that a 1,000-mile circular tour of A Wonderland of the East can be planned so as to include much of its worth-while points of interest. Of course, a 1,000-mile trail means that another 1,000 miles of zigzags and loops have been lopped off the longer trail and there is a contracting of the entire circuit. Yet all this can be done and there will still be left 31 out of the 55 starred points of interest of the main route of the 2,000-Mile Trail and 24 of the 33 double-starred points of interest. When to these extraordinary attractions we add the wonderful scenic beauty of the entire 1,000-mile circuit and the historic interest that attaches to many of the places visited, the motor-tourist, on a fourteen-day vacation bent, will have enough to keep his car wheels turning and his mind and eyes busy. Assuredly, its catalogue of attractions — scenic, historic, and literary — makes it America's Greatest 1,000-Mile Circular Tour. This can be said of it without fear of gainsaying from those who know.

Running Log and Distances

CONNECTICUT SECTION: Danbury, Newton, Middlebury, Waterbury, * Naugatuck Valley, Torrington, * Norfolk, Canaan; Sheffield, Massachusetts.	76 miles
MASSACHUSETTS SECTION: * Sheffield, * Great Barrington, ** Stockbridge, ** Lenox, Pittsfield, Lanesboro, Greylock (** summit), South Williamstown, ** Williamstown, North Adams, ** Mohawk Trail, * Deerfield River Valley, Charlemont, Shelburne, Greenfield, ** Deerfield (short side trip), Bernardston, * Northfield; Hinsdale, New Hampshire.	116 miles
NEW HAMPSHIRE SECTION: Hinsdale, Ashuelot, Keene, East Lempster, Newport, Guild, * Lake Sunapee, New London, Andover, * Lake Webster, Franklin, Tilton, Laconia, * Lake Winnisquam, Weirs, Lake Winnepesaukee (** steamboat circuit of lake), Meredith, * Squam Lake, Plymouth, * Pemigewasset River Valley, North Woodstock, * Flume, ** Profile Lake and Old Man of the Mountain, Profile House, ** Franconia Notch, Twin Mountain House, Bretton Woods (** superb views of Presidential Range), return to Twin Mountain House, Maplewood, Bethlehem, Lisbon, Orford, * Hanover; Hartford, Vermont.	265 miles

VERMONT SECTION: Hartford, Sharon, Royalton, East Bethel via ** White River Valley, ** Williamstown Gulf, Williamstown, Barre (* largest granite quarries in the world), Montpelier, Waterbury, Bolton (* Mt. Mansfield and Camel's Hump), Essex Junction via ** Winooski Valley, * Burlington, ferry across ** Lake Champlain to Port Kent, New York. 96 miles

NEW YORK SECTION: Port Kent, ** Ausable Chasm, Keeseville, Ausable Forks, Jay, * Wilmington Notch, Whiteface Mountain (** view from summit), Lake Placid (* lake and village), North Elba (* John Brown's grave), * Cascade Lake Gorge, Keene, Elizabethtown (mountain views), Euba Mills, * Schroon Lake, Chestertown, Warrensburg, Lake George (** sites of Fort George and Fort William Henry; battlefields). No tourist should omit ** steamboat trip full length of lake. * Bloody Pond, Glens Falls, * Mt. MacGregor, Wilton, * Saratoga Springs, Schuylerville (* Battle Monument), ** Saratoga Battlefield, Stillwater, Mechanicville, Waterford, Cohoes (* Falls, Mohawk River), Lathams Corners, Loudonville, Albany (** State Buildings), Delmar, New Salem, * the Helderbergs, Rensselaerville, East Windham (* view), Hunters, Tannersville, Catskill Mountain House (** world-famous view), * Stony Clove, Phoenicia, * Esopus Valley, ** Lake Asho-

kan (* Aeration Plant, south side), Kingston, Kerhonkson, Ellenville, Wurtsboro, Bloomingburg, Montgomery, Newburgh (short side trip by boat to ** West Point and Hudson Highlands), ferry across Hudson River to Beacon, Mt. Beacon (* view), Cold Spring, Nelsonville, Kent Cliffs, Carmel, Brewster; Danbury, Connecticut. 447 miles

Summary

Connecticut, 76 miles; Massachusetts, 116 miles; New Hampshire, 265 miles; Vermont, 96 miles; New York, 447 miles. Total, 1,000 miles. Starred Points of Interest, 31. Double-Starred Points of Interest, 24. Total, 55.

The sections of the 2,000-Mile and the 1,000-Mile Trails, with the side trips of the former, admit of almost numberless combinations, forming circular trails of any length desired from the minimum length of the 1,000-mile up to 3,500 miles. I call attention to only one of these innumerable combinations, an especially attractive one which can comfortably be made within the limits of the fortnight holiday. It leaves untouched only a small number of the starred and double-starred points of interest of the 2,000-Mile Trail. We might describe it as:

THE MOTOR TRAIL OF 1,500 MILES OF WONDERLAND

This trail is a combination of the following sections of the 2,000-Mile and the 1,000-Mile itineraries, with two

independent connecting links, in themselves very scenic features. The Running Log of the 1,500 miles is arranged as follows:

CONNECTICUT: 1,000-Mile, Danbury to Sheffield, Massachusetts, 76 miles; MASSACHUSETTS: 1,000-Mile, Sheffield to Greenfield, 96 miles; 2,000-Mile, Greenfield to Brattleboro, Vermont, 31 miles; SOUTHERN VERMONT: 2,000-Mile, Brattleboro to Manchester, 65 miles; Manchester to Walpole, New Hampshire, via * Peru Mountain, Chester, Bellows Falls, 50 miles; an exhilarating climb over the Green Mountains, with easy grades, typical Vermont scenery; NEW HAMPSHIRE: 2,000-Mile, Walpole to Bretton Woods, 317 miles; 1,000-Mile, Bretton Woods to Hartford, Vermont, 80 miles; NORTHERN VERMONT: 2,000-Mile, Hartford to Port Kent, New York, 228 miles; NEW YORK: 1,000-Mile, Port Kent to Elizabethtown, 65 miles; 2,000-Mile, Elizabethtown to Kingston, 403 miles. Note particularly the grand scenic features and the great historic and literary points of interest covered in this most wonderful of all the sections of the 2,000-Mile Trail. Remainder of the trail as follows: Kingston, Port Ewen, Esopus, Highland, Marlboro, Newburgh, Hudson River ferry to Beacon (* Mt. Beacon, view), Cold Spring, Garrison (** West Point and * Hudson River Highlands), Peekskill, Yorktown, Somers (** New York City Reservoir District), Brewster; Danbury, Connecticut, 89 miles. From Kingston to Danbury, the only important omission from the 2,000-Mile route is Palisades Interstate Park, which can be reached by a short side trip from West Point. Length of trail, 1,500 miles. Starred Points of Interest, 43, Double-Starred, 32.

Motor-tourists who may prefer to take two, three or more seasons in exploring A Wonderland of the East, with a new section for each season, can use the 3,500 miles of the 2,000-Mile Trail and its side trips as the basis for such motor-journeys.

Then there is always open to the vacationist the pleasure of studying up for himself A Wonderland of the East, determining what he considers to be its most worthwhile points of interest and laying out a trail whereby to find them. I venture to predict, however, that in proportion to the carefulness and the thoroughness of his study of the subject will be the closeness of resemblance which the route he finally decides upon will bear to one or other of those submitted here for his consideration.

** *Take time to see things.* I both double-star and italicize my parting admonition to the motor-tourist. Scenic beauty is a vagrant, elusive nymph of woods and waters, of valley depths and mountain heights. She flees the approach of the mere hurrying passer-by, but stands by the wayside, gracious and lovely, to welcome her loitering devotee.

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